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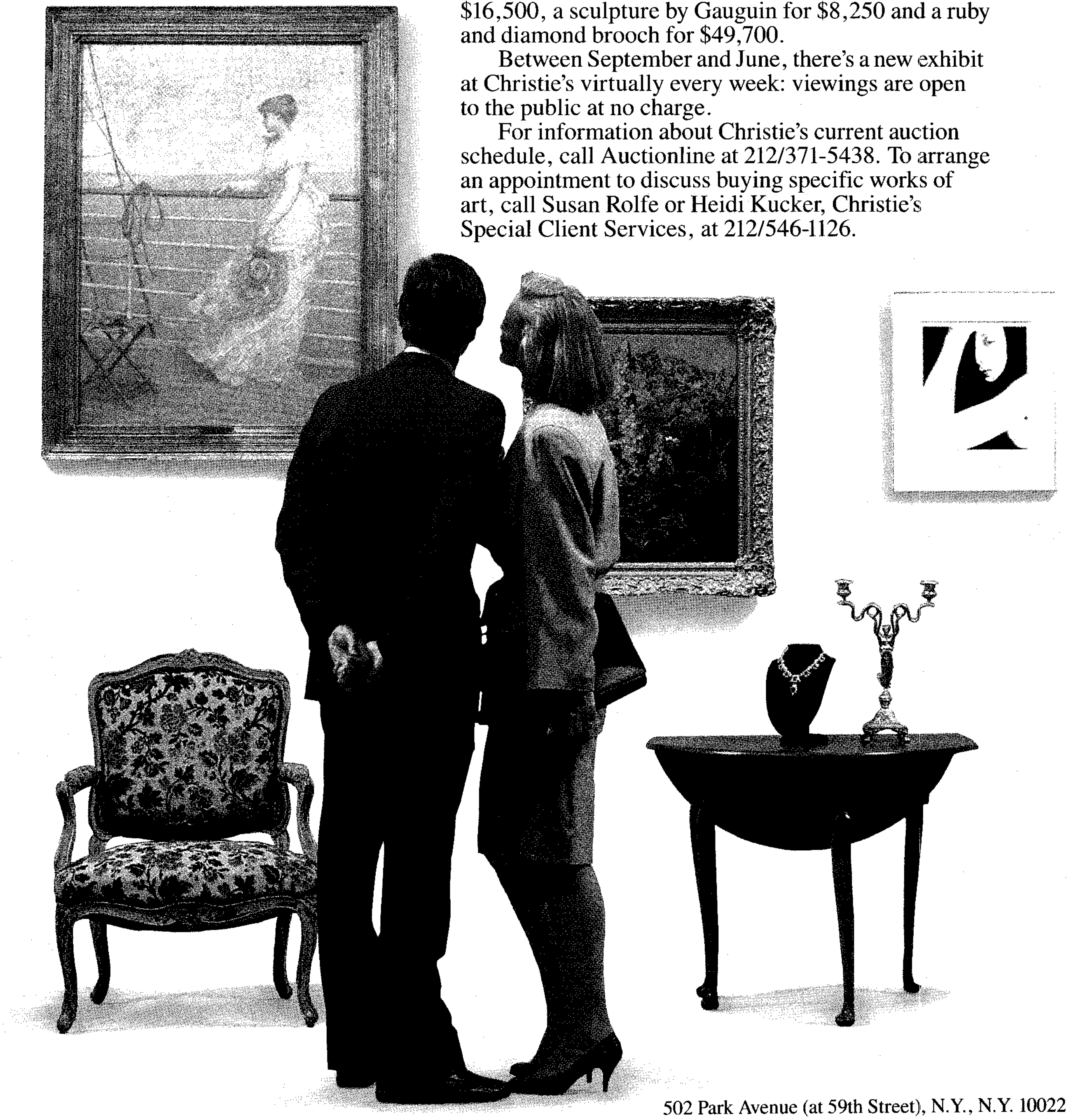

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bouncers—John Godber's thoroughly disagreeable comedy about working-class men and women at a disco in the North of England. Dan Gerrity, Gerrit Graham, Anthony M. LaPaglia, and Adrian Paul constitute the entire cast, and they play any number of roles, male and female. Ron Link was the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Dreamgirls—A revival of Michael Bennett's 1981 musical. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger wrote the music. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's play is more a sentimental than a dramatic occasion, which tells, in a series of brief scenes, of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. What gives the evening distinction is the performance—the fine acting of Dana Ivey and Morgan Freeman, under Ron Lagomarsino's direction. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/27/87.) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of George M. Cohan's 1920 play **THE TAVERN** will be the first in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Oct. 1, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 18. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fences—August Wilson's play about a black garbageman, formerly a baseball player of professional calibre, is as powerful as, and even richer than, his "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The triumphant performance, with James Earl Jones in the leading role, supported by Mary Alice, Courtney B. Vance, Frankie R. Faison, Ray Aranha, Charles Brown, and Karima Miller, was directed by Lloyd Richards. (4/6/87) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

From the Mississippi Delta—A play by Endesha Ida Mae Holland. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand Street. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. For information about tickets, call 869-3981.)

Happy Days—An unsatisfactory production of Beckett's play. Caveat emptor. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason's material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Oct. 2, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, except Oct. 3, at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

La Mama E.T.C.—Presenting **AMBITION**, a comedy by Peter Halasz. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 30. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 17.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting **GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY**, a musical loosely adapted by Raymond Allen, Jerry Gotham, and Todd Ellison from George M. Cohan's "Little Johnny Jones." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Moms—A celebration of the great black comedienne Moms Mabley, as impersonated by Clarice Taylor. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A revival of Trevor Rhone's 1985 farce **TWO CAN PLAY**, with Hazel Medina and Sullivan H. Walker. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2; Saturdays at 3; and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 11.)

The Nerd—This farce by the late Larry Shue (author of "The Foreigner") is a source of laughter from beginning to end. It tells the story of an idiotic young man who almost becomes the permanent house guest of an inoffensive architect. Robert Joy gives a first-rate comic performance in the title role. (4/6/87) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Psycho Beach Party—This romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch—and significantly funnier than Mr. Busch's earlier work—uses the conventions of drag comedy to lampoon the mores and assumptions of heterosexual be-

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havior. The production—which stars Mr. Busch as a Gidget-like figure with a Marnie-like problem—is directed by Kenneth Elliott and includes a dance number that may single-handedly bring back the limbo. (8/10/87) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Roza—A musical based on Romain Gary's 1975 novel "La Vie Devant Soi," with a book and lyrics by Julian More and a score by Gilbert Bécaud. Directed by Harold Prince. Previews Wednesday, Sept. 30. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 1. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock's Last Case—A relentlessly jokey entry in the Baker Street files that is more tiresome than funny. Frank Langella is Holmes, Donal Donnelly is Watson. (8/31/87) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (3/30/87) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—The setting of this first play by Robert Harling is a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and much of the content is the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. A rather pathetic story is told as well. The performances are good, especially those of Betsy Aidem, Rosemary Prinz, and Kate Wilkinson. The impressive setting was designed by Edward T. Gianfrancesco; Pamela Berlin directed. (8/17/87) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Talk Radio—A strong and funny play by Eric Bogosian, with Larry Pine as the scornful host of a phone-in radio talk show. (6/8/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Young Playwrights Festival—The two entries—"Tiny Mommy," by Juliet Garson, and "Sparks in the Park," by Noble Mason Smith, each of the dramatists being eighteen at the time of submission—make this a festive occasion indeed. The first of them is a lively satire, whose point is not quite clear; the second is a charming, accomplished comedy. The performances of both plays are all that any young dramatist could hope for. Amy Saltz and Gary Pearle were the able directors. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2 and Saturday, Oct. 10, at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct 11.)

Long Runs—**broadway bound:** A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for surefire gags. Gene Saks directed. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Score by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **coastal disturbances:** Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Carole Rothman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,416 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i'm not rappaport:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Jack Klugman and Ossie Davis. On Wednesday, Oct. 7, Judd Hirsch and Cleavon Little will return to their original roles. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Oct. 6, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **me and my girl:** A silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. With Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Oct. 7, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

Pulcinella—A contemporary comedy, by Manlio Santanelli and Roberto Rossellini, in the tradition of commedia dell'arte. Presented, in Italian, by the Teatro di Roma; with English supertitles. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3.)

DANCE

Martha Graham Dance Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Oct. 25—Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 7: "Temptations of the Moon;" "Errand Into the Maze;" the "Helios" section of "Acts of Light;" four solo works, including "The Incense," with Maya Plisetskaya; "Appalachian Spring," with Rudolf Nureyev and Mikhail Baryshnikov; and the American première of a 1936 film of Miss Graham in "Frontier." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Embattled Garden," five solo works, "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Appalachian Spring," "Embattled Garden," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Tangled Night." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," "Temptations of the Moon," five solo works, and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2: "Embattled Garden," "Canticle for Innocent Comedians," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Appalachian Spring," "Errand Into the Maze," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Judith." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Feld Ballet—Wednesday evening, Sept. 30: "The Consort," "Embraced Waltzes" (première), and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 1-2: "Tzaddik," "Echo," "Embraced Waltzes," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 3: "Aurora II," "Adieu," "A Dance for Two" (première), and "The Consort." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct 4: "Tzaddik," "Echo," "Embraced Waltzes," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 4: "Meadowlark," "Over the Pavement," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 6: "Tzaddik," "Echo," "Embraced Waltzes," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 7: "Harbinger," "Medium:Rare," "Theatre," and "Intermezzo No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 8: "Meadowlark," "Over the Pavement," and "Skara Brae." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 9: "Harbinger," "Medium: Rare," "Theatre," and "Intermezzo No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 10: "Straw Hearts," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Embraced Waltzes." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 1.)

Ritha Devi—Performing classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Friday, Oct. 9, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—A program of new and repertory works. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St., between Nassau and Gold Sts. 924-0077. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

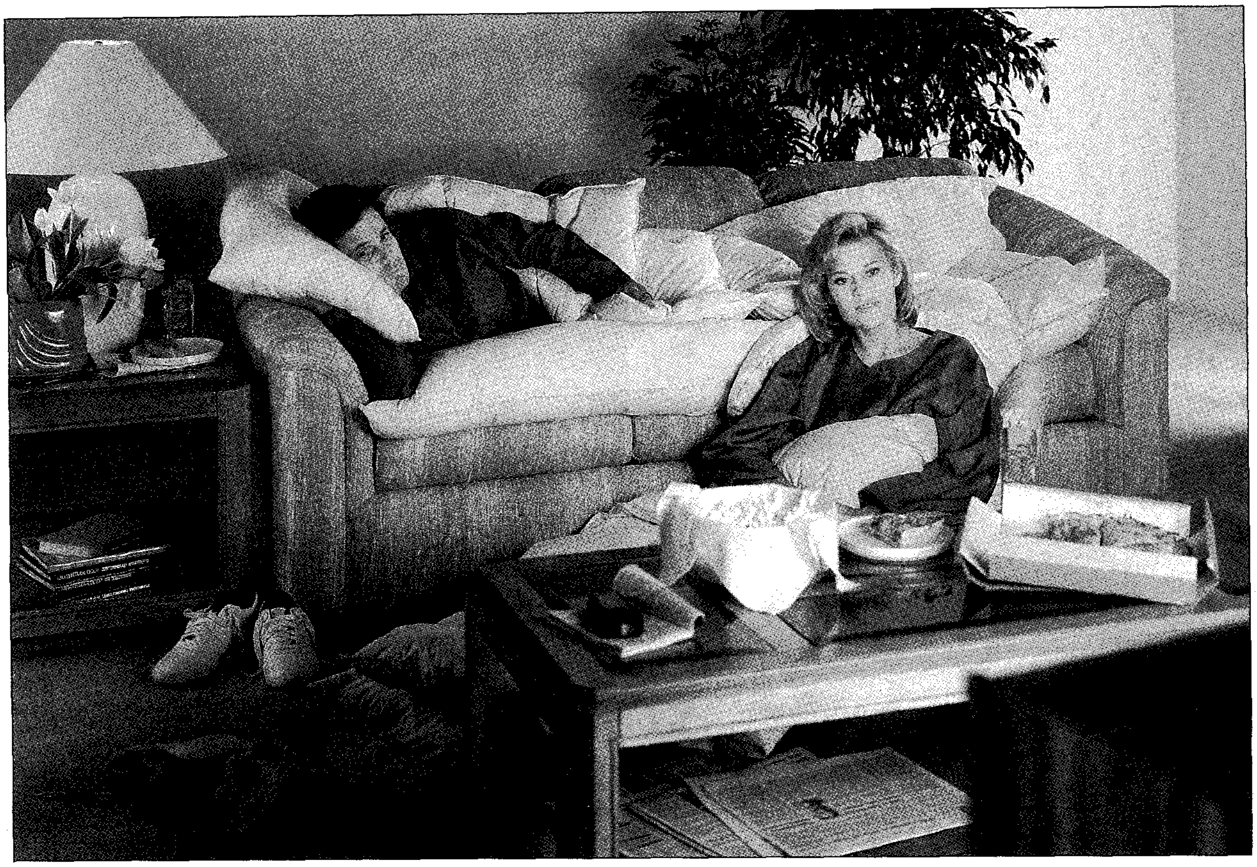
"Dancing for Life"—A benefit for AIDS relief, with members of the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, the American Ballet Theatre, the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, the Dance Theatre of Harlem, the Laura Dean Dancers and Musicians, the Feld Ballet, the Martha Graham Dance Company, the Joffrey Ballet, the Lar Lubovitch Dance Company, the Mark Morris Dance Group, the New York City Ballet, the Paul Taylor Dance Company, and Twyla Tharp Dance. (New York State Theatre. Monday, Oct. 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 477-2166.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Montgomery, Plant & Stritch, a zippy, polished vocal trio, sing and patter in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the



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musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. **DAKOTA STATON** sings here Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **ARTHUR SIEGEL,** a genial, old-fashioned gent, sings theatre and movie songs from long ago at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. **LONETTE MC KEE** *winds up her visit on* Saturday, Oct. 3, *and* **ANITA ELLIS** begins one—a rare one—on Tuesday, Oct. 6. Both women sing at nine.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI,** the great white-haired hot-jazz violinist, will be here with his quartet through Monday, Oct. 5, and on Tuesday, Oct. 6, wizard New Orleans trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS,** a cool, natty one, brings in his quintet for six nights. Music from eight-thirty through Oct. 5, and from nine thereafter. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and members of the **BUSTER POINDEXTER** fan club. Buster Poindexter is what rock singer David Johansen calls himself when he's wearing a monkey suit and his hair is combed into a slick style and he's singing a calypso called "Everybody's Going Cannibal" or a 1945 Lucky Millinder novelty number called "Who Threw the Whiskey in the Well?" or an Oscar Brown tearjerker about a booze hound, or he's leading a conga line or telling a whopper about the time he and Noël Coward and the reggae superstar Eek-a-Mouse got stoned in Coward's castle. Buster Poindexter and his band, the **BANSHEES OF BLUE,** are here on Wednesdays, Sept. 30 and Oct. 7. The rest of the schedule: Thursday, Oct. 1, Mike's Talent Show, with Frank Maya, Moynihan & Green, and others; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, jazz singer **BETTY CARTER'S** trio and the **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND;** and Tuesday, Oct. 6, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON'S** quintet and guitarist **EMILY REMLER.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. October is **RED MITCHELL** month. He works with **KIRK LIGHTSEY** through Saturday, Oct. 3, and with **OLIVER JONES,** a Tatumesque pianist out of Montreal, starting Monday, Oct. 5. On Sundays, Mr. Mitchell leads a trio. First set at nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Trumpeter, flugelhornist, and singer-mumbler **CLARK TERRY** will be here with a *quartet* through Sunday, Oct. 4, and on Tuesday, Oct. 6, big-toned Texas tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** arrives with his foursome. Mondays are in the swell hands of seven-string guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** a prince among café singers, is once again presiding over the little principality known as the Café Carlyle. Bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** are his assistants. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* **JOE PASS** winds up a week of solo guitar recitals on Sunday, Oct. 4, and on Tuesday, Oct. 6, **ASTRUD GILBERTO** starts singing in her soft, low, slippered voice. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music nightly from eight, except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Tardo Hammer; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3, Ellington scholar **BROOKS KERR;** and Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 6-8, **WALTER NORRIS.** Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

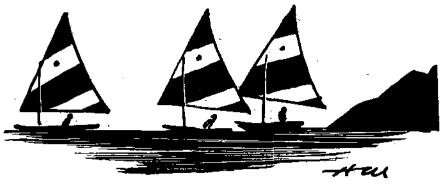
Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A small, pleasant, quirkily constructed corner bar from which the human pageant (upper-middle East Side wing) is visible. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist-singer Marty Phillips and bassist **LONNIE PLAXICO** are on duty; Sundays and Mondays belong to singer Stan Edwards' trio; and Tuesdays are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** pianist **WARREN CHIASSON,** and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING.** Music from ten.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. Pianist **BILL MAYS** and bassist **JOHN GOLDSBY** collaborate through Saturday, Oct. 3, and on Tuesday, Oct. 6, **DON FRIEDMAN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** go to work. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Probably the only place in town that features avant-garde jazz, advanced rock, Breathe Easy medicinal tea, homemade yogurt, and smoothies. (Unfortunately, it no longer features its own sound equipment; somebody stole it. A benefit concert for the club is being given on Sunday, Oct. 4, at the Puck Building, 295 Lafayette St.) Saxophonist **JOHN ZORN,** keyboardist **WAYNE HORVITZ,** bassist **DAVE HOFSTRA,** and drummer **BOBBY PREVITE** will play the music of bop pianist Sonny Clark Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 7-11. On Thursday, Oct. 8, soprano saxophonist **JANE IRA BLOOM** will also be here. Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, blues guitarist **ALBERT KING;** Friday, Oct. 2, **LIL QUEENIE,** a red-headed rock-and-soul singer from New Orleans; Saturday, Oct. 3, **ROBERT GORDON;** Sunday, Oct. 4, Chicago blues belter **KOKO TAYLOR,** with **JAMES COTTON;** Monday, Oct. 5, Mr. Cotton and **LITTLE BUSTER;** Tuesday, Oct. 6, **DR. JOHN;** and Friday, Oct. 9, jump-blues revivalists **ROOMFUL OF BLUES.** Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub, Englished up with pictures of lions and monarchs and with mirrors that double as advertisements for vintage whiskeys. **MEL TORMÉ** sings a salute to Fred Astaire and Buddy Rich Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.



Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Small but satisfying helpings (trio-size, as a rule) of jazz, Latin jazz, and R. & B. in a spiffy upper West Side café. Cuban-born alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his crew are here Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3; the next weekend, Oct. 9-10, will be in the powerful, Monk-inspired hands of pianist **RANDY WESTON.** Music from around ten. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. Pre-cotillion activities include watching videos, milling around, and showing the bartender the plastic wristband you have to wear if you want to drink. Wednesday, Sept. 30, the Georgia Satellites and the Brandos; Friday, Oct. 2, the **DB'S;** Saturday, Oct. 3, Marillion; Sunday, Oct. 4, **WARREN ZEVON** and **X;** and Thursday, Oct. 8, Little Steven. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. Jugs and drums are suspended from the rafters, and a dioramic slice of jungle life is affixed to the wall above the bandstand. Wednesday, Sept. 30, salsa singer **CELIA CRUZ,** with **RAY BARRETTO'S** band; Friday, Oct. 2, the Haitian dance band **TABOU COMBO;** Saturday, Oct. 3, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, Oct. 6, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 7-8, Jamaican poet-chanter **MUTABARUKA.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. Hard-bop powerhouse **ART BLAKEY** directs his six young followers, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS,** through Sunday, Oct. 4, and on Tuesday, Oct. 6, tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** moves in with his octet. **GIL EVANS'** shimmering, electrified orchestra holds forth on Mondays. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Sweetwaters, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek room. **LINDA HOPKINS,** a gospel and blues singer (she did a Bessie Smith show on Broadway a dozen years ago), performs through Saturday, Oct. 3; **MARLENA SHAW,** a soul and jazz singer, takes over on Tuesday, Oct. 6. Music after nine. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. Thursday, Oct. 1, the Cynics, the Original Sins, and the Brood; Friday, Oct. 2, Kristi Rose & the Dying Breed and the Greg Trooper band; Saturday, Oct. 3, Loup Gurou and the **SURREAL MC COYS;** Sunday, Oct. 4, the Ned Sublette band and Tijuana Bible; Tuesday, Oct. 6, Funk Philharmonik; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, veteran rockabilly singer **SLEEPY LABEEF.** Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa bands perform in the refectorylike downstairs room on Mondays after nine-thirty. On Oct. 5, **MANNY OQUENDO'S LIBRE** will share the stage with **RAY BARRETTO'S** ensemble and **PAQUITO D'RIVERA,** the guest jazz soloist. **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS,** a duo whose rock-and-roll shoes are (as one of their songs says) "laced with irony," horse around here at nine and midnight on Fridays. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, **NINA SHELDON** and **FRANK TATE** play piano-bass duets every night but Monday. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** Bach-to-blues trio is also present. Music from around ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserves land-

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mark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that has a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the proprietor and that the proprietor, a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, a sparkling, swinging pianist, will be around through Sunday, Oct. 4, with his expert sidekicks, bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** and drummer **AL FOSTER**; pianist **STEVE KUHN** descends the stairs on Tuesday, Oct. 6, with Mr. Foster and **RON CARTER**. The **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** works out on Mondays. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Guitarist **DOM MINASI'S** group performs through Sunday, Oct. 4; on Wednesday, Oct. 7, tenor saxophonist and growly vocalist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** comes in with his band. Music from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Osso buco and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a back room reserved for trenchermen and a front-room bar. Pianist **WALTER NORRIS** and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** work together through Saturday, Oct. 3, and on Monday, Oct. 5, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** swing into action. Sundays are set aside for guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**. Music weeknights from eight, and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Highlights in Jazz—Doc Cheatham, the Harlem Blues and Jazz Band, Judy Carmichael, and the Jan Rosemond trio. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 998-4949. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

Third World—With Toots and the Maytals. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

Twisted Sister—With Great White. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

Kitaro—Radio City Music Hall. Monday, Oct. 5, at 8.

Pink Floyd—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 5-7, at 8.

R.E.M.—Radio City Music Hall. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 6-7, at 8.

Joan Baez—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8.

Atlantic Starr—With LeVert. (Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

Anne Murray—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 8.

Tribute to Moses Asch—With Pete Seeger, the New Lost City Ramblers, Serious Bizness, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Ray Charles—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.

Hiroshima—With Najee. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

African and American Music and Dance—Traditional forms interpreted by Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; Women of the Calabash; the White Eagles; Forces of Nature; and Karen Watson. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8. For tickets, call 307-7420.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Graham Campbell—Abstract paintings and large drawings. Through Thursday, Oct. 8. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Petah Coyne—The artist has spent the past two months filling the Sculpture Center's gallery space with large clumps of hay, roots, tree stumps, and branches—all put together with tar, mud, and resin. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (167 E. 69th St.)

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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Gloria Garfinkel—Paintings and etchings loosely based on Ginza kimono designs. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

Owen Morrel—A large-scale metal-and-wood sculpture titled "Sea Saw," plus two smaller pieces. Through Oct. 17. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Susan Roth / Ralph Albert Blakelock (1847-1919)—New abstract paintings. Through Oct. 12. / More than forty landscape paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Ethel Schwabacher (1903-84)—Abstract Expressionist paintings and works on paper from the fifties. Through Wednesday, Oct. 7. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Honoré Sharrer—Paintings of figures portrayed in slightly surreal situations. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: Works by fourteen artists, including Willem de Kooning, Dorothea Rockburne, Joan Mitchell, and Walter De Maria, constitute the gallery's final exhibition, which is dedicated to the memory of its founder, Xavier Fourcade. Through Oct. 17. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Spanish masters from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries. The works are on loan from the Meadows Museum, in Dallas. Admission is two dollars. Through Oct. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Will Barnet—Paintings of figures poised to begin golfing or skating. Through Oct. 17. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Charlotte Brown and Werner Pfeiffer—Three-dimensional works on paper, Brown's incorporating lavish mosaiclike flower patterns, Pfeiffer's combining geometry and collage to give the illusion of space. Through Oct. 17. (Shippee, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Frederick Brown—Large portraits of artists (Picasso, Rembrandt, Willem de Kooning) and musicians (Billie Holiday, Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington), plus other paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Friedel Dzubas / Michael Steiner—Large-scale abstract monotypes. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. / Angular steel sculptures painted black. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fortuyn and O'Brien—Abstract painted wood wall constructions, each covered with a sheet of Plexiglas, the joint works of two Dutch artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Luhring Augustine & Hodes, 41 E. 57th St.)

TOP OF THE GATE
VILLAGE GATE
VILLAGE GATE
tf

Jedd Garet—New abstract paintings. Through Oct. 24. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Roberto Juarez / Daniel Mahoney—Vaguely recognizable birds, flowers, and branches are seen in otherwise abstract paintings. / Very precise wavy lines repeat in these textured paintings on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Luks (1867-1933)—Paintings and drawings by a realist. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Collages from the past thirty years. Through Oct. 17. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Richard Mayhew—Recent landscape paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Isabel McIlvain—Cast-bronze figures and wall reliefs. Through Oct. 14. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Avner Moriah / Bruce Cohen—Paintings of Israel, including a set of triptychs with landscapes on the outside which open up to reveal scenes of everyday life—from kibbutz idylls to terrorist incidents. / Precisionist paintings of interiors with still-lifes. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Sculptures in assorted mediums, including bronze, wood, and papier-mâché, plus drawings. Through Oct. 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Howard Newman—Recent bronze figures and paintings on Masonite done as studies for them. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paul Rickert—Recent paintings. Through Oct. 24. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Saul—Violent, comic, satiric, kinky, not too flattering self-portraits of the artist as a seething humanoid. Through Oct. 24. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jim Touchton—Vibrant land- and seascapes. Through Wednesday, Oct. 7. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

William Tucker—Three new bronzes. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jack Youngerman—Abstract paintings and pastels. Through Oct. 24. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—American genre paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Homer, Bearden, Rivers, Pearlstein, Freilicher, and others. Through Oct. 24. (ACA, now located at 41 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Marc Blane—A large steel-and-concrete sculpture reminiscent of playground equipment, along with several smaller versions of the piece. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Allen, in a new location at 560 Broadway.)

Seymour Boardman and Elaine Kurtz—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the seventies. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Richard Bosman—Large seascapes, each made up of two or three canvas panels. Through Oct. 24. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Roger Brown—New paintings, including one entitled "Homesick-Proof Space Station." Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Scott Burton—New sculptures. Through Oct. 24. (Protetch, in a new location, at 560 Broadway.)

Deborah Clearman—Painted wood cutouts that juxtapose contemporary figures with ancient scenes, such as a violinist in a tuxedo playing while Rome burns. Through Oct. 17. (First Street Gallery, in a new location, at 560 Broadway.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Abstract works on paper from 1975 to the present. Through Oct. 24. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

David Geiser—Heavily textured abstract paintings that use encaustic, tar, and resin. Through Oct. 24. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Sharon Gold—Abstract geometric paintings

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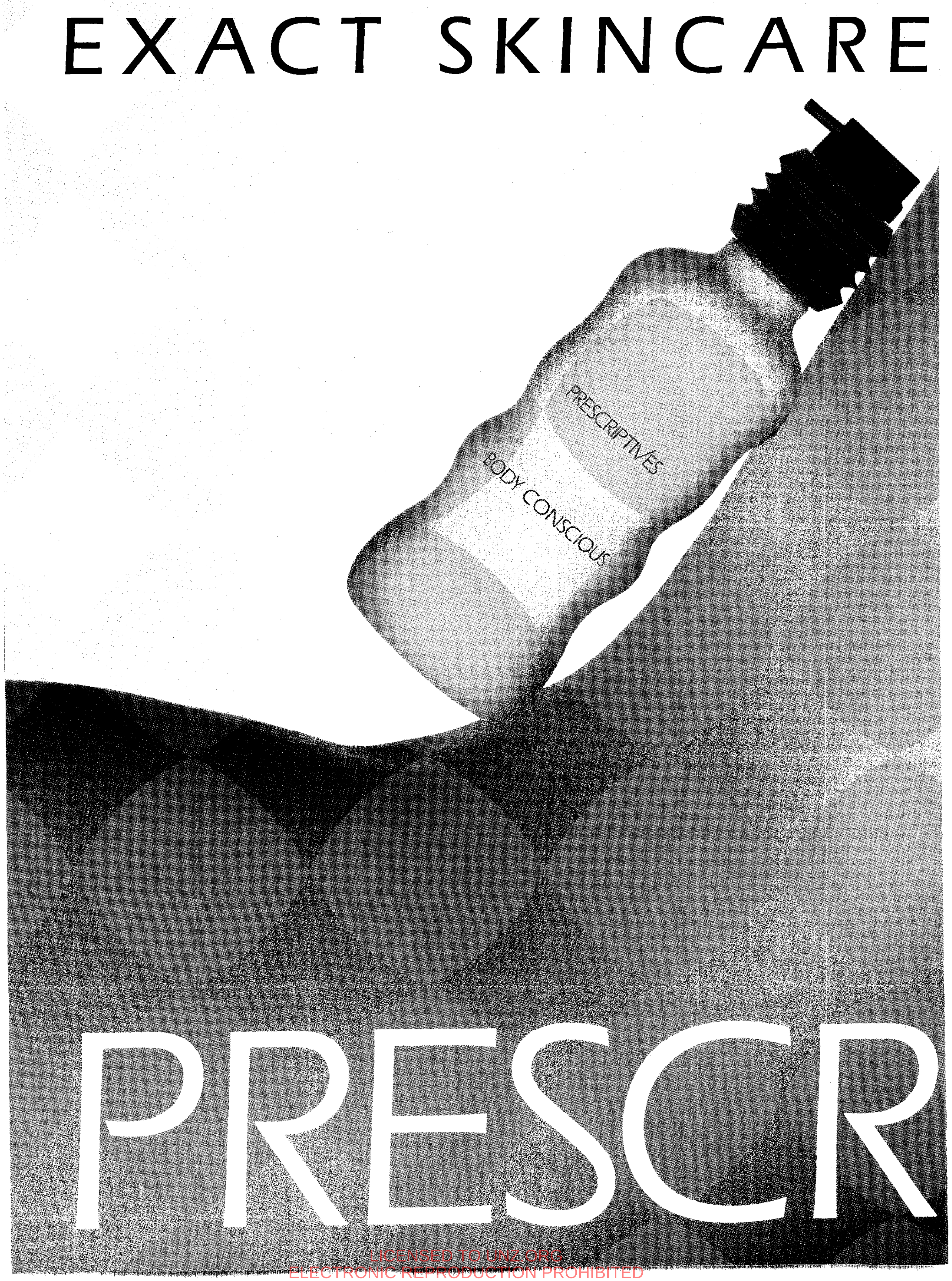
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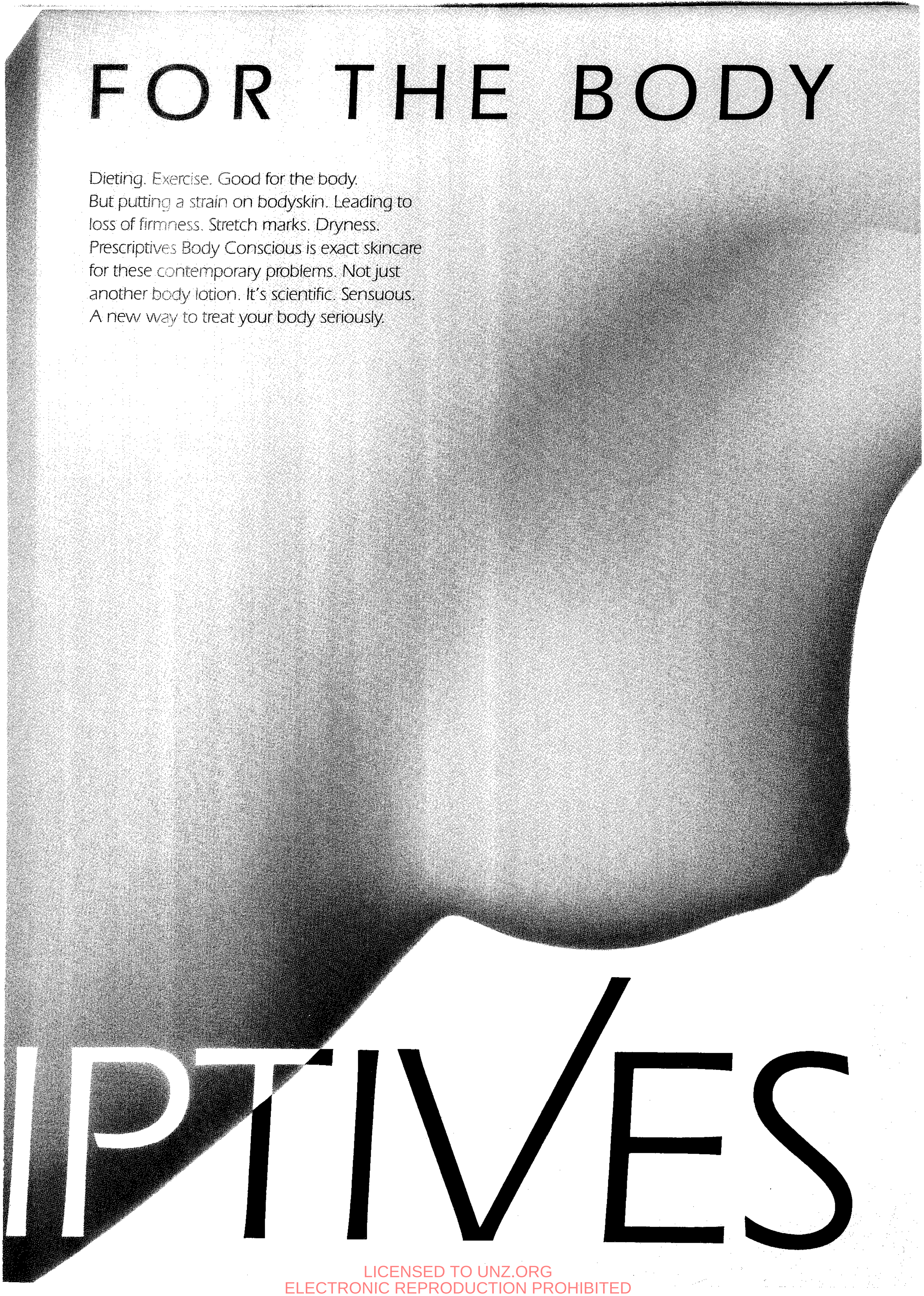

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and drawings from 1981. Through Oct. 17. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Michael Hafftka—New paintings of distorted figures. Through Oct. 31. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Peter Hutchinson—Among several sculptures is a large floor piece in which wood planters filled with rocks and shrubs spell out the word "Transformation." Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.) . . . ¶ American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., near Avenue A, is exhibiting another of the artist's conceptual sculptures. Through Sunday, Oct. 4. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Ronald Jones—An installation that includes seven scaled-down versions of tables originally proposed for the 1969 Paris peace talks. Through Oct. 24. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Komar & Melamid—New works. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Milo Lazarevic / John Kennard—Abstract sculptures of marble, steel, and wood, along with related paintings. / Black-and-white photographs of baseball parks and several portraits of people who work in them. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Sherrie Levine—Recent paintings and earlier photographic works. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Blinky Palermo (1943-77)—A survey of his work from 1966 to 1976. Through Oct. 13. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Kingsley Parker—Fighter planes, tankers, and bank façades appear in these new paintings and also in several large sculpture installations. Through Oct. 24. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Lila Ryan—Human figures made with aluminum pipes and ceramic heads, plus other sculptures. Through Oct. 17. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St. Open Sundays.)

Richard Serra—A two-gallery exhibit. Three monumental Corten-steel sculptures. Through Oct. 17. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Large steel plates and beams balancing against one another or leaning against gallery walls; also, drawings. Through Oct. 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Shaver—Picture frames within picture frames, and the back of a violin mounted on the wall side-by-side with a well-used eight-inch-wide paintbrush, among other works. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Robert Yarber—Paintings using the same figures as in his past work, floating and falling through city scenes, but an even more luminous palette than before. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Art Against AIDS—Works by Keith Sonnier, Robert Smithson, Lynda Benglis, Joseph Kosuth, and others, selected by Klaus Kertess to represent the efforts of the more than six hundred artists and seventy-two galleries supporting AIDS research. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St.)

Group Shows—At the **brandt,** 568 Broadway: Collaborators Clegg & Guttmann, Art and Language, and Gilbert and George, among others, in an exhibit put together by Saul Ostrow. Through Oct. 17. . . . **cowles annex,** 580 Broadway: Works by more than fifty artists who are either alumni or faculty of Stanford University. Richard Diebenkorn, Judith Dolnick, Robert Motherwell, and Frank Lobdell are included. Through Wednesday, Oct. 7. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, and at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **the drawing center,** 35 Wooster St.: Works on paper, or of paper, by seven emerging artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **esman,** 70 Greene St.: Works on paper by Russian Suprematists Malevich, Chashnik, and Suetin. Through Oct. 17. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **germans van eck,** 420 West Broadway: Assemblages by John M. Armleder, Mark di Suvero, Donald Lipski, and others. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. . . . **gladstone,** 99 Greene St.: Wall constructions by Imi Knoebel, an installation by Barry Le Va, and a sculpture

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by Bruce Nauman. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. . . . **nolan,** 560 Broadway: Works on paper by Georg Baselitz, Joseph Beuys, Arnulf Rainer, and others. Through Nov. 17.

OTHER GALLERIES

Ian Hamilton Finlay—A freestanding wood sculpture from 1975 entitled "Aircraft Carrier Torso," a fragmented slab of limestone engraved with a quote from Saint-Just, "The words we have spoken will never be lost on Earth" (1985), and other works. Through Oct. 31. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)

David Wojnarowicz—Paintings in which the elements are represented with pop imagery. Through Oct. 18. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **grey art gallery,** New York University, 33 Washington Pl.: "Morality Tales: History Painting in the 1980s," a show of large-scale dramatic works by thirteen artists, among them Sue Coe, Joanne Tod, Leon Golub, and Mark Tansey. Through Oct. 24. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **international with monument,** 111 E. 7th St.: One large-scale work apiece by Vito Acconci, Joseph Kosuth, and Annette Lemieux. Through Sunday, Oct. 4. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Sculpture—At the **ala,** 32 W. 20th St.: Pieces by five contemporary Japanese artists. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. . . . **hearn,** 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D: Freestanding works and wall reliefs by Eva Hesse, Annette Lemieux, Mary Heilmann, Louise Bourgeois, and Rosemarie Trockel. Through Oct. 18. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Henri Cartier-Bresson—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his early prints. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ Herstand, 24 W. 57th St., is exhibiting paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 17.

Harold Edgerton—Prints by the inventor of the electronic flash. Through Oct. 17. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Ralph Gibson / Elliot Schwartz—Prints from the past thirty years. Through Oct. 25. / Photographs of sculpture and machine fragments, death masks, and shrunken heads. Through Nov. 15. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

John Gossage—Large-scale black-and-white prints of Berlin at night. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Florence Henri (1893-1983)—Photographs from the twenties printed on canvas. Through Oct. 24. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

Helen Levitt—A retrospective. Through Nov. 7. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

David Robbins—New works. Through Oct. 11. (303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Victor Schrager—Monochromatic photographs attached to colored Formica that has been cut into shapes of consumer goods. Through Saturday, Oct. 10. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Cindy Sherman—The Whitney Museum has a ten-year survey of her photographs. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Paul Strand (1890-1976)—Vintage prints of Maine and its inhabitants. Through Nov. 14. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

Jean-Luc Vilmouth—An installation titled "Vues d'une Chaise," quite literally consisting of photographs taken through the slats of chair backs; the chairs are there to give evidence. Through Saturday, Oct. 3. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Edward Weston (1889-1958)—Approximately a hundred and twenty prints are at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A retrospective of approximately seventy works by the seventeenth-century Spanish painter Francisco de Zurbarán, including "The Virgin of Las Cuevas" and "St. Hugo of Grenoble Visiting the Refectory." . . . ¶ A group of twenty gold and silver objects that were produced by Tiffany & Company in the last forty years of the nineteenth century, when Edward C. Moore was the chief designer. . . . **photography:** A Weston retrospective that also includes letters, memorabilia, and portraits of the artist. Through Oct. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Photographs from the early thirties by Henri Cartier-Bresson, whose work at that time pioneered the use of 35-mm. film for still photography. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of works by Jan Dibbets, a Dutch contemporary known for his abstract compositions combining photographs and drawing. Through Nov. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large-scale exhibition of high-spirited sculptural tableaux by Red Grooms, including "City of Chicago," "Ruckus Manhattan," and "Ruckus Rodeo." Also, paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Oct. 18. . . . **photography:** Works by Cindy Sherman dating from 1977 to the present. Through Sunday, Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of paintings by the black social realist Jacob Lawrence, whose early work included narrative paintings about such figures as Frederick Douglass, Harriet Tubman, and John Brown. Starts Friday, Oct. 2. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The Dreyfus Affair is the subject of an exhibit of about six hundred items—including paintings, sculptures, posters, books, letters, and films—that document (a) the French political and cultural climate of the period, (b) the role of the press in dividing public opinion and exploiting the issues for financial gain, and (c) the heated positions of artists and writers, from pro-Dreyfus Pissarro and, of course, Zola, to anti-Dreyfus Cézanne and

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Degas. (Open daily except Fridays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Oct. 8. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A large show of drawings by the conceptual sculptor Bruce Nauman which were executed in the past twenty years. Through Nov. 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A short course on the Constitution conveyed through the delegates' preliminary drafts (with handwritten revisions), essays, and correspondence; the first newspaper printing of the document; and so forth. In addition, portraits of our early leaders painted by Peale, Trumbull, Stuart, and others. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Off the Berg Collection's bookshelves will come a show of a hundred works containing often-quoted first lines, including "In the beginning was the Word," from an American-Indian translation of the New Testament published in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1661; and "April is the cruellest month," from the original typescript of T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land." Starts Friday, Oct. 2. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Eiko & Koma in their dance "By the River," Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 6-10, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 4.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Victoria Marks (dance), Sunday and Monday, Oct. 4-5, at 9.

Note—Margaret Smith performing her work "Sex in a Baggie," Fridays and Saturdays, Oct. 2-3 and Oct. 9-10, at 11, at the Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. . . . ¶ "Spectaccalo," a video-and-music performance by Kit Fitzgerald, Peter Gordon, and Blue Gene Tyranny, Wednesdays, except Sept. 30, through Sundays at 7:30 (through Sunday, Oct. 18), at La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Vinson Cole, Gino Quilico, and Richard Van Allan; conducted by Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Tatiana Troyanos, and James King; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 2, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Sona Ghazarian, Dawn Upshaw, Carlo Bergonzi, and Brian Schexnayder; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 1:30: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Vinson Cole, Gino Quilico, and Richard Van Allan; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8:30: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Justino Díaz; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Barbara Kilduff, Tatiana Troyanos, and John Alexander; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Vinson Cole, Gino Quilico, and Richard Van Allan; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Otello," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Justino Díaz; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Sona Ghazarian, Dawn Upshaw, Carlo Bergonzi, and Brian Schexnayder; Ralf Weikert. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8: A new production of Wagner's "Das Rheingold." With Mari-Anne Haeggander, Waltraud Meier, Siegfried Jerusalem, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Vinson Cole, Gino Quilico, and Richard Van Allan; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Jessye Norman, Kathleen Battle, Gail Gilmore, and James King; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Maria Spacagna, Jon Fredric West, and Mark S. Doss; conducted by Elio Boncompagni. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Leslie Richards, Augusto Paglialunga, and Rodger Hugh Wangerin; and "Pagliacci," with Frances Ginsberg, John Absalom, and Frederick Burchinal. Sergiu Comissiona conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 2: "Sweeney Todd," with Marcia Mitzman, Susan Powell, Stanley Wexler, and Cris Groenendaal; Jim Coleman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8: "Sweeney Todd," with Joyce Castle, Leigh Munro, Timothy Nolen, and Cris Groenendaal; Jim Coleman. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 4, at 1: "Sweeney Todd," with Marcia Mitzman, Susan Powell, Stanley Wexler, and Cris Groenendaal; Jim Coleman. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 4, at 7: "Sweeney Todd," with Joyce Castle, Leigh Munro, Timothy Nolen, and Cris Groenendaal; Jim Coleman. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Leslie Richards, Augusto Paglialunga, and Rodger Hugh Wangerin; and "Pagliacci," with Frances Ginsberg, John Absalom, and Frederick Burchinal. Sergiu Comissiona conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Faith Esham, Rachel Rosales, Jon Garrison, and Stephen Dickson; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Elizabeth Holleque, Cynthia Rose, Robert Grayson, and Rodger Hugh Wangerin; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 2: "La Bohème," with Ruth Golden, Margaret Cusack, Richard Leech, and Frederick Burchinal; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Michael Cousins, and Theodore Baerg; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 15.)

American Chamber Opera Company—Two fully-staged contemporary one-act operas: Peter Westergaard's "Mr. and Mrs. Discobbolos," and John Harbison's "A Full Moon in March." Conducted by Douglas Anderson. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Fridays and Saturdays, Oct. 2-3 and Oct. 9-10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 781-0857.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Kurt Sanderling conducting. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8; Friday, Oct. 2, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 7:30: A Mozart-Schumann-Brahms program, with Antonio Meneses, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8; Friday, Oct. 9, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8: A Prokofiev-Shostakovich program, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano.

North Carolina Symphony—Honoring Robert Ward's seventieth birthday with an all-Ward program. The composer will conduct portions of the concert. With James Houlik, tenor saxophone, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 3.)

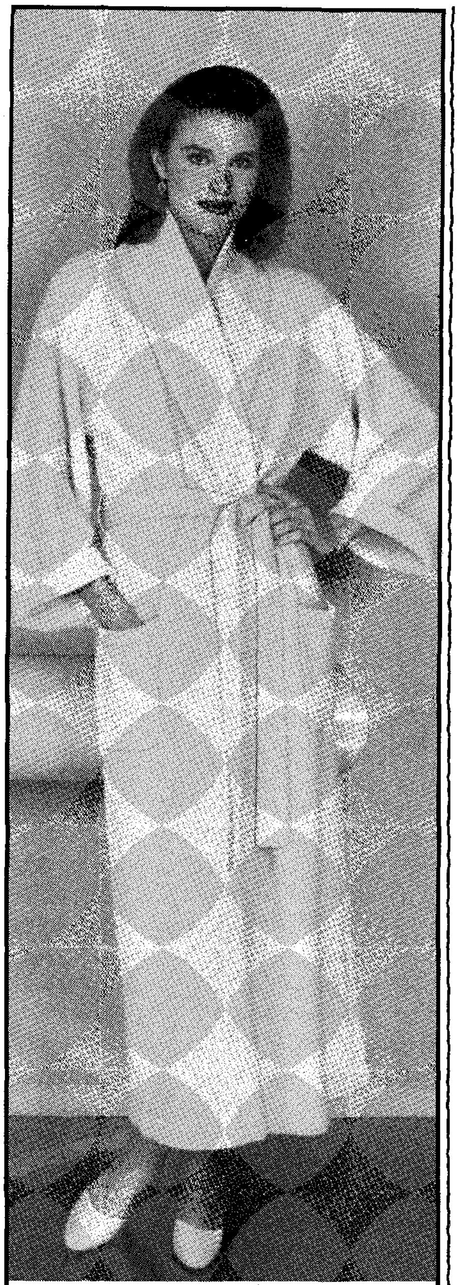
Rotterdam Philharmonic—James Conlon conducting a Martinů-Tchaikovsky-Rachmaninoff program, with Bella Davidovich, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—André Previn conducting. Monday, Oct. 5, at 8: A Berlioz-Elgar-Debussy program. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 9, at 8: An all-Brahms program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a György Ligeti–Weber–Bruckner program, with Malcolm Frager, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 2.)

Moscow Virtuosi—A Soviet chamber orchestra in its first American tour. With Vladimir Spivakov conducting and playing the violin; Vladimir Krainev, piano; Alexei Utkin, oboe;



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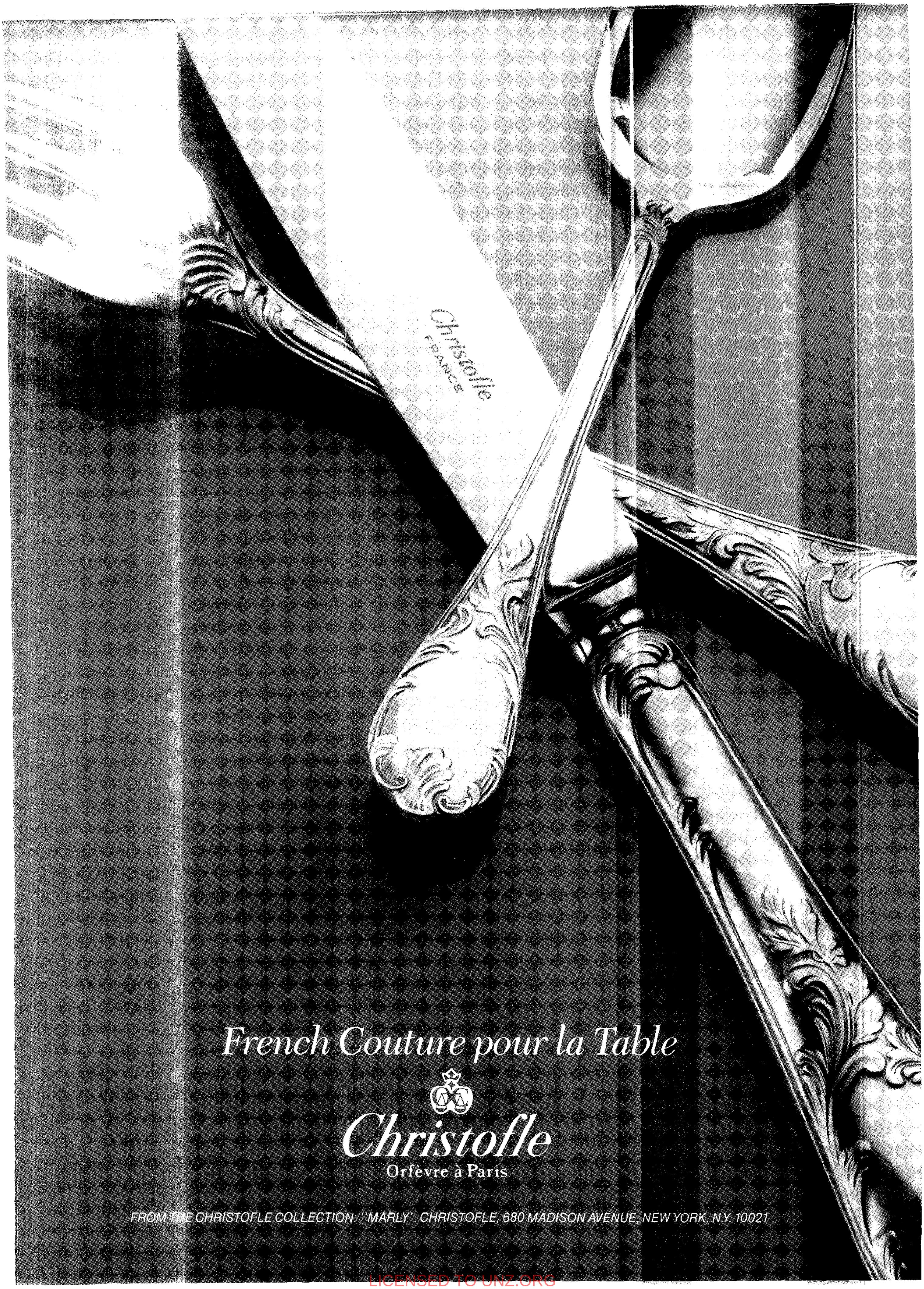
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Stephen Burns, trumpet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 3.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Otto-Werner Mueller conducting a Barber-Rachmaninoff-Prokofiev program, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

SOFIA CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—With Mincho Minchev, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

POPS CONCERTS—At Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8: The Tonkuenstler Orchestra of Vienna, conducted by Alfred Eschwé, opens this four-part series. With Gail Dobish, soprano; Manfred Geyrhalter, violin; and Raphael Flieder, cello.

STATE CHOIR OF ARMENIA—Ohannes Tchekidjian directing a hundred-member group appearing here for the first time. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 2, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 3, at 2.)

RECITALS

CHAMBER PLAYERS OF THE LEAGUE-ISCM—In a program that explores the influence of jazz on contemporary music. With Barry Harris, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8.)

JED DISTLER—Piano, performing the New York première of "The Death of Lottie Shapiro," his evening-length song cycle. With Christine Schadeberg, Sheila Schonbrun, and Catherine Rowe, all sopranos, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Oct 1, at 8.)

JAIME LAREDO—Violin, with Caroline Stoessinger, piano, in an all-Schubert program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

L. SHANKAR AND V. G. JOG—Violin, with assisting artists. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

RICHARD GOODE—Piano. The second in his seven-recital series of all thirty-two Beethoven sonatas. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 3.)

ALEXANDER STRING QUARTET—Playing works by Mozart, Janáček, and Brahms. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

TRIBUTE TO URSULA MAMLOK—With the Alaria Chamber Ensemble, North/South Consonance, Parnassus, the Group for Contemporary Music, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

LUKAS FOSS BIRTHDAY CONCERT—With Diana Walker, soprano; Jan Williams, percussion; Fred Sherry, cello; and others. The composer will be present. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

MUSIC TODAY—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program of music by Jacob Druckman, Jonathan Harvey, and others. With Carol Webber, soprano, and Cynthia Rose, mezzo-soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

NEW YORK NEW MUSIC ENSEMBLE—In a program that includes Messiaen's "Quartet for the End of Time." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

NEW MUSIC CONSORT—A program of chamber music which includes Julius Hemphill, soprano and alto saxophone, performing his "Crosscurrents/Float," and a piece by Dean Drummond for brass and zoomoozophone, a twenty-five-foot-long percussion instrument. (Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—In a Haydn-Beethoven-Mendelssohn program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9-10, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

TEATRO DI SAN CARLO—A company from Naples, directed by Roberto de Simone, performing, in Italian with English supertitles, two works by Giovanni Pergolesi. "La Serva Padrona," an opera buffa in two parts; conducted by Herbert Handt. At the Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. (Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 8.) . . . ¶ "Stabat Mater," the composer's most famous piece of sacred music, with Irene Papas; conducted by Alberto Zedda. At the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. (Saturday, Oct. 10, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 12-13, all at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 11, at 3:30.)

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AMARA ENSEMBLE—Chamber music. With dance by Ruth Mayer. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, Oct. 8, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Boston, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday, Oct. 2, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 3-4, at 1:30. . . . **NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES:** Starts Tuesday, Oct. 6. . . . **AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES:** Starts Wednesday, Oct. 7.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Thursday, Oct. 1, at 7:35 (exhibition game). . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Oct. 8, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Buffalo Sabres, Thursday, Oct. 1, at 7:45 (exhibition game). . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Penguins, Friday, Oct. 9, at 7:45. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Thursday, Oct. 1, at 8:05 (exhibition game).

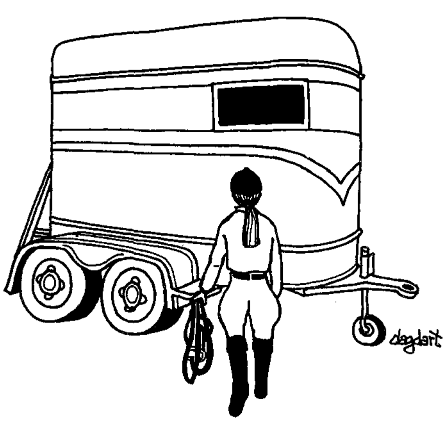
RACING—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 19. The Cowdin, Saturday, Oct. 3; the Matron, Sunday, Oct. 4; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 10. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Monday, Oct. 5, at 7:30; through Saturday, Dec. 19.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway: Nightly at 7:30; through Wednesday, Oct. 14.

ET ALIA

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—Octavio Paz reading from his own poetry, in Spanish, with English translations read by Eliot Weinberger. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, Oct. 4, at 8.) . . . ¶ Claire Bloom reading from the novels, diaries, and letters of Virginia Woolf. (92nd Street Y. Monday, Oct. 5, at 8.) . . . ¶ Kenneth Koch reading from his own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

LECTURE—Emily Hahn speaking about Shanghai in the thirties. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Tuesday, Oct. 6, at 6.)



NEW YORK ARMORY ANTIQUES SHOW—A hundred and ten international dealers will be displaying American and Continental furniture, decorative objects, silver, prints, books, and other wares. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday, Sept. 30, from 4 to 9; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 1-3, from noon to 9; and Sunday, Oct. 4, from noon to 6.)

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 3 elections will be Tuesday, Oct. 6, and Saturday, Oct. 10, from 1 to 9.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—The World Series starts Oct. 17 in the home park of the American League Champion.

BASKETBALL—Season openers—**NETS** at Byrne Meadowlands Arena: Vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, Nov. 6. . . . **KNICKS** at Madison Square Garden: Vs. Boston Celtics, Nov. 9.

HORSE SHOW—National Horse Show, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 3-8.

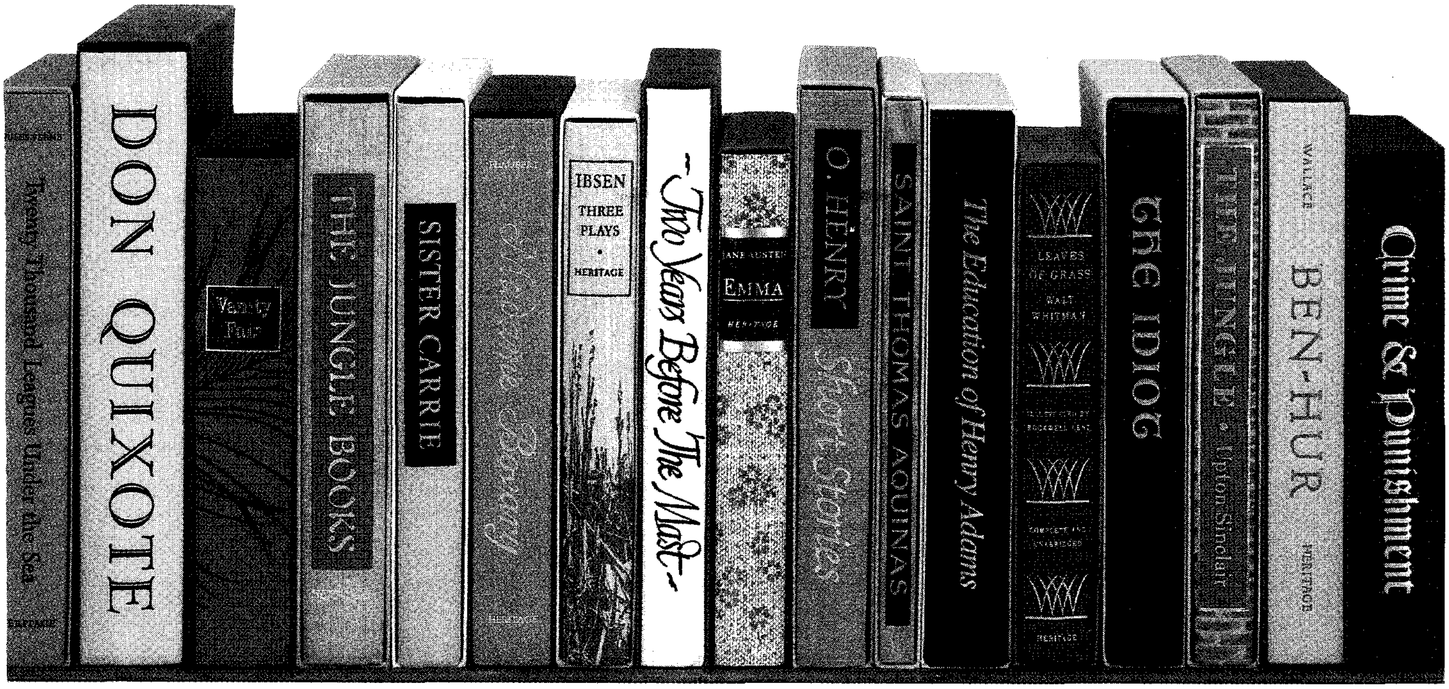
RACING—Aqueduct opens Oct. 21.

RUNNING—The New York City Marathon, Nov. 1.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 16. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 27. . . . ¶ Central Philharmonic Orchestra of China, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Leningrad State Symphony, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ London Philharmonic, Nov. 9. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7800): Montserrat Caballé, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Joan Morris and William Bolcom, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Katia and Marielle Labèque, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Oct. 21-22. . . . ¶ Paula Robison and Eliot Fisk, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Orchestra of St. Luke's, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Leningrad State Symphony, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Toronto Symphony, Oct. 31-Nov. 1. . . . ¶ St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, with the Guarneri Quartet, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ London Philharmonic, Nov. 10. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Daniel Waitzman, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Guarneri String Quartet, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Academy of Ancient Music, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Andras Schiff, Nov. 1. . . . **92ND STREET Y** (427-4410): Chamber music at the Y, Oct. 20-21. . . . ¶ Pilar Lorengar, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Ida and Ani Kavafian, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Richard Goode, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Murray Perahia, Nov. 7. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Richard Stoltzman, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Emerson String Quartet, Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ James Levine and Ken Noda, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Lynn Harrell, Oct. 31.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Mort Sahl in a one-man show. . . . ¶ John Malkovich and Joan Allen in "Burn This," a new play by Lanford Wilson. . . . ¶ "Late Nite Comic," a musical with a score and lyrics by Brian Gari and a book by Allan Knee. . . . ¶ A revival of Cole Porter's 1934 musical "Anything Goes." . . . ¶ Joel Grey returns to his role as the Master of Ceremonies in a revival of the 1966 musical "Cabaret." . . . ¶ "Into the Woods," a musical by Stephen Sondheim (score and lyrics) and James Lapine (book), which is based on folktales by the Brothers Grimm. The cast includes Bernadette Peters, Joanna Gleason, Chip Zien, Tom Aldredge, and Robert Westenberg. . . . ¶ "Teddy and Alice," a musical about Roosevelt *père et fille,* with Len Cariou and Nancy Hume. . . . ¶ "Don't Get God Started," a gospel musical with a book by Ron Milner and a score and lyrics by Marvin Winans.

OTHER DATES—Columbus Day is Monday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ The Next Wave Festival, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Oct. 13-Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Fall Antiques Show, at the Passenger Ship Terminal, Oct. 22-25. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Oct. 22-25. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 3.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Vanity Fair
THE JUNGLE BOOKS
SISTER CARRIE
Madame Bovary
IBSEN THREE PLAYS HERITAGE
Two Years Before The Mast
JANE AUSTEN EMMA HERITAGE
O. HENRY Short Stories
SAINT THOMAS AQUINAS
The Education of Henry Adams
LEAVES OF GRASS WALT WHITMAN
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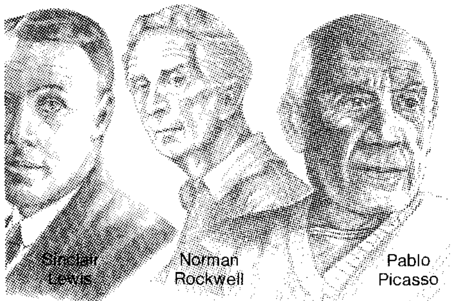

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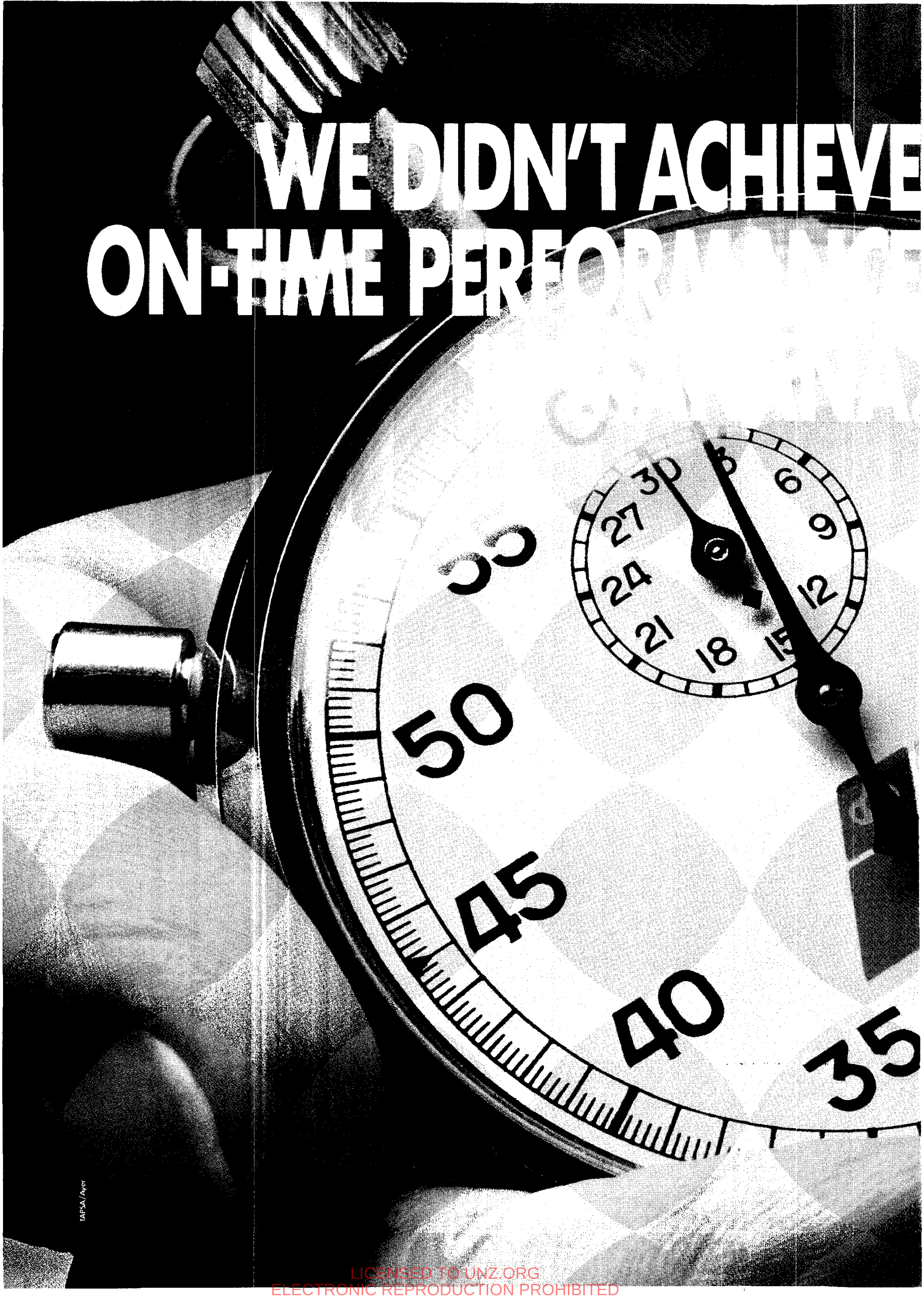
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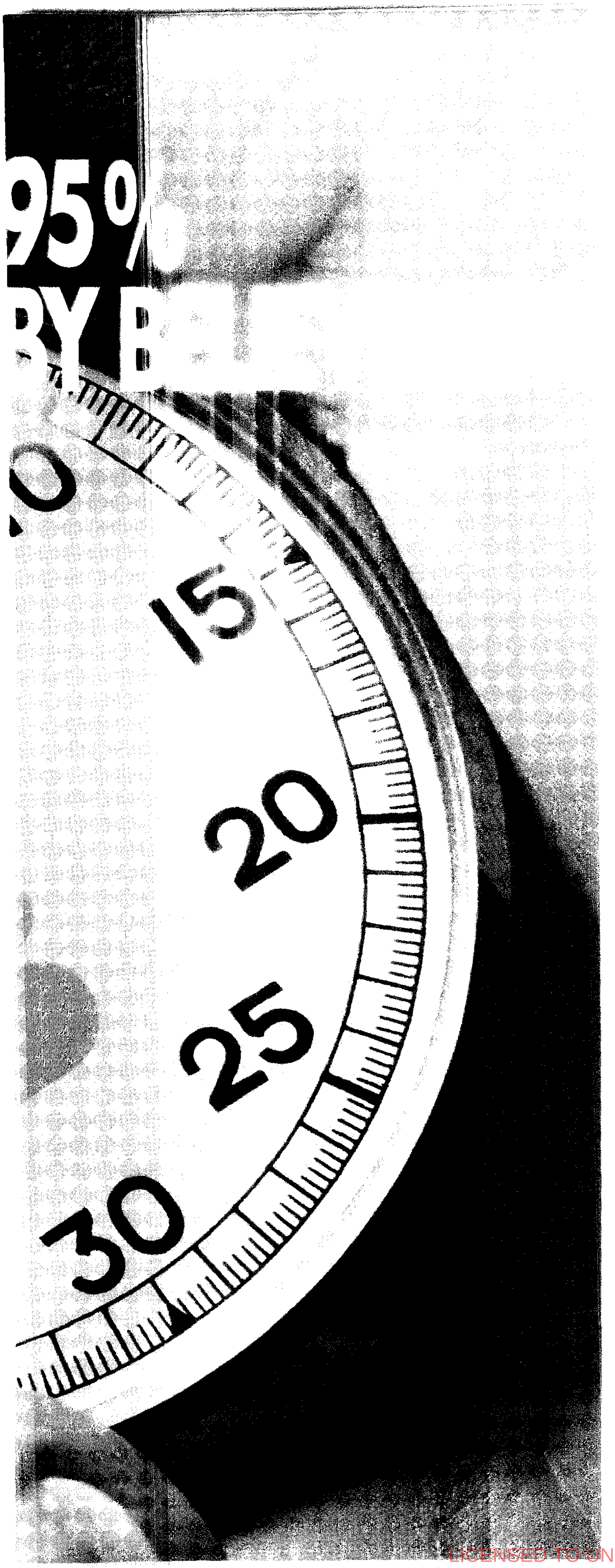

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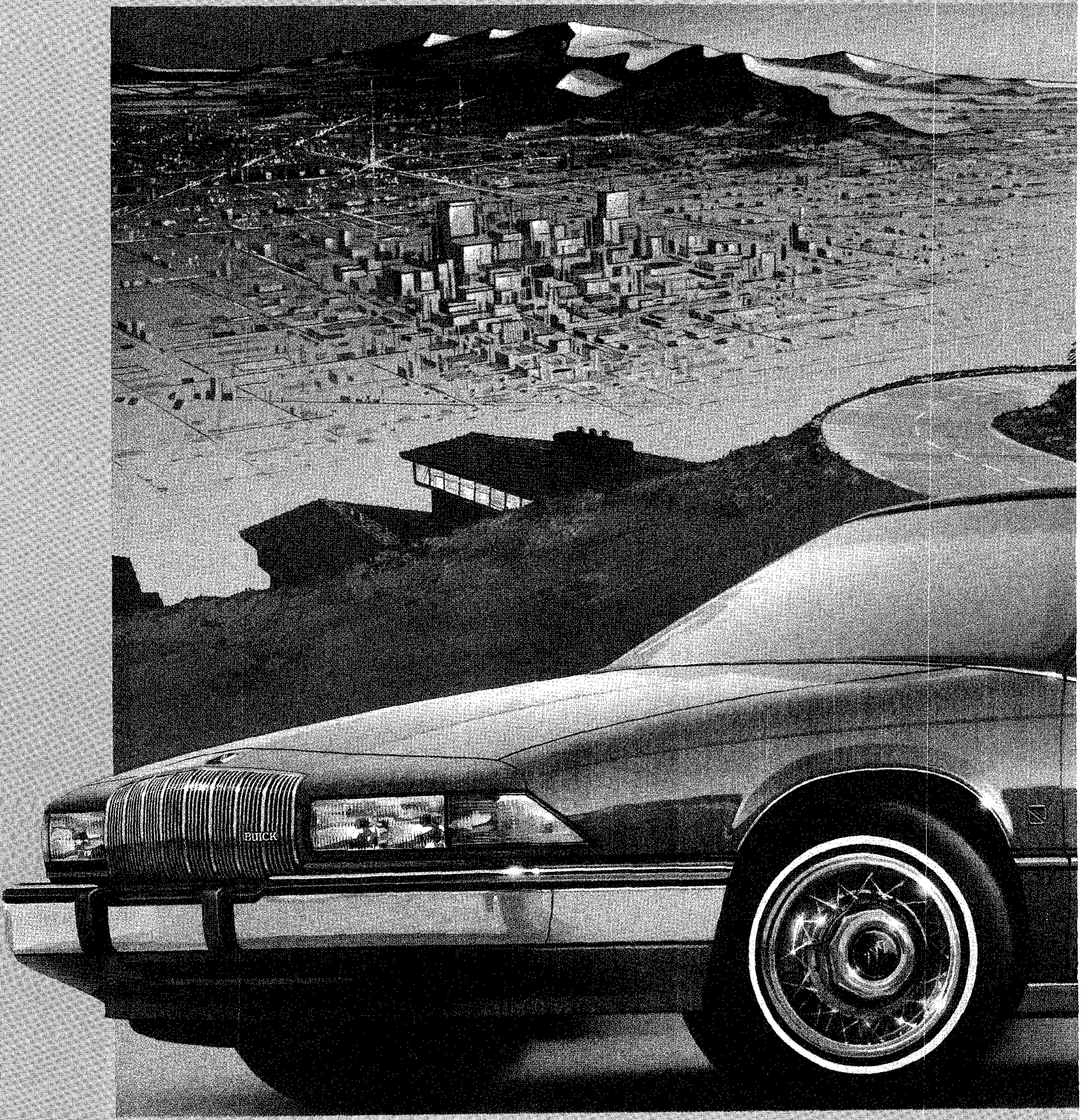

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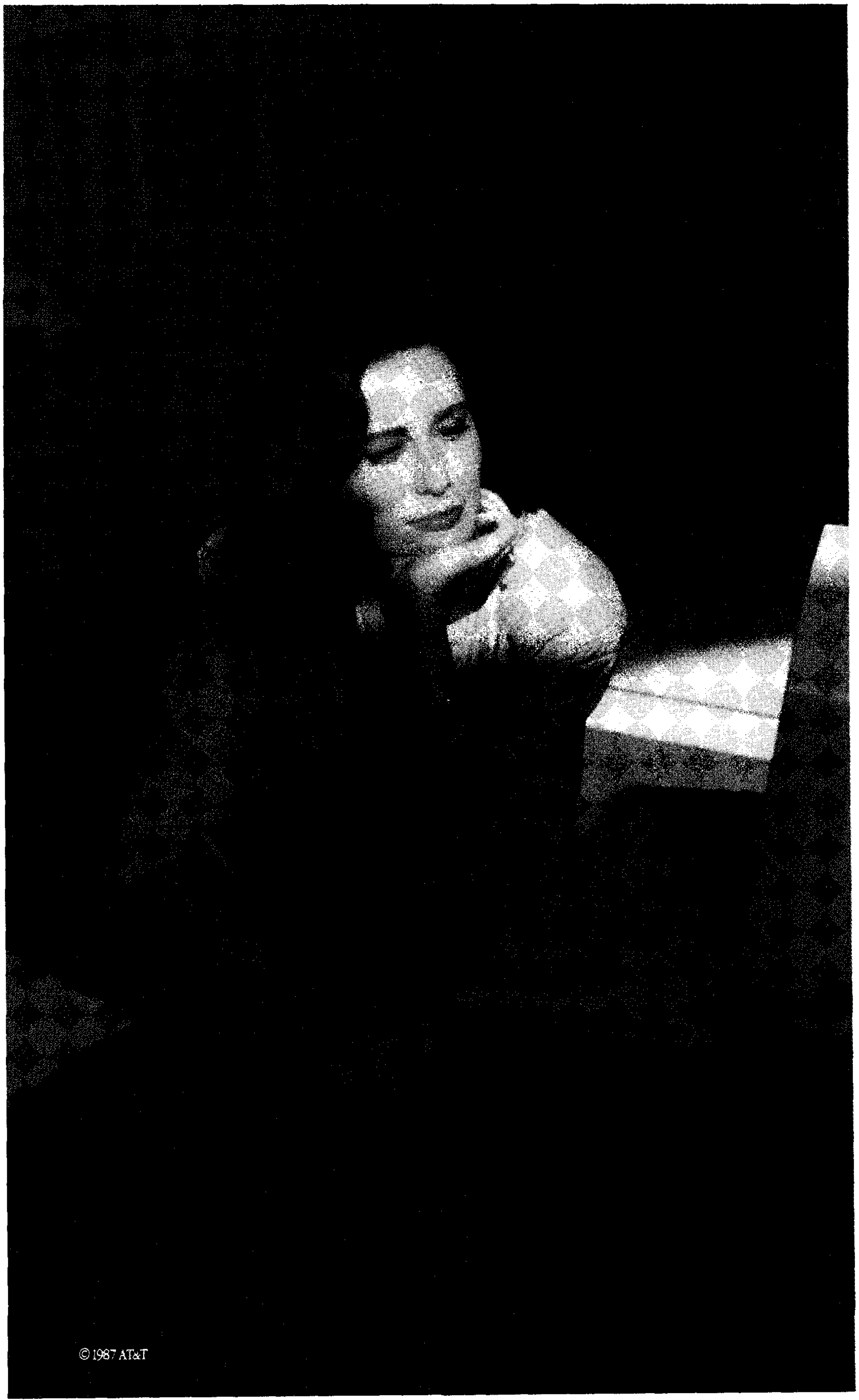

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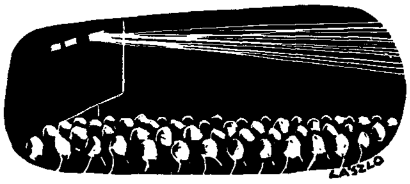

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4	5	6	7	8	9	10

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
(Separate admissions) "Buffet Froid" (1980; directed by Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Jean Carmet, Bernard Blier, and Geneviève Page; and "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Pick-up Artist" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong. From Oct. 9: "Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 1: "You Talkin' to Me?" (Charles Winkler), with Jim Youngs. From Oct. 2: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Oct. 8: "Stakeout" (†).
From Oct. 9: "Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy. From Oct. 7: "Baby Boom" (Charles Shyer), with Diane Keaton, Sam Shepard, and Harold Ramis.
Theatre 2: "Fatal Attraction" (Adrian Lyne), with Michael Douglas and Glenn Close.
Theatre 3: "Amazon Women on the Moon."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 8: "The Big Easy" (†).
From Oct. 9: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"You Talkin' to Me?" (Charles Winkler), with Jim Youngs.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Oct. 8: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones.
From Oct. 9: "Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Oct. 1: "The Pick-up Artist" (†).
From Oct. 2: "Big Shots" (Robert Mandel).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Oct. 8: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
From Oct. 9: "Dancers" (Herbert Ross), with Mikhail Baryshnikov.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "The Big Easy" (†). From Oct. 9: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.
Theatre 2: "Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "In the Mood" (Phil Alden Robinson), with Patrick Dempsey, Talia Balsam, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Theatre 2: "Orphans" (Alan J. Pakula), with Albert Finney, Matthew Modine, and Kevin Anderson.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Stakeout" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Dark Eyes" (†).
Theatre 2: "Matewan" (John Sayles), with Chris Cooper and James Earl Jones.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong. From Oct. 2: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "Amazon Women on the Moon." From Oct. 2: "The Untouchables" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 6: "Tough Guys Don't Dance" (†). From Oct. 7: "Baby Boom" (Charles Shyer), with Diane Keaton, Sam Shepard, and Harold Ramis.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"I've Heard the Mermaids Singing" (Patricia Rozema).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fatal Attraction" (Adrian Lyne), with Michael Douglas and Glenn Close.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 1: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
From Oct. 2: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.

86th Street Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones. From Oct. 9: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.
Theatre 2: "The Big Easy" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 2: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "China Girl" (Abel Ferrara), with James Russo. From Oct. 9: "Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "The Pick-up Artist" (†). From Oct. 2: "Big Shots" (Robert Mandel).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "Parting of the Ways" (1985; directed by Jesús Díaz; a Cuban film, in Spanish). From Oct. 7: "Thursday's Children" (1953; Lindsay Anderson and Guy Brenton), "Every Day Except Christmas" (1957; Lindsay Anderson), and "The Singing Lesson" (1967; Lindsay Anderson), all short documentaries.
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "China Girl" (Abel Ferrara), with James Russo.
Theatre 2: "The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Big Easy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan. From Oct. 2: "RoboCop" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 1: "Street Trash."
From Oct. 2: "Big Shots" (Robert Mandel).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "La Bamba" (†). From Oct. 9: "Dancers" (Herbert Ross), with Mikhail Baryshnikov.
Theatre 2: "No Way Out" (1987 †).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Whistle Blower" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 8: "Withnail and I" (†). From Oct. 9: "Matewan" (John Sayles), with Chris Cooper and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 4: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "Tough Guys Don't Dance" (†). Oct. 2-8: "Near Dark" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Adrian Pasdar. From Oct. 9: "3 O'Clock High" (Phil Joanou).
Theatre 2: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 8: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones. From Oct. 9: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Oct. 8: "The Fourth Protocol" (John Mackenzie), with Michael Caine and Pierce Brosnan.
From Oct. 9: "Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll" (Taylor Hackford), a documentary about Chuck Berry.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Oct. 8: "Dirty Dancing" (†).
From Oct. 9: "Dogs in Space" (Richard Lowenstein), with Michael Hutchence.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through Oct. 1: "A Prayer for the Dying" (Mike Hodges), with Mickey Rourke, Bob Hoskins, and Alan Bates.
From Oct. 2: "The Right Hand Man" (Di Drew), with Rupert Everett and Hugo Weaving.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"My Life as a Dog" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Maurice" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Oct. 1: "The Wolf at the Door" (Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.
From Oct. 2: "The Pick-up Artist" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fatal Attraction" (Adrian Lyne), with Michael Douglas and Glenn Close.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Jean de Florette" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life as a Dog" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wish You Were Here" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Tampopo" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mozart Brothers" (Suzanne Osten; in Swedish).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Princess Bride" (Rob Reiner), with Cary Elwes and Mandy Patinkin.
Theatre 2: "Hey Babu Riba" (Jovan Acin; in Serbo-Croatian).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 1: "Amazon Women on the Moon." From Oct. 2: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.
Theatre 2: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 6: "Dirty Dancing" (†). From Oct. 7: "Baby Boom" (Charles

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Shyer), with Diane Keaton, Sam Shepard, and Harold Ramis.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 1: "Tough Guys Don't Dance" (†). From Oct. 2: "Near Dark" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Adrian Pasdar.
Theatre 5: "The Principal" (Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 6: "Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones. From Oct. 9: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "The Pick-up Artist" (†). From Oct. 9: "Matewan" (John Sayles), with Chris Cooper and James Earl Jones.

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through Oct. 1: "China Girl" (Abel Ferrara), with James Russo.
From Oct. 2: "Big Shots" (Robert Mandel).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "The Principal" (directed by Christopher Cain), with James Belushi, Louis Gossett, Jr., and Rae Dawn Chong. From Oct. 9: "Surrender" (Jerry Belson), with Sally Field, Michael Caine, Steve Guttenberg, and Peter Boyle.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "Hamburger Hill" (†). From Oct. 2: "Big Shots" (Robert Mandel).
Theatre 3: "The Pick-up Artist" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 1: "Disorderlies" (Michael Schultz). From Oct. 2: "Like Father Like Son" (Rod Daniel), with Dudley Moore and Kirk Cameron.
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 1: "The Untouchables" (†). From Oct. 2: "Like Father Like Son."
Theatre 6: Through Oct. 1: "The Curse" (David Keith), with Wil Wheaton. From Oct. 2: "Near Dark" (Kathryn Bigelow), with Adrian Pasdar.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Oct. 6: "The Big Town" (Ben Bolt), with Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, and Tommy Lee Jones.
From Oct. 7: "Baby Boom" (Charles Shyer), with Diane Keaton, Sam Shepard, and Harold Ramis.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Stakeout" (†).
Theatre 3: "No Way Out" (1987 †).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 8: "La Bamba" (†). From Oct. 9: "Man on Fire" (Elie Chouraqui), with Scott Glenn, Brooke Adams, and Danny Aiello.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Best Seller" (John Flynn), with James Woods and Brian Dennehy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 1: "Amazon Women on the Moon."
Oct. 2-8: "The Untouchables" (†).
From Oct. 9: "3 O'Clock High" (Phil Joanou).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "China Girl" (Abel Ferrara), with James Russo.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 1: "RoboCop" (†). From Oct. 2: "Rolling Vengeance."

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Oct. 8: "Hellraiser" (Clive Barker).
From Oct. 9: "Someone to Watch Over Me" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Berenger, Mimi Rogers, and Lorraine Bracco.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 1: "Gardens of Stone" (1987; directed by Francis Coppola), with James Caan, Anjelica Huston, James Earl Jones, and D. B. Sweeney; and "Salvador" (1986; Oliver Stone), with James Woods, John Savage, Elpidia Carrillo, and Jim Belushi.
Oct. 2-3: "Blue Velvet" (1986; David Lynch), with Kyle MacLachlan, Isabella Rossellini, Dennis Hopper, and Laura Dern; and "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch).
Oct. 4: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Two Women" (1961; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Oct. 5-6: "Betrayal" (1983; David Jones), with Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley, and Patricia Hodge; and "84 Charing Cross Road" (1987; David Jones), with Anne Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins.
Oct. 7-8: "Raising Arizona" (1987; Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter; and "Blood Simple" (1985; Joel Coen), with John Getz, Dan Hedaya, Frances McDormand, and M. Emmet Walsh.
Oct. 9-10: "Mona Lisa" (1986; Neil Jordan), with Bob Hoskins, Cathy Tyson, and Michael Caine; and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Sept. 30: "Imitation of Life" (1934; John Stahl), with Claudette Colbert, Louise Beavers, Rochelle Hudson, Fredi Washington, and Warren William; and "Hallelujah!" (1929; King Vidor), with Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney.
Oct. 1: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (1986; Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg; and "Amazing Grace" (1974; Stan Lathan), with Moms Mabley and Slappy White.
Oct. 2: A program of film sequences starring Josephine Baker; and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.
Oct. 3-4: "Lady Sings the Blues" (1972; Sidney J. Furie), with Diana Ross, Billy Dee Williams, and Richard Pryor; and "Sparkle" (1976; Sam O'Steen), with Philip Michael Thomas, Irene Cara, and Lonette McKee.
Oct. 5: "Stormy Weather;" and "St. Louis Blues" (1958; Allen Reisner), with Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, and Cab Calloway.
Oct. 6: "The Member of the Wedding" (†); and "Pinky" (1949; Elia Kazan), with Jeanne Crain, William Lundigan, Ethel Barrymore, and Ethel Waters.
Oct. 7-8: "A Raisin in the Sun" (†) and "The Landlord" (†).
Oct. 9: "Cleopatra Jones" (†); and "Foxy Brown" (1974; Jack Hill), with Pam Grier and Peter Brown.
From Oct. 10: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Sept. 30: "Under the Volcano" (1984; John Huston), with Albert Finney, Jacqueline Bisset, and Anthony Andrews; "The Red Badge of Courage" (1951; John Huston), with Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin; and "Let There Be Light" (1945; John Huston), a documentary.
Oct. 1: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas.
Oct. 2-3: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller), with Mel Gibson.
Oct. 4: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "O Lucky Man!" (†).
Oct. 5: "Waiting for Godot" (1971; Alan Schneider), with Zero Mostel and Burgess Meredith; and two short films based on Samuel Beckett material.
Oct. 6: "Stand By Me" (1986; Rob Reiner), with Wil Wheaton, Andy Lindberg, River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell, and Corey Feldman; and "The Sure Thing" (1985; Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.
Oct. 7: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "Freud" (†).
Oct. 8: "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman; and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.
Oct. 9-10: "Something Wild" (1986; Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels, Melanie

Griffith, and Ray Liotta; and "Desperately Seeking Susan" (1985; Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette, Madonna, and Aidan Quinn.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 30: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Lana Turner, Kirk Douglas, Dick Powell, and Gloria Grahame; and "Undercurrent" (1946; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Taylor, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Mitchum, and Edmund Gwenn.

Oct. 1: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Il Bidone" (1955; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Richard Basehart, Franco Fabrizi, and Giulietta Masina.

Oct. 2-3: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

Oct. 4: "Rain" (†) and "Of Human Bondage" (1934 †).

Oct. 5: "Aparajito" (†) and "The World of Apu" (†).

Oct. 6: "Cyrano de Bergerac" (1950; Michael Gordon), with José Ferrer, Mala Powers, and William Prince; and "Scaramouche" (1952; George Sidney), with Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh, and Mel Ferrer.

Oct. 7: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

Oct. 8: "Hour of the Wolf" (†) and "The Passion of Anna" (†).

Oct. 9-10: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Oct. 1 at 2:30: "The President's Analyst" (1967; directed by Theodore J. Flicker), with James Coburn and Godfrey Cambridge. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6 and Oct. 2 at 2:30: "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (1965; Martin Ritt), with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and Oskar Werner. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6: "The President's Analyst." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at noon: "Saturday Night Fever" (1977; John Badham), with John Travolta and Karen Lynn Gorney. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2:30: "Bad Company" (1972; Robert Benton), with Jeff Bridges, Barry Brown, and Jim Davis. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 5: "The Molly Maguires" (1970; Martin Ritt), with Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at noon: "The Bad News Bears" (1976; Michael Ritchie), with Walter Matthau, Tatum O'Neal, and Vic Morrow. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2:30: "Medium Cool" (1969; Haskell Wexler), with Robert Forster, Verna Bloom, and Peter Bonerz. . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 5: "Bad Company." . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 2:30: "The Molly Maguires." . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6: "Saturday Night Fever." . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 2:30: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6: "The Bad News Bears." . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2:30: "Medium Cool." . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6: "Rosemary's Baby." . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 2:30: "The Friends of Eddie Coyle" (1973; Peter Yates), with Robert Mitchum and Peter Boyle. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6: "Such Good Friends" (1971; Otto Preminger), with Dyan Cannon, Jennifer O'Neill, and James Coco. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at noon: "American Hot Wax" (1978; Floyd Mutrux), with Tim McIntire, Laraine Newman, and Chuck Berry. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2:30: "Nashville" (1975; Robert Altman), with Lily Tomlin, Ronee Blakley, and Keith Carradine. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.

Theatre 2: Oct. 1 at 12:30, 2:30, 5, and 7; Oct. 2 at 12:30, 2, 4:15, and 6:30; Oct. 3 at 2 and 5:30; Oct. 4 at 2 and 5:30; and Oct. 5 at 12:30: A program of British award-winning commercials of 1986. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 3: "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6:30: "The Lighted Field" (Part 5 of "The Adventures of the Exquisite Corpse;" 1987; Andrew Noren). Mr. Noren will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 3 and 6:30: "Night Mail" (1936; Harry Watt, assisted by Basil Wright and W. H. Auden) and "North Sea" (1938; Harry Watt). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 3 and 6:30: "Witness to Apartheid" (1985; Sharon Sopher), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 3 and 6:30: "You're a Big Boy Now" (1966; Francis Ford Coppola), with Geraldine Page, Julie Harris, and Rip Torn. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2: "Swing Time." . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 5:30: "Shall We Dance" (1937; Mark Sandrich), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

New York Film Festival—A series of international films at Alice Tully Hall—Sept. 30 at 6:15: "Bad Blood" (Léos Carax; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 9:15: "Barfly" (Barbet Schroeder; United States); and "Arena Brains" (Robert Longo; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6:15: "The Belly of an Architect" (Peter Greenaway; Great Britain). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9:15: "Babette's Feast" (Gabriel Axel; Denmark). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6:15: "Bad Blood." . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:15: "Anna" (Yurek Bogayevicz; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at noon: "Under Satan's Sun" (Maurice Pialat; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 3: "The Belly of an Architect." . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6: "Anita—Dances of Vice" (Rosa von Praunheim; West Germany). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9 and Oct. 4 at 2: "Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll!" (Taylor Hackford; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 4:30: "Barfly." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 7: "Anna." . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 9:30: "Anita—Dances of Vice." . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6:15: "Babette's Feast." . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 9:15 and Oct. 6 at 6:15: "Mélo" (Alain Resnais; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 9:15: "Joan of Arc at the Stake" (1953; Roberto Rossellini; Italy), with Ingrid Bergman; and "The Human Voice" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; Italy), with Anna Magnani. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 6:15: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962; John Frankenheimer; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 9:15: "Under Satan's Sun." . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6:15: "Horowitz Plays Mozart" (Albert Maysles, Susan Froemke, and Charlotte Zwerin; United States) and "Young at Heart" (Susan Marx and Pam Conn; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 9:15: "Brightness" (Souleymane Cisse; Mali). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6:15: "My Girlfriend's Boyfriend" (Eric Rohmer; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9:15: "Hope and Glory" (John Boorman; Great Britain; reviewed in this issue). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at noon: "Brightness." . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 3: "Hope and Glory." . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6: "Fire from the Mountain" (Deborah Shaffer; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 9: "My Girlfriend's Boyfriend." (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Oct. 6, a program of six films by Su Friedrich: "Cool Hands, Warm Heart" (1979), "Scar Tissue" (1979), "Gently Down the Stream" (1981), and "But No One" (1982) Tuesdays at 2, Wednesdays through Saturdays at noon, and Sundays at 1; "The Ties That Bind" (1984) Tuesdays at 3:30, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 2; and "Damned If You Don't" (1987) Tuesdays at 6:30, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3:30, and Sundays at 4.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—Through Feb. 6: A retrospective of the television performances of Jackie Gleason. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—A program of films which marks the twenty-five-year collaboration of James Ivory, Ismail Merchant, and Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Oct. 2 at 3 and 7: "Bombay Talkie" (1970), with Shashi Kapoor and Jennifer Kendal.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Brendan Gill, Penelope Gilliatt, Edith Oliver, and Terrence Rafferty.)

Aparajito (1957)—The central film of Satyajit Ray's great Apu Trilogy is transitional in structure, rather than dramatic, yet it is full of insights and revelations. Ray takes the broken family of "Pather Panchali" from its medieval village life to the modern streets of Benares and follows the boy Apu in his encounter with the school system, and later, when he has left his mother, with the intellectual life at the University of Calcutta. The film chronicles the emergence of modern industrial India, showing it to be not a primitive society but a corrupted society. However, Apu himself embodies Ray's belief that individuals need not become corrupt. In Bengali. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5.)

La Bamba—Written and directed by Luis Valdez, this is the life story of the Chicano rock 'n' roller Ritchie Valens (Lou Diamond Phillips), who had three hit records before he died at seventeen in a plane crash, in 1959. Valdez isn't primarily concerned with Ritchie Valens as the bullet of talent he must have been. The film's Ritchie is simply a warm, friendly Latino version of the boy next door. Ritchie Valens' music, as it's performed by the group Los Lobos, with David Hidalgo singing for Phillips, is what carries the movie along, but even with the music and brief appearances by Stephen Lee, Brian Setzer, and Howard Huntsberry, this is a leaden, lachrymose piece of filmmaking. With the fiery, hammy Esai Morales as Ritchie's tormented, bad-boy half brother, Bob; Elizabeth Peña (she has a comic side) as Bob's wife, who keeps looking at him with disgust; Rosana De Soto as the boys' mother; Joe Pantoliano as Bob Keene; and Marshall Crenshaw as Buddy Holly. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/10/87.) (Art Greenwich Twin, and Embassy; through Oct. 8.)

The Big Easy—It has an amateurish, fifties-B-movie droopiness. Dennis Quaid plays a vain, irresistible New Orleans police lieutenant, half-Irish, half-Cajun, who is relaxed about accepting free meals and small favors; to him that's friendly, it has nothing to do with crime. Ellen Barkin plays a new assistant district attorney from up North who believes in the letter of the law—you can tell that from her drab tailored suits and her asexual prissiness. The lieutenant goes to work on her immediately in a few fairly explicit devilish-charmer-and-nervous-novice scenes, and her inhibitions melt away. The carnal humor of these moments gives the film a distinctive amiability, but there's too much TV-style drugs and killing, and the director, Jim McBride, has Quaid and Barkin playing too broadly; he also has the camera too close in—the performers stick out of the film frame. With Ned Beatty, John Goodman, Grace Zabriski, Lisa Jane Persky, and the great Charles Ludlam, who thrives on broadness. As a gentleman lawyer of Old Dixie, he rolls his eyes and wraps the picture like a ribbon around his panama hat. The script is by Daniel Petrie, Jr., and Jack Baran. (9/7/87) (86th Street Twin, and Waverly. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Manhattan Twin; through Oct. 8.)

Cleopatra Jones (1973)—The first swashbuckler to star a fighting superwoman. Beautiful black Amazon Tamara Dobson, who doesn't take herself any more seriously than Errol Flynn used to, plays a cross between James Bond and Robin Hood. A six-foot-two-inch C.I.A. narcotics agent, Cleopatra is out to get the dope dealers who are preying on blacks; the leader of the international dope ring, which operates out of Los Angeles, is Mommy (Shelley Winters, in blazing wigs). The movie is brightly colored and energetic, and there's a comic-strip grossness (yet good-natured-ness) about the continuous mayhem. The whole thing suggests a Pop-art racial and sexual spoof—Mommy's chief aide, the black Doodlebug (Antonio Fargas), has an English chauffeur, and at the climax two black brothers named Melvin and Matthew use kung fu to destroy Mommy and her gang. Directed by Jack Starrett, with lowbrow gusto; written by Max Julien and Sheldon Keller; cinematography by David Walsh. With the ravishing Brenda Sykes as Tiffany, Bernie Casey as Cleopatra's love object, and Bill McKinney, Dan Frazer, Esther Rolle, Stafford Morgan, Mike Warren, and Caro Kenyatta (Melvin) and Albert Popwell (Matthew). (Film Forum 2; Oct. 9.)

Dark Eyes—With Marcello Mastroianni, Marthe Keller, Elena Sofonova, and Silvana Mangano; directed by Nikita Mikhalkov. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Dirty Dancing—Set in a Catskills resort in the summer of 1963, this bright dance musical is about the role that dancing had in the embryonic counterculture. It's also a girl's version of that old phony: the-summer-I-grew-up-and-everything-changed. In the boys' version, the hero typically came down to earth with a jolt. But this is a girl's coming-of-age fantasy: the seventeen-year-old heroine, Baby (Jennifer Grey), ascends to spiritual and sensual perfection. For Baby, a doctor's daughter, the change occurs as the result of self-discovery through dancing and then through her sexual initiation and her full and open commitment to the resort's working-class dance instructor, Johnny (Patrick Swayze). Too many life lessons are learned in this bubble-headed, retro vision of growing up in the sixties, and its wish-fulfillment aspect makes Baby and Johnny and all their dirty-dancing friends pure of heart—it defuses any possible explosiveness in the material. But the director, Emile Ardolino, and the choreographer, Kenny Ortega, use the dancing to bring out the sensual dreaminess of the songs, and the screenwriter, Eleanor Bergstein, writes light, rumpled dialogue that helps you over the hooey. With Cynthia Rhodes, Jack Weston, Jerry Orbach, Honi Coles, Lonny Price, Kelly Bishop, and Jane Brucker. (8/24/87) (Gemini, and 23rd St. West Triplex.... ¶ U. A. East; through Oct. 1.... ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Oct. 6.... ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 8.)

Freud (1962)—John Huston's conscientious attempt to tell us how young Dr. Freud came to develop the theory of psychoanalysis. The picture suffers from a certain patness and from Montgomery Clift's failure to embody the truly heroic central figure.—B.G. (Thalia SoHo; Oct. 7.)

Hamburger Hill—Directed by John Irvin. (9/7/87) (Criterion Center; through Oct. 1.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—A very fine Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon each other. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter, and Liv Ullmann his deeply troubled wife. In Swedish.—P.G. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 8.)

Jean de Florette—The setting is Provence in the early nineteen-twenties. As the hunchback Jean de Florette, an educated, nature-loving city fellow who has learned about farming from books, Gérard Depardieu wears "GOOD MAN" in capital letters across his wide brow; in smaller letters we can read "He has poetry in his soul." Jean has a devoted wife (Elisabeth Depardieu), who used to sing in opera, and a delicate little daughter named Manon. And for slightly over two hours we watch him trudge across the land he has inherited hauling two barrels of water that are fastened across his hump. When there's no rain, his plants shrivel and his rabbits die, and it's agonizing for us, because we know that there's a spring of fresh mountain water on the land. His neighbors—the prosperous, greedy old peasant César Soubeyran (Yves Montand) and César's dull-witted nephew, Ugolin (Daniel Auteuil)—have hidden the spring under a load of cement, so that Jean will be forced to sell out to them. Adapted from the first volume of Marcel Pagnol's two-part novel "The Water of the Hills," published in 1963 (it was derived from a picture he made in 1952), "Jean de Florette" is to be followed, later this year, by "Manon of the Spring." The director, Claude Berri, who did the adaptation with Gérard Brach, aimed for fidelity to the novel; he has said that it was his task to give the material "a cinematic rhythm," but "there was no need for imagination." That's what *he* thinks. The wide-screen cinematography is by Bruno Nuytten. In French. (7/13/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

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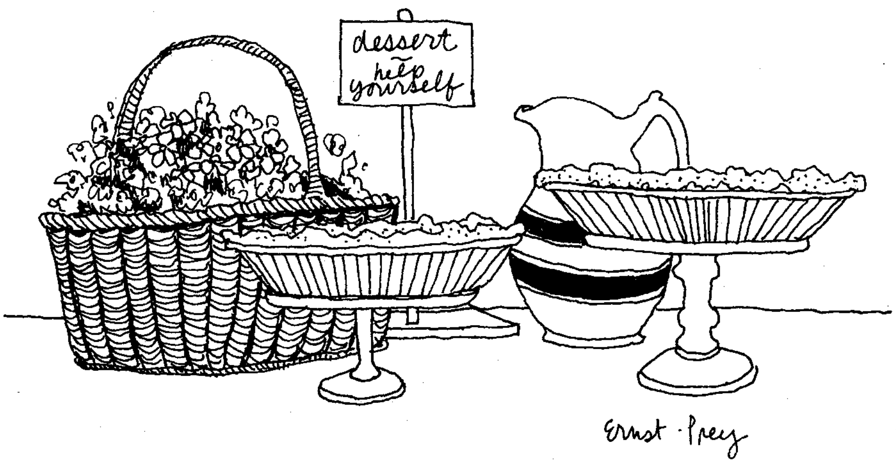
The Landlord (1970)—Hal Ashby's début film as a director is one of his best. Based on the novel by Kristin Hunter, a black woman, and adapted by another black writer, William Gunn, it's about an affable, rich blond bachelor (Beau Bridges) who gets in over his head when he buys a house in a black ghetto, intending to throw out the tenants and turn it into his own handsome town house. The tenants include Pearl Bailey and Diana Sands, in probably her finest screen performance—when she becomes sexually and emotionally involved with the new landlord, he starts learning something about passion and terror. The dialogue is crisp and often quite startling, and though the editing may be a little too showy and jumpy, the picture has originality and depth, and it's full of sharp, absurdist humor. Lee Grant is particularly funny as Beau Bridges' ditsy mother, and Louis Gossett, Jr., fairly amazing as Diana Sands' axe-wielding husband. Also with Mel Stewart, Susan Anspach, Marki Bey, Grover Dale, Bob Klein, Walter Brooke, and Douglas Grant. Cinematography by Gordon Willis; music by Al Kooper. (Film Forum 2; Oct. 7-8.)

Maurice—The director, James Ivory, painstakingly reproduces the limp, drawn-out construction of E. M. Forster's novel, written in 1913 and 1914, but not published until 1971, a year after his death. It's about a young man's struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality. Forster wants to show that homosexuality is natural, and so Maurice (pronounced Morris) is an average Edwardian stockbroker who lives in the suburbs—a proper hale-and-hearty fellow, narrow-minded and snobbish, like others of his (middle) class. And then Forster tries to demonstrate that Maurice's full physical commitment to his homosexual drives is his redemption—that it burns away his snobbery and turns him into a more perceptive man, a better man. The trap for both the novel and the film is Maurice's blandness; the actor who plays him—tall, blond James Wilby—comes across as passive and slow. (You'd think being a gay man was tantamount to being retarded.) Ivory has a fine, trained eye for light and composition, but when it comes to capturing the feel of repression and of bursting desire he isn't there. The movie is suffocatingly discreet, with classical music in the clinches. Hugh Grant plays Maurice's upper-class Cambridge friend Clive Durham, with whom he experiences three years of platonic frustration, and Rupert Graves is Durham's under-gamekeeper Scudder, with whom Maurice finally experiences physical love. Also with Billie Whitelaw as Maurice's mother, Judy Parfitt as Durham's mother, and Peter Eyre, Denholm Elliott, Ben Kingsley, Simon Callow, and Helena Michell and Kitty Aldridge as Maurice's sisters. The screenplay is by Kit Hesketh-Harvey and Ivory; cinematography by Pierre Lhomme. A Merchant-Ivory production, made in England. (9/21/87) (Paris.)

The Member of the Wedding (1952)—The Carson McCullers dialogue is one of the high points of literacy in American films—sharp and full of wit, yet lyrical. Scrawny, cracked-voiced Julie Harris (she was twenty-six at the time) plays Frankie, the motherless, fiercely lonely twelve-year-old tomboy, caught between childhood and adolescence, and fighting them both. Ethel Waters plays Berenice, the cook who looks after her, and Brandon deWilde is Frankie's owlish little playmate and whipping boy. The setting is a small Georgia town; the time is the summer when these three characters, who have been clinging to each other, are torn apart. Adapted from McCullers' 1950 stage success (with the same cast), the film is weak when it tries to "open up" the material, but fortunately Fred Zinnemann's direction respects Carson McCullers' intensity and humor. (Film Forum 2; Oct. 6.)

My Life as a Dog—Lasse Hallström's film is a gentle, episodic narrative of a twelve-year-old boy (Anton Glanzelius) growing up in nineteen-fifties Sweden. Ingemar, a lively but sensitive kid, gets passed around from household to household when his mother becomes seriously ill. At its best, the movie is very shrewd about the ways children protect themselves from disorienting, and even traumatic, experiences. Hallström's naïveté as a director gives many of the dramatic scenes a touching straightforwardness. But that same quality sabotages the comic passages with a tone of heavy, self-satisfied whimsy. With Tomas von Brömssen, Anki Liden, Ingmari Carlsson, and Melinda Kinnaman. Screenplay by Hallström, Reidar Jönsson, Brasse Brännstrom, and Per Berglund, from Jönsson's novel. In Swedish.—T.R. (Quad Cinema, Carnegie Screening Room, and Lincoln Plaza.)

No Way Out—This is a film noir without malevolence or mystery. It's a Yuppie thriller: it has no psychological layers. Mostly it involves chasing around the glass offices and corridors of the Pentagon (actually Stage 27 at the old M-G-M studios in Culver City). But many people respond to it with hot, jumpy enthusiasm—especially to the high-level friskiness and the display of thigh in a stretch limo. A reworking of the plot of the Kenneth Fearing novel "The Big Clock," filmed in 1948, with Charles Laughton as a Henry Luce figure, the Robert Garland script features Gene Hackman as an arrogant Secretary of Defense who discovers that his mistress (Sean Young) has a lover—though not who it is—and, in a rage, accidentally kills her. His wormy yes-man aide (Will Patton) dreams up the idea that the lover is an as yet undiscovered—perhaps only hypothetical—Russian agent named Yuri, who can be blamed for the murder. Needing a front man for this coverup, they arrange to have a naval hero (Kevin Costner) put in charge of the search to find the lover and "neutralize" him. This naval hero is, of course, the lover, and the movie, told from his point of view, is about his peril. The director, Roger Donaldson, whips the action along, with camera angles changing so fast you hardly have time to ask what the chases are for or why the story points don't follow through. (9/7/87) (Art Greenwich Twin,



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Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Plaza; through Oct. 8.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen. Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. With Frances Dee, Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 4.)

O Lucky Man! (1973)—Malcolm McDowell in a three-hour film about ambition, optimism, and being pushed around in modern England. Directed by Lindsay Anderson—a sort of mod "Pilgrim's Progress." Written by David Sherwin with a real gift for the vernacular, though with no great sympathy for particular characters in dilemmas.—P.G. (Thalia SoHo; Oct. 4.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. With Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson. In Swedish.—P.G. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 8.)

The Pick-up Artist—With Molly Ringwald and Robert Downey, directed by James Toback. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema, and 86th Street East Twin; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; through Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; starting Oct. 2.)

Rain (1932)—Joan Crawford is the innocent-at-heart tramp Sadie Thompson in this version of the Somerset Maugham wheezer, directed by Lewis Milestone. Crawford is the most unnuanced actress imaginable, and her interpretation of Sadie has absolutely no delicacy. With all the emotion she pours on, and her flashing eyes and twisted-scar mouth and strained voice, she's so totally affected that the affectation begins to seem natural. As the sanctimonious Reverend Davidson, Walter Huston has some startlingly shrewd moments, but the production is stilted and claustrophobic. With William Gargan, Beulah Bondi, Guy Kibbee, and Matt Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 4.)

A Raisin in the Sun (1961)—Ruby Dee, Claudia McNeil, Sidney Poitier, and Diana Sands head the cast of this movie about the domestic fun and domestic clashes of a black family. Most, though not all, of the clashes are the result of a check for ten thousand dollars that points the way out of the Chicago slum in which the family is stuck. Adapted by Lorraine Hansberry from her own play; directed by Daniel Petrie.—E.O. (Film Forum 2; Oct. 7-8.)

RoboCop—In this punk sci-fi revenge fantasy, the near future is played for depravity, for kicks. Set in a Detroit of cloud-topped skyscrapers and a decaying older part of the city where rapists and vandals run wild and every day is open season on cops, the movie is shot in a deliberate sicko-sleazo comic-book style. (Body parts are treated as if they were auto-body parts.) When Murphy (Peter Weller), a young cop employed by the all-powerful conglomerate OCP, is blown apart by a gang of scummy sadists, OCP's scientists use his remains as part of a cyborg—an experimental model for an organic, automated cop that requires food but is virtually indestructible and is programmed to keep order. The Dutch director, Paul Verhoeven, was nastily witty in "The 4th Man," but here, working in English, he doesn't have the timing or the spirit for that. This isn't gallows humor—it's just gallows pulp. As Murphy's woman-cop partner, Nancy Allen has the right soft tones to give the movie a little differentiation; it makes sense that she would get through to RoboCop's human memory. (When he removes his steel hood, his tense, pained face has the imaginative beauty that stirs audiences at classic horror films.) With Kurtwood Smith, Miguel Ferrer, Daniel O'Herlihy, Ronny Cox, and Robert DoQui. Written by Edward Neumeier and Michael Miner. (8/10/87) (National Twin; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Oct. 2.)

Stakeout—Wanting to be loved isn't necessarily the worst thing in an actor: Richard Dreyfuss makes his adorableness amusing here, and gives his most confident star performance to date. He and Emilio Estevez play two Seattle police detectives who are assigned to the night shift on a stakeout, watching the former girlfriend (Madeleine Stowe) of an escaped convict (Aidan Quinn). The Dreyfuss character finds himself falling in love with the woman he's spying on, and when he breaks the rules and spends time with her he's aware that his partner, Estevez, is watching him. All this is a jolly setup for amorous farce, and Dreyfuss has a Chaplinesque glee in some of the scenes; he's fun to watch. The director, John Badham, does his most entertaining work in years, but you feel the pressure of engineering underneath. For all the nippiness in the dialogue (the script is by Jim Kouf), and the comic interplay of the actors, the picture doesn't leave you with anything. Aidan Quinn, who first appears heavily bearded, has a dashing, bulging-blue-eyed scariness. (Shot in and around Vancouver.) (8/24/87) (D. W. Griffith, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through Oct. 8.)

Tampopo—Written and directed by Juzo Itami, this understated farce has its own brand of dippy enchantment. It's about noodles, pleasure, and the movies. The title, which is Japanese for "dandelion," is the name of a fortyish widow (Nobuko Miyamoto) who is trying to make a go of a run-down noodle shop on the outskirts of Tokyo. A courtly truck driver (Tsutomu Yamazaki), who wears a dark-brown cowboy hat straight across his brow, like the righteous hero of a solemn Western, makes it his mission to help her become a real noodle cook. The film crosscuts between the story of Tampopo and her cowboy samurai and the culinary-erotic adventures of a pair of lovers: a gangster in a white suit and his ready-for-everything cutie. These two demonstrate that eating and sex can be the same thing. The movie is constructed like a comic essay, with random frivolous touches, and much of it is shot in hot, bright color that suggests a neon fusion of urban night life and movie madness. The subtexts connect with viewers' funnybones at different times, and part of the fun of the movie is listening to the sudden eruptions of giggles—it's as if some kids were running around in the theatre tickling people. In Japanese. (6/1/87) (Cinema Studio.)

Tough Guys Don't Dance—With Ryan O'Neal, Isabella Rossellini, Lawrence Tierney, Debra Sandlund, Wings Hauser, and John Bedford Lloyd; directed by Norman Mailer. (9/21/87) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; through Oct. 6.)

The Untouchables—Set in Chicago circa 1930—Al Capone's capital of crime—this Brian De Palma movie, from a script by David Mamet, is like an attempt to visualize the public's collective dream of Chicago gangsters. Our movie-fed imagination of the past is enlarged and given a new vividness. De Palma is a showman here. Everything is neatly done in broad strokes, and the slight unbelievability of it all makes it more enjoyable. Robert De Niro's Capone is a plump peacock with receding hair and a fat cigar in his mouth. The four men who fight to restore the honor of a corrupted society—the four who can't be bribed, the Untouchables—are the fresh-faced young Special Agent Eliot Ness, played by Kevin Costner; a smart, ornery veteran cop, played (magnificently) by Sean Connery; a rookie-cop sharpshooter (Andy Garcia); and a small, middle-aged accountant (Charles Martin Smith). It's not a great movie; it's too banal, too morally comfortable—the script is too obvious. But it's a great audience movie. Cinematography by Stephen H. Burum; music by Ennio Morricone. (Every now and then you may wonder what Morricone's throbbing disco-synthesizer beat is doing in this period.) (6/29/87) (Criterion Center; through Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin; starting Oct. 2. . . . ¶ Movieland; Oct. 2-8.)

What Have I Done to Deserve This! (1984)—This Spanish film by the bad-boy writer-director Pedro Almodóvar has an Off Off Broadway informality. It's a generally likable dadaist farce about working-class family life in Madrid's housing projects. The heroine, Gloria

(Carmen Maura), drags herself through eighteen-hour days with the help of No Doz and an occasional sniff of glue or detergent. She goes out to work as a cleaning woman and also cooks and scrubs for her taxi-driver husband (who's a gifted forger and is involved in a scheme to fake Hitler's memoirs) and her two sons—a fourteen-year-old drug dealer and a twelve-year-old hustler who seduces his schoolmates' fathers. The picture is like a slap-happy comic-strip version of "The Threepenny Opera." It's flip enough to be fairly amusing to watch, but it leaves you with not much to talk about. In Spanish. (Public Theatre.)

The Whistle Blower—A gray, muted British thriller about double-dealing and intricate coverups in the intelligence service. Julian Bond's script (from a novel by John Hale) aims for the tone of civilized amorality familiar to readers of John le Carré, and the director, Simon Langton, has worked this territory before—he directed the memorable TV adaptation of "Smiley's People." But this story isn't quite complex or surprising enough to engage us fully—the fiendish overelaboration of a le Carré plot is missing. It's painless, though, thanks mostly to its good cast. Michael Caine is, as always, effortlessly convincing; Sir John Gielgud provides yet another of his impeccably chiselled cameos; Barry Foster does a spectacular drunk scene; and Nigel Havers, Felicity Dean, James Fox, and Gordon Jackson mill competently through the background.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Wish You Were Here—Set in a seaside town on the south coast of England and shot in warm, sunny flesh tones, this English comedy has a satirical yet dreamlike texture. It's about an uncontrollably ribald girl who flaunts her sexuality the same way she flaunts taboo words. It's 1951; she lifts up her skirts to show off her Betty Grable legs and gives men a good look at her knickers. The sixteen-year-old Emily Lloyd, who plays the part, has the kind of freshness and youthfulness that can't be faked on camera; she embodies everything that the writer-director David Leland is trying to say about the spontaneity, the honesty, and the happy, rude extroversion that kids have pressured out of them. The film is based on the early years of Cynthia Payne, who was the inspiration for the madam in "Personal Services" (which Leland wrote). The first-rate cast includes Tom Bell as the girl's bookie lover, Geoffrey Hutchings as her father, Jesse Birdsall as her bus-conductor boyfriend, Pat Heywood as her aunt, and Heathcote Williams as the psychiatrist she's taken to. The film has its banal side, but it's never visually banal; the cinematography is by Ian Wilson. (7/27/87) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Withnail and I—This first film directed by Bruce Robinson is a very peculiar comedy about a pair of young unemployed actors living in London in 1969. This isn't the bright, swinging London of sixties legend but the damp and sunless city that always was and always will be—a claustrophobic, mildewy atmosphere lightened only by sporadic blasts of undergraduate wit. The heroes are extremely funny in the first half hour, using jokes and a variety of intoxicants to keep the rot from seeping into their bones. Then Robinson (who also wrote the screenplay) transplants them to a decrepit country cottage, and the picture—almost literally—bogs down: there hasn't been this much mud onscreen since the last hour of "The Seven Samurai." He never completely runs out of comic energy, though, and Richard E. Grant, as the flamboyantly dissolute Withnail, is wonderful throughout. This crumbling hippie/dandy is never so drunk or so stoned that he can't launch a brittle bon mot, in a perfect upper-class accent. He suggests, simultaneously, George Sanders and Keith Richards—no small accomplishment. With Paul McGann (as "I"), Richard Griffiths, and Ralph Brown as a drug dealer who attaches himself like a mold to the heroes' sofa.—T.R. (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 8.)

The World of Apu (1959)—Satyajit Ray's protagonist, Apu, whose consciousness developed from the village life of "Pather Panchali" and the university in "Aparajito" (see above), marries the exquisite Sharmila Tagore and grows beyond self-consciousness. Rich and contemplative, and a great, convincing affirmation. The full-grown Apu is played by the remarkable Soumitra Chatterjee, who starred in several other Ray films. In Bengali. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5.)

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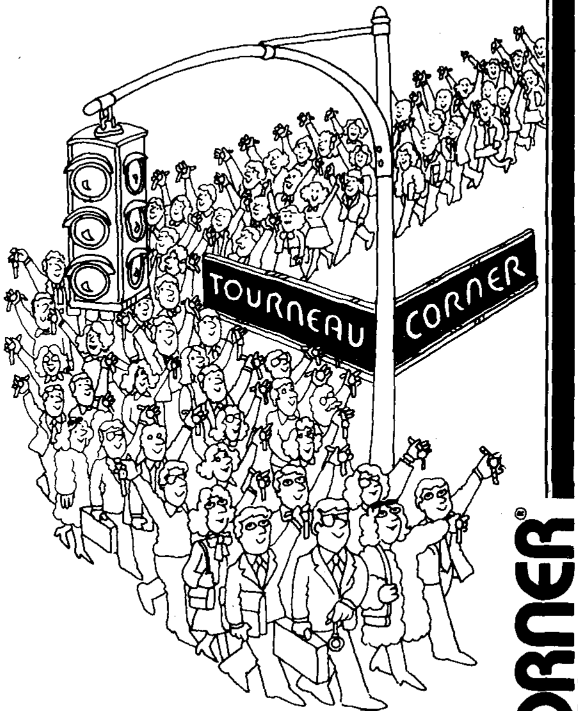

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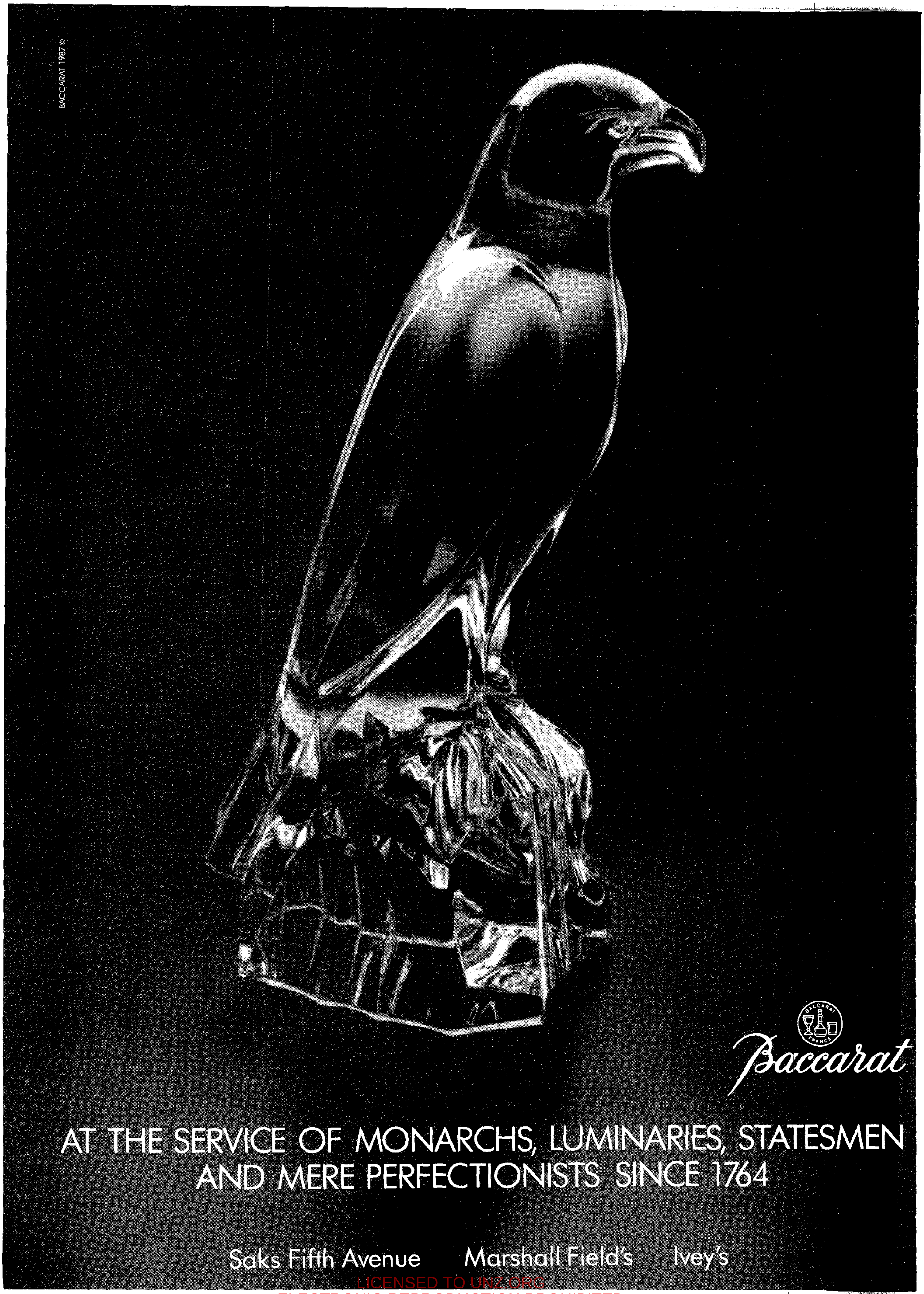
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND in San Francisco writes:

For the past two years, hardly a day has gone by here without at least two funerals for people who have died of AIDS. Most of these people have no graves or headstones; they are cremated, and their ashes are scattered over the mountains or in San Francisco Bay. Even those who are buried disappear—to the cemetery town of Colma, just to our south—because an old law forbids graveyards within the city limits. After the memorial service, the scattering of ashes, and the garage sale, there isn't much left. So in a storefront in the Castro district Cleve Jones and some of his friends have collected two thousand patchwork pieces, each bearing the name of someone who has died of AIDS, and they're sewing them into an enormous memorial quilt.

When I visited the storefront one recent morning, Jones—a serious-looking man in his early thirties who wears glasses and button-down shirts—was on the telephone in the back. Behind him, on a three-foot-by-six-foot rectangle of gold-and-silver lamé, "Liberace" was scrawled out in bold black script. Panels of similar size hung like bright banners from the walls and ceiling and from balcony railings above him; on each one was a name, painted in oil, silk-screened, appliquéd, spray-painted, cut out of felt, or tracked in glitter. Toward the front, where the light was better, a woman at a sewing machine finished hemming a panel and folded it, carefully keeping the name face down. "If I look at the names, I get sentimental," she said. "So I don't look, I just work."

At a nearby table, a man wearing jeans and a checked shirt picked up a white ostrich boa and held it against lavender cotton. "There's a million little things I could put on here," said the man, whose name, I found out later, was Terry Berkley. "A baby bottle would fit—he helped raise two little girls. A cowboy hat would fit—he moved to Texas. Maybe a stencil of a Teddy bear—he was a Teddy-bear freak. And the feathers"—Terry Berkley looped the boa into the air—"because he had a wild side."

When Cleve Jones hung up the phone, he told me that anywhere from fifty to eighty new panels are added to the collection every day: from mothers commemorating their sons or their sons' friends; from sewing bees; from neighborhood people, who use the storefront's sewing machines and fabric samples to make panels for lovers or friends. He picked up a manila folder full of letters and pointed to a panel near the front window. On bright patchwork squares it said "Reggie Hightower: Forever" in black felt letters and showed a black hand in the sign-language abbreviation for "I love you." Jones handed me the letter that had come with the banner. "I don't have many ideas on how he should be remembered—perhaps a carving on the side of Stone Mountain here in Georgia," Art Peterson, Jr., of Atlanta, wrote. "I feel it's a shame that I can't convey to others how great a life he lived, for he left no mark. The enclosed panel is composed of shirts that he wore, some his, some mine. They were hand-sewn by me with double thread, and double-sewn in places for strength and durability. Please display it in a prominent place."

Beside Reggie Hightower's panel, Rock Hudson's name shone out in sequins above a glistening rainbow. Next came a panel for Bob Greenwood, with his name embroidered in a field of planets and stars. A letter from a friend explained that Greenwood had worked as a systems programmer for the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena and had helped with the Voyager space mission. The friend apologized for having no photograph to send along. "A picture I can offer,

Richard Edes Harrison

however, is in the form of this quilt panel," the letter went on. "Bob's name is among his beloved stars."

Some panels were as neatly and gaily sewn as heraldic flags, like Joel Rogers' yellow plate and two red tomatoes on a purple field. Others seemed totemic, like Aaron Miller's, on which a pair of red silk pajamas printed with herons was emblazoned; Aaron Miller had designed and sewn the pajamas before his death. On one wall, eight panels, stitched into a vast square, brought improbable people together; for instance, Russell Viera, a dress collector and hotel banquet captain, was remembered with a tucked and folded black taffeta evening gown sewn onto purple cotton, and next to his panel was one for Jan (Patat) Luxwolder, a Dutch restaurant owner famous for his potatoes, whose friends had sewn on foam-rubber French fries, a silk-screened map of Amsterdam, and a photograph of a handsome, healthy man leaning against a brick wall in the sun.

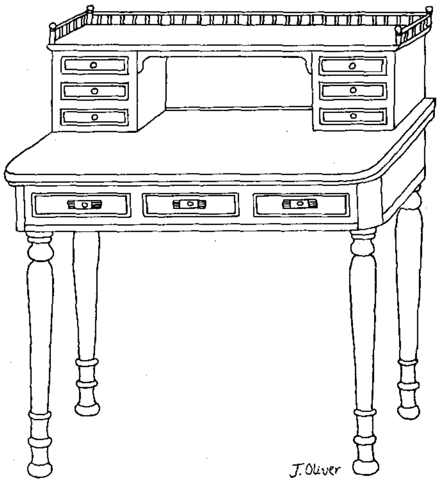
Jones, who told me he used to work as a lobbyist for the Friends Committee on Legislation, said he plans to display the gigantic quilt on the Capitol Mall during a gay-rights demonstration in mid-October; it will cover four-fifths of an acre. He conceived of the quilt two years ago, but nothing much came of it until this February, when he made one of the first panels—for Marvin Feldman, his best friend of fourteen years. As he led me to the farthest corner of the storefront to show me the panel, he described a visit he had made last October to Feldman and his parents in Providence, Rhode Island, two weeks before his friend died. Feldman had had AIDS for two years, and he was so thin that he reminded Jones of photographs of people in concentration camps. At night, Jones slept in a middle bedroom. On one side he could hear Marvin Feldman breathing; on the other he could hear Marvin's parents, who had been brave and cheerful during the day, weeping and comforting each other. When Feldman went into a coma, Jones flew back to California and his job. He missed his friend's funeral; he doesn't go to funerals anymore. "Yet I needed a funeral for Marvin," he said as we stood in front of the panel. "I didn't handle his death very well. I kept dreaming about him, and for a while I felt that everyone else I cared about was going to die, too." Jones was "still in the doldrums" when he went into his back yard four months later with stencils, a piece of dark cloth, and cans of spray paint left over from old political campaigns. "It was part of a healing process," he said. "I was there to think about Marvin, but not to cry—to make something tangible instead."

The panel showed Marvin Feldman's name in white on a dark-gray background dotted with pink triangles that overlapped to form six-pointed stars. "Afterward, I had a real sense of resolution and completion," Jones said. "I still miss Marvin, but I don't think about him with the same sense of despair."

•

A CRANKY old tennis player we know (fair backhand, good lob, no serve) writes:

When I was a kid, you played tennis on a lumpy clay court with lots of weeds. The lines were made of white cloth, were held down loosely by large staples, and had to be swept frequently. You watered the court with a hose from time to time, then rolled it with a rusty hollow roller that was the size of a barrel and had a handle like a lawnmower's. You half filled the roller with water, then pushed it screeching and clanking around the court. When you played a set of tennis with somebody, you were expected to be polite, although not as polite as players at Forest Hills, where tournaments were conducted with the decorum of Miss Bigelow's dance class. All this has changed, of course, and big-time tournaments today are remembered not for the tennis but for the tantrums. After watching a surfeit of outbursts at this year's Open, I have arrived at a suggestion for improving player behavior. Change the tournament rules, as follows:



1. Each match will be provided with only one can of tennis balls.

2. There will be no ball boys, ball girls, or officials.

Each player will have to walk around the court picking up tennis balls, the way the rest of us do. If a player about to serve does not have enough balls on his side of the court, he will have to call out, "Excuse me, Ivan [or whoever], but may I have another ball?"

Ivan will reply, "Sure, John—just a moment." He will go fetch the ball and hit it over to John.

"Thank you, Ivan," John will say, or he may not receive such prompt assistance the next time.

John serves, and Ivan says, "I'm afraid that one was a bit out."

"Are you sure?" says John. "It felt pretty good. You don't happen to see a mark on the line, do you?"

"No, I don't," replies Ivan. "But why don't you just play it again? Two serves coming."

"Thanks, Ivan," says John.

"No problem," says Ivan.

John serves.

"Wow! What a beautiful *serve!*" cries Ivan.

"Just lucky," says John.

• •

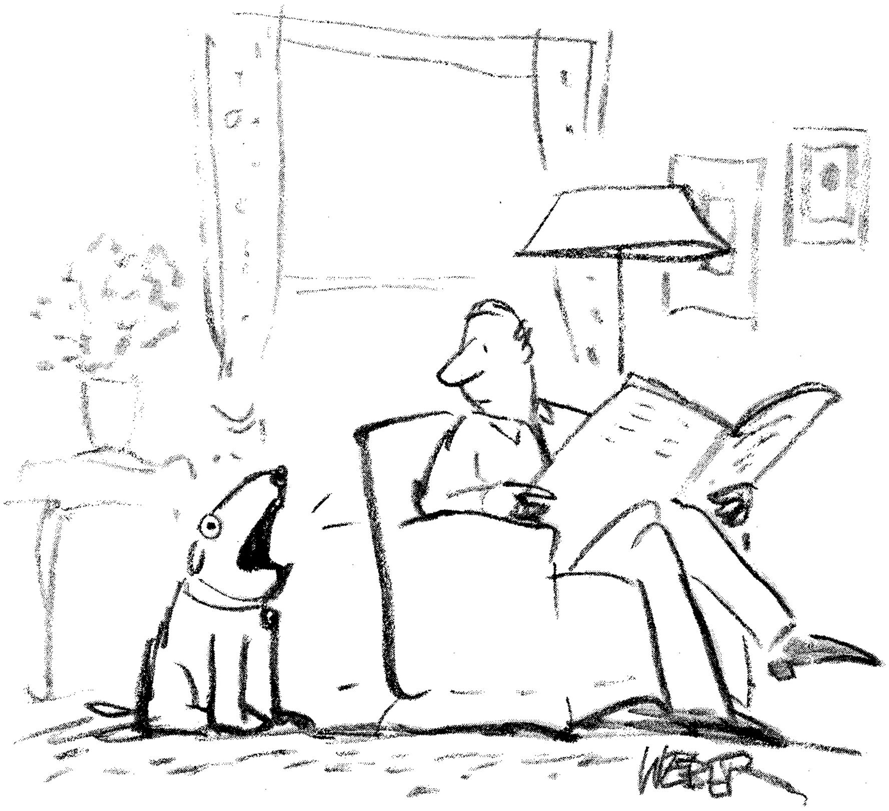
Alice Tully

ALICE TULLY, who is the closest thing we have to a Medici in these egalitarian times, celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday recently with a dinner in her honor at the Morgan Library, a lieder recital by Hermann Prey at Alice Tully Hall, and an avalanche of good wishes from friends and admirers. Miss Tully's role in the arts is a unique one, because she combines the skills of a trained singer with the resources of a considerable fortune. (Her grandfather Amory Houghton was the founder of Corning Glass.) She sits on some twenty boards and councils involved with music, art, education, and medicine, and takes an active role in nearly all of them. She has subsidized young singers, helped to found the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, and financed the hall that bears her name. She is, as William Schuman remarked in a speech during the birthday concert, "especially to be valued, because patronage born of understanding and precise musical knowledge is a rare thing."

A few days after the concert, we had a chat with Miss Tully in the oak-panelled living room of her apartment, high above Central Park, and she was looking regal and rested. She is a handsome, straight-backed woman with an oval face, a cloud of dark hair, and a low, melodious voice. The room was filled with flowers, and there was a bunch of balloons—souvenirs of the birthday bash—tied to a chaise longue in one corner. Two white Maltese terriers, introduced to us as Sophie and Tatti, ricocheted around a green carpet like self-propelled snowballs. We accepted a cup of tea and asked Miss Tully if she could recall the beginning of her lifelong involvement with music.

"I always sang as a child, and then, when I was about fifteen and studying piano, I persuaded Mother to let me attend some recitals," she said. "First, I heard the Russian pianist Gabrilówitsch, in the old Aeolian Hall. He was very good, but two weeks later I heard Josef Hofmann, at Carnegie, and *that* was a revelation. Hofmann had a unique tone, crystal clear and bright without being hard—unlike anything I've ever heard since. From that moment on, music was central to my life. My first opera was 'Francesca da Rimini,' with Alda and Martinelli, at the Metropolitan, and the following year, 1917, Mother took me there to hear Caruso and Geraldine Farrar in 'Carmen.' Caruso didn't have much to do in the first act, but in the second act, when he began to sing offstage, I was stunned by the glory of his voice. It was so much bigger and more beautiful than it was on records. I heard Caruso more than a dozen times—in 'Pagliacci,' 'Aida,' 'Forza,' 'Samson,' and 'La Juive'—and I've never heard a tenor who sounded at all like him."

In 1923, after three years of vocal training in New York, Miss Tully persuaded her parents to let her continue her studies in Paris. "I took an apartment with a chaperon, and studied with Jean Périer, Debussy's first Pelléas, and with Miguel Fontecha, a very fine Spanish teacher," she said. "Périer thought I was a mezzo-soprano, and taught me French art songs. Fontecha thought I might become a dramatic soprano, and put me to work on opera. I began with Mignon, Charlotte, and Orfeo. Then I studied some of the Wagnerian roles—Elisabeth and Sieglinde. The two roles that particularly suited me were Tosca, which I sang onstage in France, and Santuzza, in 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' which I did here in 1933 at the old Hippodrome for the Salmaggi company. There were no rehearsals for that, as I was a last-minute replacement, and I had never seen the tenor until he came bounding on the stage singing 'Tu qui, Santuzza?' We improvised a great deal of stage business that evening."



"Bork! Bork!"

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During her professional career, which spanned fourteen years, Miss Tully was primarily a recitalist. She made her concert début in 1927, with the Pasdeloup Orchestra of Paris, and her Town Hall début nine years later. In the mid-nineteen-thirties, she divided her time between Paris and New York, and her recitals here introduced a good deal of French music to American audiences. Shortly after the war began, she left France and returned home from Lisbon on the Dixie Clipper, one of the first American flying boats. "Those old clippers never flew above five thousand feet," she said, "and I spent a lot of time looking for German periscopes." Resettled in New York, Miss Tully rented a studio in Carnegie Hall to continue her vocal studies. She also took flying lessons. ("I told Mother that it was perfectly safe as long as you had a decent plane.") She got her pilot's license, joined the Civil Air Patrol, and was learning to fly seaplanes when most private aviation was grounded.

In 1958, after Miss Tully had come into an inheritance, her cousin Arthur Houghton asked if she would be interested in helping to build a chamber-music hall in a new performing-arts complex on the upper West Side, to be called Lincoln Center. "I told him that I couldn't think of anything I'd rather do, but I asked to provide the funds anonymously, because nobody knew where the hall would be put, what it would look like, or how it would sound," Miss Tully said. "Several years later, John D. Rockefeller 3rd came to me and said, 'I don't think you need to worry about the acoustics. We have a wonderful architect, from M.I.T., and a fine acoustician, Heinrich Keilholz, who has worked for Dr. Szell in Cleveland.' I said, 'If the hall bears my name, everybody will think that whatever is wrong with it is *my* fault. Therefore, I would like to have something to say about what it's going to look like inside.' Mr. Rockefeller told me that he would be delighted to have me take charge of the auditorium, and during the next few years I made it my business to see that Mr. Keilholz, who became a dear friend, got whatever he wanted. He selected walls made of ribbed basswood, for acoustical reasons, but I chose the color. The architect had suggested a reddish-brown stain, but that looked to me like a cheap cigar box, and I insisted on a beautiful walnut. There was a three-year struggle to get comfortable spaces between the rows of seats, and there was another battle over the carpets and the seat coverings. The architect wanted fireman's red, and I insisted on something softer. Eventually, we settled on a violet-plum carpet and soft-mulberry seats."

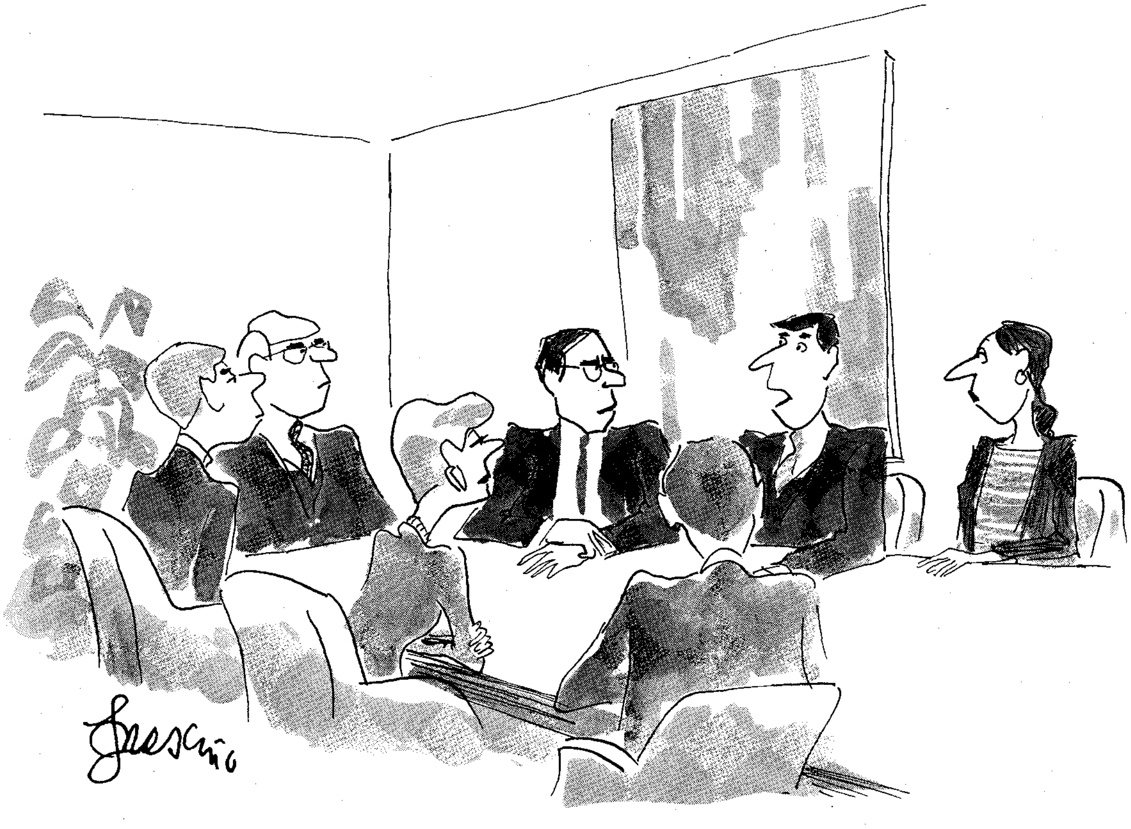
Miss Tully's hall opened on September 11, 1969, to rave reviews of both its architecture and its acoustics. The following year, she flew up to Buffalo to accept an award for architectural excellence from the New York State Council on the Arts. "The ceremony took place in a basement night club of the Hotel Statler, because some students had threatened violence against Governor Rockefeller, who was presenting the awards," she said. "I found myself at a table rather far back, and I didn't know that dear Governor Rockefeller, whom I had met many times, had this peculiarity of mixing up things that were written down. So I heard him say, 'The next award on the list is for Alice Tully Hall. Miss Hall, please come up to the platform.' There was a little ripple in the audience as I tried to thread my way around tables and television lighting cables. Governor Rockefeller looked out at the audience and said, 'Miss Hall, Miss Hall, where are you?' I said, 'I'm here, Governor. I'm on my way up.' When I got to the platform, he looked at me and said, 'Oh, Miss Tully. . . . Of *course*.' "

Musher

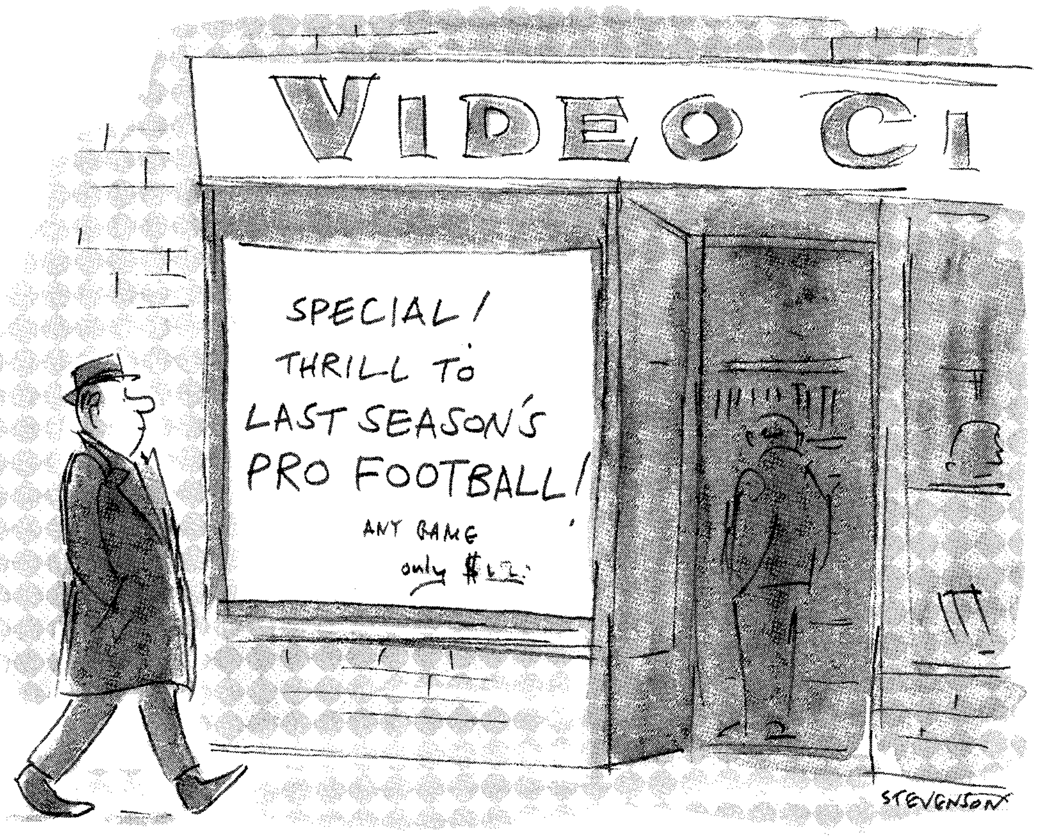
THESE are the questions that Susan Butcher, Alaskan dog musher and two-time winner (and record holder) of the eleven-hundred-mile Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race, is asked most often: How cold does it get in Alaska? How cold is it in Alaska *right now*? Is your house cold? What does caribou taste like? What's your dog's name? Susan's first four answers are: Very, very cold. Not too bad. Doesn't feel that way to me. Really good.

The last question has approximately a hundred and fifty answers, because Susan has approximately a hundred and fifty Alaskan Husky sled dogs, who live outside her log cabin in the Alaskan bush. Such a large number of animals strikes many people as unusual, and even unmanageable, so sometimes, instead of "What's your dog's name?," she is asked if she actually bothers to name all her dogs.

The people who ask that are not fellow-mushers—dog-sled drivers—but, rather, the kind of people (including us) who came to the Plaza Hotel last week to see Susan receive the Women's Sports Foundation's Professional Sportswoman of the Year Award, and who find the circumstances of Susan's life nearly unimaginable: the dozens of dogs, the rigors of sled racing, the near-isolation. (For much of the year, the only human being she sees is her husband, David Monson.) Susan, who told us she much prefers two days on a dog sled to two days in the Plaza Hotel, has accrued so much fame as a musher that she is used to being a curiosity, and she is gracious enough to answer even the most elementary dog-mushing, Alaska, or life-in-the-bush question with only a trace of exasperation. "Of course I name all the dogs," she explained. "I name some after places and some after people. Then, for a while, I'll have themes, like the names of book characters. One of my studs is Crackers, so another theme is to name his puppies after cracker brands. Another stud is Granite, and a lot of his puppies have rock names. I know every dog by name. I know every dog's parents. I know every dog's grandparents. I know which one has a cold, and which one didn't eat well last night, and I know each one's personality and where he likes to be scratched. You have



"I beg to differ, I find 'Bad' to be every bit as good as, and in some respects far superior to, 'Thriller.' "



to understand, this is all I care about, and this is all I think about. I don't understand anything else, and I don't care about anything else. I'm with the dogs twelve or sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. They're my friends and my family and my livelihood."

As she was talking, Susan kept glancing at her dog Fortuna, whom she had brought with her from Alaska to donate to the Women's Sports Foundation for a benefit auction. Fortuna is six years old and raced in the 1984 Iditarod, but now, according to Susan, she wants to be a pet. To us she didn't seem to like being in New York any more than Susan did, but she looked happier once she'd discovered the nice sled dog living in the Plaza Baroque Room's mirrored columns. "She misses her friends," Susan told us. "She thinks she's finally found another dog." She leaned over. "Hey, For*tuna*, good girl," she cooed. "*Good* girl!"

Susan is thirty-two and has a long black braid and very pale-blue eyes. For a normal day of mushing, she wears polypropylene underwear, layers of Thinsulate and GoreTex outer garments, a beaver hat, a wolverine muff, wolfskin gloves, and sealskin mukluks. For the press conference, she wore jeans and a cotton T-shirt that said "Purina ProPlan," which is a type of dog food put out by one of her sponsors. For the foundation's evening black-tie cocktail party, she said, she was going to wear a long gingham skirt, a black satin shirt, and an ivory miniature-dog-sled-and-team necklace. "I do own long skirts—I need them for the Iditarod awards banquet in Nome, for one thing," she explained, and then said, "Oh, *shoot!* I wish I'd brought my qiviut dress." She was wearing that dress—qiviut is the underwool of the musk ox—last March when she received first prize for the 1987 race, and also the year before when she picked up the trophy for the 1986 Iditarod. That was the race in which she set the world record (eleven days fifteen hours and six minutes), and it made up for the previous year, when a rogue moose attacked her team, killing three of her dogs and forcing her to drop out. "No one was going to beat me in 1986," she told us. "I was really determined."

Susan said that her first dog, Cabee, was a Labrador mix, and her second dog was an Alaskan Husky, and all her dogs since have been Huskies. She first mushed dogs in Massachusetts, where she was born, and she kept at it when she moved to Colorado and shared a house with a woman who had fifty Huskies. By the age of nineteen, she was sure enough of herself to know that she wanted to live in the wilderness with a lot of dogs, and that there was nowhere in the Lower Forty-eight that would satisfy her. "At first, I wanted to build wooden boats," she went on. "I really loved carpentry, and I wanted to sail around the world, because at the time I thought the ocean was the only place I could go to get away from people. But then I tried to figure out what I'd do with twenty or thirty dogs on a small boat." When she moved to Alaska, in 1975, she lived in a "fly-in"—an area accessible only by plane. Then her work as a dog breeder, trainer, and racer made living near a road necessary, so she and her husband (they were married in 1985) and the dogs moved to a slightly less remote spot, a hundred and fifty miles north of Fairbanks and twenty-five miles from the closest village (Manley, pop. 62). She still hunts moose for food, but now there's a gravel road to her cabin. "Where we're living is very downtown to me," she said. "We chose it because it's good for mushing. There are very strong winds and it's stormy, and that's good, because it's the kind of weather you get during races. I just don't like city living. We do have a radio, and David likes to listen to it, but I don't. He likes to read newspapers. I like to burn them for firewood."

Someone passed out auction brochures—Fortuna was listed under the heading "Luxurious Fun"—and then a man who was wearing a World Boxing Hall of Fame tie clip and belt buckle, and who had the cauliflower ears of a boxer, grabbed Susan by the elbow and said, "Are you the girl that did that thing on the dog sled?"

She nodded, and said, "Eleven days on a sled in the Alaskan wilderness."

The man turned to someone walking past and exclaimed, "I couldn't do the thing she did! I can go into the ring and get bashed up, but I couldn't do that thing she did!"

LAW OF AVERAGES

AT the reception after the meeting where my daughter, Karen, got an award for most mathematical third grader, I went for the punch, even though the punch table was surrounded on three sides by earnest-looking parents—clean, bright faces, ready smiles, the knowing and glowing types. I got around behind the table and stepped over a brick planter, but I tripped and hit the woman who was serving. Punch went flying. Most of it hit the floor, but there was some on me, some on her. She patted at her clothes and introduced herself. "I'm Mary Quine. I teach here—fifth grade, civics." Both of us were looking around at the crowd. There were a hundred people there, among the tan folding chairs. "I hate these things, don't you?"

"I don't come very often," I said.

"Take a look at this bean pole over here," she said.

"Uh-huh," I said. I liked it that she called a man a bean pole. I waved to Karen to tell her where I'd be, then handed a guy who'd come for punch a couple of napkins. That became my job, the napkins. I handed them out while Mary ladled. We spent an hour doing that, talking about divorces—mine was more recent. When the reception thinned, I collected Karen and the three of us walked out together.

Mary started to fluff Karen's hair when I introduced them, but thought better of it and stopped mid-gesture. "You don't look like a Karen," she said. "You look like Grace, or Lily."

"What's Grace look like?" Karen said.

We stopped between two lines of cars in the parking lot, and I put my arm around Karen and said, "I think she's more of a Roxy. She's got a Roxy look about her."

"What are you guys talking about?" Karen said.

"Nothing," I said. Ordinarily, Karen would have come with her mother, but her mother had chicken pox, so I got an extra night.

"And sometimes," Karen said, "he calls me Karen." She was towing me toward the car. "Can we go?"

On the way home I pumped her for what she knew about Mary Quine. Karen was uncoöperative. She didn't know a thing. She said, "You want me to ask about her?"

I said no.

"I could go around to all my friends and tell them my dad is interested in Miss Quine and ask them what she's like."

"No, thanks," I said. "Let's change the subject. I'm sorry I brought it up."

We stopped at the light by Popeye's, and Karen said, "Do you like her a lot? I guess she's probably going to be your girlfriend now. You guys'll get married and everything. If that's what's happening, I'm telling Mama."

"Go easy on me, Rox," I said. "I'm a casualty."

"Oh, Daddy," she said, slapping at my leg. "What's that mean? Why do you always say things I don't understand?"

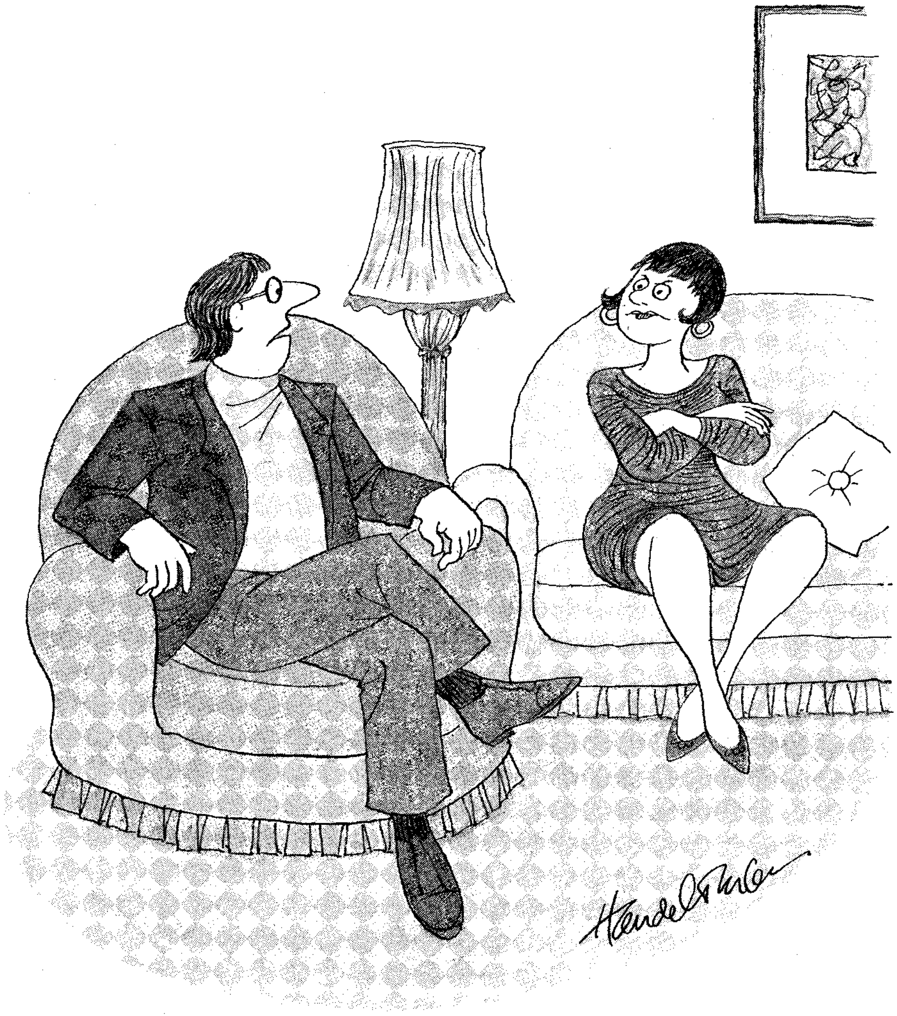
I pulled her over next to me in the seat, sat with my arm around her tiny shoulders as if we were teen-agers, years ago. She leaned her head against my chest.

"That's the way it goes," I said. "When you get old like me, you get to be a mystery. It'll happen to you quick enough."

"I don't want to be a mystery," Karen said. "I never want to be a mystery."

I DROPPED Karen at home and drove over to the Conestoga Party Club, a remade, windowless ShowBiz Pizza. I never did think ShowBiz would work. I was there once, one of Karen's birthdays; everything was done with aluminum tokens shaped like quarters. These things were as thick as quarters and they cost a quarter. They were just like quarters, only they were these tokens. I guess they figured if you bought ten bucks' worth of tokens, you weren't going to cash in the leftovers; they probably had market research to prove that.

When ShowBiz evacuated, the Conestoga people refurbished the cinderblock building into a bar-restaurant combo, but instead of installing windows, which would have been costly, they hired a Junior League realist to do a floor-to-ceiling mural of the great outdoors—white-tail deer, silvery fish leaping out of ponds, geese



"Is it too much to ask for your trust? I've already explained that my dealings with Jennifer Monahan are of a covert nature."

swimming across the cobalt-blue sky, jackrabbits eying the customers. I guess the artist wanted to make a statement: the animals in the painting were all packing guns—rifles, pistols, submachine guns. It was a real animal revolution in there.

A CUP OF COFFEE? YOU CALL THAT BREAKFAST?
MRS. COFFEE
MStevens

When Mary arrived, we took a booth next to a wall on which a couple of bandito squirrels, cartridge belts slung across their bare bellies, stood up on their haunches chewing pecans. We unwrapped our silverware. The napkins were small and thin as tissue. It was awkward at first. We studied the menus and placed our orders with a middle-aged woman in blue stretch, a woman who looked kind of scientific, as if she'd been in the beaker too long. Then Mary and I locked eyes across the tabletop.

For a second I was worried there was nothing to say. I was thinking about picking up women, something I'd done maybe twice in my life—thinking what do you say when there's no reason to be together? Then I decided we'd picked each other up, but that wasn't better, that just made us consenting adults.

Mary was eying the mural. "This reminds me of a TV show I saw," she said. "Twenty guys in this trench in a field, all lined up, with shotguns. Some of them had big black paddles, and when the ducks got near enough the guys started waving their paddles, as if they were wings, I guess. The ducks were beautiful—dark against lemon-color streaks. Then the jerks on the ground started flapping, and their friends started blowing birds out of the sky, and what I thought was, you know, that's wrong."

"I've had that feeling," I said.

"I mean, it's just like this," she said, pointing at the mural. "I wanted the ducks to have guns. Make it a fair fight. Ducks coming in plastering these fat guys, you know?" She made a jet fighter with her hand, diving it at the table and doing machine-gun noises. "I'd love to see that. A real bloodbath while these yokels scramble out of the trench, heading for safety, falling over each other, splattering in the mud with the tops of their heads blown to smithereens." She made an explosion sound and popped herself high on the forehead with a flat palm.

"They'd try to shoot back," I said.

"Maybe one," she said. "The rest would be running. We'd cut 'em down. We'd drill 'em."

I noticed that she was looking in my eyes. I hate it when people look in my eyes. I mean, when they stare right at them, when I can see that what they're doing is looking right in there. Because it means they want something. It means they're way off the beam.

I said, "You're real nice and I like you more with each passing day."

"What?"

"Joke," I said. "Kind of an icebreaker."

She got embarrassed, looked at the table. It was one of those tables with real planks encased in once liquid plastic. "I'm sorry," she said. "I guess I missed it. I guess I did too much on the ducks. I don't know what's wrong with me." Then she looked up, showing new resolve. "So, you want to just zip through dinner and go back to my apartment and be careful? No . . . that's wrong. I also saw this show about the Peace of Mind club. It's a safety club. You know, for sex. You're not a member, are you? I hate it." She traced an outline around a squirrel in the painting. "This is wrong, too, isn't it? Aggressive? I don't care about sex, really."

"Well," I said. "I don't know."

She sat up, straightened her place setting. "O.K. Great. Can we just start again?" She tapped the wall. "Good squirrel," she said. "I don't know what we're doing. Let's talk about you or something, O.K.? I always get myself in a mess when I talk."

I said, "O.K. Me."

"I am *so* sorry," she said. She was going into the tabletop again. "I always do this. I get out here and I don't know what to do. I don't fit."

I said, "You're fine. Really. Where don't you fit?"

"School," she said.

"What's wrong with school?"

"I don't like it." She turned to look toward the cash register, drumming her fingers. "I used to love school, but now— I don't know why you'd want to hear this, do you?"

"Sure," I said. "I'm interested."

"We've got teachers you wouldn't let near your kid," she said. "Lots of them. But in our evaluations we all grade out superior. It's a joke. I mean, to hear us tell it we're all one in a million." She shrugged, shook her head. "I'm going to stop," she said. "I promise."

"It's O.K.," I said.

"So today I had a fight with the guy in the room next to mine. He had the TV on all day. I asked him to quit it."

"TV?" I said. "You have TVs?"

"What're you, a guy who's been asleep for a hundred and twenty-five years or something? You never heard of that? They're supposed to be for PBS stuff, but we use 'em to shut the kids up, because we're so good."

I watched her. When the food came she quit talking and started eating. She held her knife wrong, like a pencil.

WE took both cars to her apartment at Château Belvedere, an eighty-unit cedar-shake project buried in tall pines back off the highway feeder. It was near two when we pulled into the parking lot and walked up the hill to her block of apartments. I watched the wet sidewalk as we walked, listened to the wind chimes—lots of people out there had wind chimes. Two guys and a girl were in the laundry building drinking beer and sitting on tables. Mary's apartment was upstairs, a two-bedroom with fur-brown shag and a low, mottled plasterboard ceiling. There was a crummy light fixture in the center of the ceiling in each room. She went to get drinks out of the icebox, and I sat down in front of the television.

I thought it was going pretty well. I hadn't been out much since the divorce. When I had been, mostly what I wanted to do was go home. Sometimes I thought I didn't want to "get over" my divorce. I knew I was supposed to, but I wasn't sure I wanted to. There's something seductive about it, something safe and easy—like you've done your duty and you don't have to do what you're supposed to do anymore, you can go home and watch TV and do some scraggly cooking and not feel bad about it. You're not missing anything. I'd been so close to my wife that now when I was around somebody else I felt like I wasn't where I was supposed to be.

Mary came back with beer for herself, Coke for me. She sat at the end of the couch, her legs crossed under her, skirt punched down between her knees. I didn't look at her. I was staring at the channel changer that was on the coffee table. I was thinking I might pick it up.

"Why don't you tell me about your wife?" Mary said.

"Who?"

"That's great," she said.

"Sorry."

"Don't worry about it."

"Fine. I won't." I looked from her to the blank TV, then back. I was thinking about what I could say about my wife, and looking at the coffee table trying to figure out if it was an acceptable coffee table or if it was junk, and then I decided to go ahead and tell her. "The good stuff that happened, every nice memory I've got, came from her. I don't know why, but it's all hers."

Mary didn't say anything.

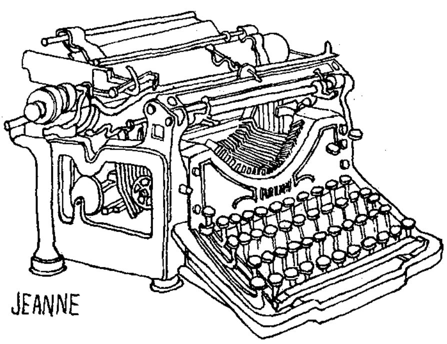
"I probably should have said that some other way."

She went back to her bottle. "It's O.K.," she said. "It's interesting."

"No," I said, shaking my head. "It's not. It's not good. It's like I feel like I'm going to be small and mean for the rest of my life."

"Well, I guess it's better to be small and mean than too sensitive," she said. "You know, we're all earnest, right? We don't have to be unctuous."

I thought about "unctuous," about what a good word it was. "I don't seem like a child anymore. I can't live like a child, feel that way. I could only do that with her."



Mary nodded, waited a minute as if she were thinking, then said, "I've got a fire engine."

I looked to see whether that was friendly or hostile; she wasn't smiling, so I figured friendly. I traced a knuckle on one of her hands. "What color?"

It was a nice night after that. We made love and it wasn't a disaster, and then we went for a walk through the project. It was cool out there, damp, there were quiet stars in the sky. We stuck to the sidewalks and didn't say much; but after we'd gone through the place once, we were holding hands. I was comfortable. I hadn't been in an apartment project for a while, and I had forgotten the odd comforts of them—being close to people in your economic bracket with whom you have almost nothing else in common, the community feeling even though you never talk to these people and only rarely see them. I had forgotten what it felt like to look down a five-hundred-yard line of apartments, cars parked in front, yellow street lamps dousing the asphalt with little slicks of light; forgotten the pleasure of somebody pulling up across the street at two-thirty in the morning, some couple coming in from a party or a club, their too bright, too loud voices suddenly hushed when they see you. As we walked, heavy trucks soared by on the highway I could just make out through the trees. This wasn't a fancy project, but under the cover of night it was gently transformed into a place of small mysteries—elegant shadows cast by young trees on badly painted wood siding, the reassuring clicks and whines of air-conditioning compressors snapping on

OCTOBER TUNE

A stuffed quail
on the mantelpiece minds its tail.
The regular chirr of the old clock's healing,
in the twilight, the rumpled helix.
Through the window, birch candles fail.

For the fourth day the sea hits the dike with its hard horizon.
Put aside the book, take your sewing kit;
patch my clothes without turning the light on:
golden hair
keeps the corner lit.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

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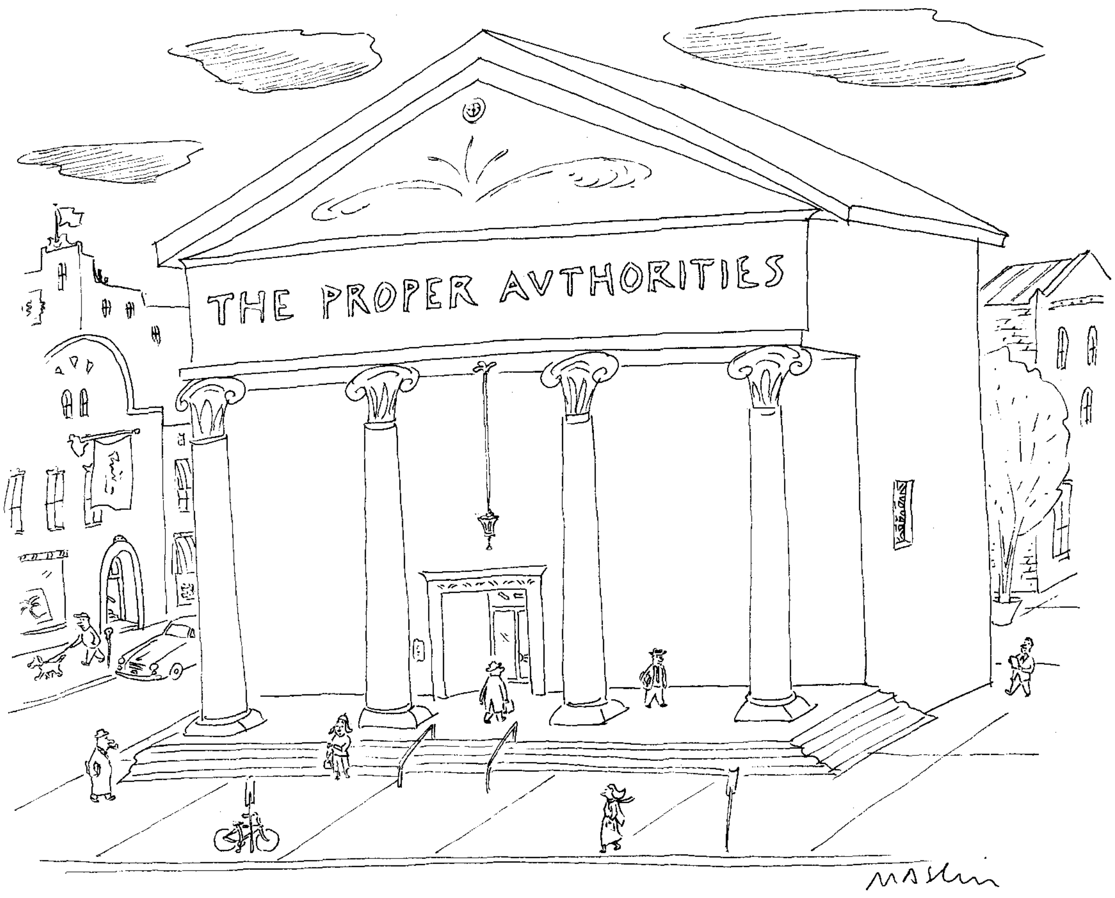


and cutting off, the almost inaudible thump of somebody's giant woofer. I could make out the music, I could picture the people, a young couple, turning up the wick any way they could.

Somebody screamed somewhere. It sounded to me as if it had come out of the woods, but Mary thought it had come from the other direction, from one of the apartments toward the front of the project, toward the highway. We stopped and stood perfectly still, listening.

In a minute she whispered, "The beast . . ."

We started walking again. The grass alongside the walk glittered as we passed. Things were getting kind of smoky. Mary and I went from hand in hand to arm in arm. She leaned her head against my shoulder. We stopped in front of a chip-filled garden to watch a gray cat box with a twig, flip it up into the air and then catch it and roll over on its side and do Ray Leonard with its back feet. Even the fire plug out there was pretty good-looking—pale yellow with a lime-green top. We walked a little more and ended up sitting on somebody's doorstep, facing the central courtyard of the project, watching the shining blue water in the pool through a chain-link fence. After a time Mary asked me if I was ready for sleep. I said I was, and as we walked back toward her apartment I pointed out somebody's pretty, violet-lit bug zapper.

Mary was apologetic about breakfast. "I didn't mean to force you into anything," she said, pointing at the dishes on the table. "Eating and stuff."

She'd made breakfast while I was showering, and she was self-conscious about it, about what it suggested or what it might suggest.

I said, "It was delicious," but I realized that sounded wrong, too formal. "I didn't mean that. I mean, I meant it was delicious, but I didn't mean the other part—you know what I'm talking about?"

"The repellent part?" she said.

That's when I started thinking I really liked her. I thought maybe we fit together. The real way, like people you can't imagine passionate, or passionate together, or who look as if they were passionate once and were done with it. I'd always wondered how those people got together in the first place.

Mary was clearing away the breakfast dishes. I watched the way she stacked. I liked it; she took the stuff out from between the dishes—the utensils. I imagined her driving Karen to school, and then later, in the evening, the three of us in the car picking up Popeye's. I looked around the apartment, and it looked a lot better in the daytime. There was plenty of sun in there—white Formica and light-colored wood, plants in the windows. The TV was on, tuned to one of the morning shows, the sound low. Even the carpet looked O.K.

I figured if we were together we'd be like ugly people, or old people. We weren't either of those—I don't mean we were young and beautiful, but we were only half old, and we weren't so much uglier than everybody else that you'd run and scream if you saw us. If I had to say, I'd say regular. Mary had brown hair that was kind of wiry and specked with white, a slightly troubled nose, good skin, eyes that brought the beach to mind, and a fair body for thirty-five. Maybe I was a little on the short side—under six feet, although well over the average height for American males—and I guess I didn't help myself much with the khakis and the short-sleeved shirts, but my face was all right. People sometimes said I was "ruggedly attractive," if that's possible for somebody of my height. I had all my hair, even if it wasn't trained. Brown hair. Washed nightly. I wasn't the best judge of what I looked like, but I was attentive, and I'd spent some time studying other men—in the movies, in the magazines, on the street. I figured I had a kind of look. We both did.

—Frederick Barthelme

DEMONSTRATION

IT was 1969, and I had six months to go as a conscientious objector at Memorial Hospital in Chicago. Norman Morrison, the Quaker, had set himself on fire outside the Pentagon, and the word "immolation" entered the national vocabulary. It was my job to ask patients about the condition of their mashed potatoes, supervise the station clerks, and, since there were no transportation aides on the evening shift, take bodies to the morgue. Luckily, morgue time wasn't a major part of the job; most nights I watched Johnny Carson on a patient's TV. Once, a bunch of us crowded into a room in Orthopedics and saw Tiny Tim marry Miss Vicki, but it wasn't as funny as everyone had expected. Johnny himself took it all very seriously, and there was uneasiness in the room.

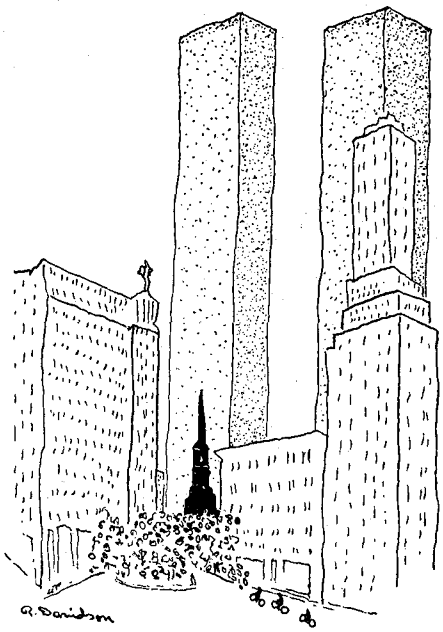
Two revolutionaries, Carlo and Edgar, had just moved into our apartment on Halsted Street. My other roommates, Steve and Lowe, were both 4-F, Steve because of his four-foot-eleven stature and Lowe because of his drug-induced visions. According to the Army psychologist, there was so much residual LSD in his system you could start a car with him if you had the right kind of cables. His obsession with locking the door had already rubbed off on Carlo, who had been in prison for defacing draft records with ketchup. When Lowe went into one of his lengthy inspections—locking, unlocking, relocking—Carlo would assist, standing outside in the hall, turning the knob, and shouting through the door. Edgar spent much of his time at a portable typewriter, working on political tracts he signed "Cyclops," but in the evening and on Saturday morning he'd be more sociable, watching TV with Steve and Lowe. Since he'd become a revolutionary, Edgar said, he hadn't had time for television. Moreover, it was the primary tool of capitalist education. When he watched Steve's favorite shows, he did so as a scholar, analyzing the politics of Bullwinkle and Bugs Bunny.

Steve differed in the matter of Bugs. Wasn't it true, as the French Surrealists believed, that Bugs Bunny was an anarchic hero of the Left? His outrageous behavior symbolized revolutionary youth, the mad and dispossessed, while Elmer Fudd was the bourgeois ideal of militarism (Fudd as hunter), imperialism (Fudd evicts Bugs from his home), and the leisure class (Fudd has no discernible job).

Edgar thought about that. While Steve had a point about Fudd, Bugs Bunny was also a landholder, in spite of the "underground" metaphor of his living conditions. And his frequent recognition of the audience, by winking or waving, was a formalist gesture characteristic of the most retrograde anti-socialist and decadent phases of modern Russian art. Bugs was "avant-garde" on the surface, but his embracement of the paying audience was no different from that of a butcher shaking a pork chop in a housewife's face.

Steve scowled and worked his small hands together. He believed in the anti-authoritarian stance of cartoon characters, most of whom conspired with the youthful audience to subvert parental authority. If Bugs Bunny were co-opted by the status quo, then revolution would in a sense be impossible, opposition reduced to an adolescent gesture, to be outgrown as one entered adult society. Children understood better than their parents what it was to be free, and they must eventually teach their anarchism to the Fudds.

Edgar thought Steve was a revolutionary simpleton. Steve had to understand that the whole medium of television was empowered by capitalism. It was saturated with the values of that system, and reiterated them. Weren't there commercials for toys and cereal between the cartoons? What about the violence? Capitalist technology was designed as a hymn to itself, and it included movies and television.



"Not books?" I asked from the dining room.

"Certainly not," said Edgar, "because there the technology is so archaic it's roughly equivalent to speech, which is free. Virtually anybody can get his hands on a printing press."

"But the education that shapes that speech isn't free," I said. "What school did you go to?"

"Princeton," he said.

"Franklin College," I said, pointing at my chest.

"Never heard of it."

"There you go," I said.

"It proves nothing," Edgar replied.

We argued for a while about the relative value of our educations, and I asked Edgar how he made a living.

The question caught him off guard, and his eyes narrowed. "I can't talk about that," he said.

"Because you get your money from home?" I asked.

"No!" he said. "At least not at the present time."

"Tell the man where you get your bread," Carlo said to Edgar, looking at me with yellow eyes.

"I did get a certain amount from my trust fund," Edgar said, "but that is no longer necessary. Now I have my own income, earned through my own efforts." He seemed very proud of his abilities as a wage earner, yet I'd never seen him go to work.

"But what do you do, exactly?" I asked.

Edgar looked around the room, and Carlo nodded O.K. "Actually," Edgar said, "I go around the world cashing stolen traveller's checks. I get them from an associate who works hand in hand with the owner of the checks. The owner buys ten thousand dollars' worth in large denominations, gives them to my friend, then goes to American Express and claims they're missing. They give him replacements, but meanwhile I travel from London to Amsterdam to Paris, cashing the checks as fast as I can. I go only to the largest banks, where the size of the checks will prove no problem."

"You got to work fast," said Carlo, "before the list gets around."

"They compile a list of missing checks," said Edgar, "so all transactions must be complete within two days. Of course, the original owner gets a share, and my associate and I split the rest."

"Aren't you afraid of getting caught?" asked Lowe, in awe of Edgar's life of adventure.

"There is some risk involved," Edgar said coolly, "but the rewards are very good. There was a real problem on only one occasion."

"Dallas," said Carlo, laughing to himself.

"I was scheduled to receive the checks directly from the owner, whose name was Howdy Brown, but when he showed up he was already being chased by the state police. He picked me up in front of a suburban motel in his blue Cadillac convertible and we took off at a hundred miles an hour. We were a few miles down the road, heading into the desert, when I heard the siren. It was pretty far behind us, but getting closer. None of this concerned Howdy Brown in the least. He was a big red-faced cowboy, and he made normal conversation about football and the weather before pulling the checks out of his jacket."

"Tell 'em about the baby," Carlo said, gesturing with a quart of beer.

"The craziest part was Howdy Brown's little boy. He'd been sitting in back the whole time, playing with some toys, but when the cops got nearer Howdy thought he would have some fun. He yelled at the kid, whose name was Goober, to come up front. Goober had blond hair and couldn't have been more than two. He was still wearing a diaper. But he climbed over the back of the seat, which is difficult at that speed, and stood at the steering wheel. Howdy sat in the middle with his foot on the gas, and Goober held the wheel with both hands. He was jumping up and down with excitement. The wind blew into his face so hard it made him look Chinese. He was an excellent driver. Most of the road was dead straight ahead; he kept us right in the middle, so we cut the white line right through the hood ornament. When a car came from the other direction, he'd ease the Cadillac over into the right lane with no problem. Evidently he'd done this kind of driving before."

Carlo loved the story, even though he'd heard it many times. So did Steve, who'd forgotten his philosophical differences with Edgar. Lowe seemed to regard Edgar as a celebrity.

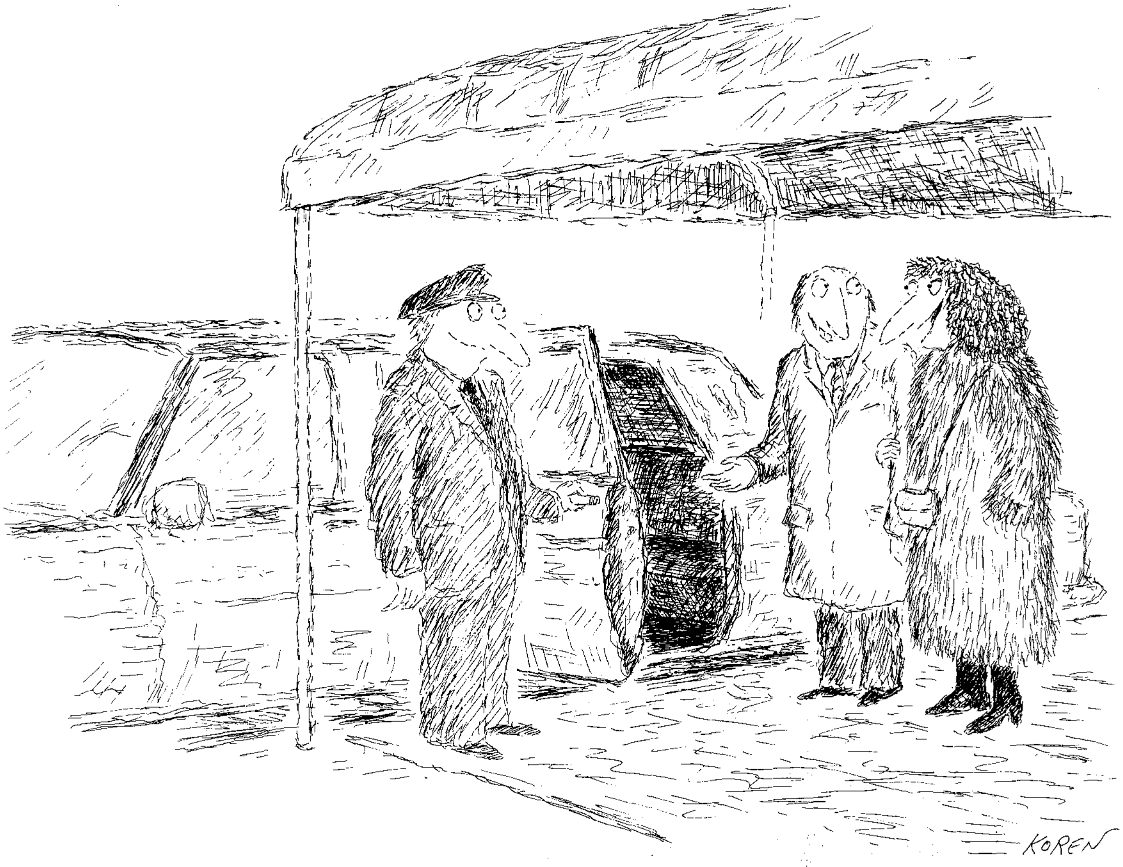
"So what happened?" I said. "Did you get away from the cops?"

"It was a supercharged engine, according to Howdy. They were chasing him on a speeding violation. He let them pull up next to us, laughed at their reaction to the baby driver, and floored it. The cops didn't have a chance against us."

ABOUT this time, we decided to go down to the Loop for a demonstration against the war. We hated the war, we especially hated the government, but most of all we hated L.B.J.'s showing his surgical scar to the nation. It was all right if your uncle did it, between the fourth and fifth beer, but the President wasn't allowed. The demonstration was to take place on State Street, in the heart of the shopping district. Carlo and Edgar had something to do with it, indirectly, through the Union for a Free Union, a radical-leftist group. Steve went with them, and Lowe and I planned to meet them later. Around noon we climbed the subway stairs into warm sunlight. A large crowd looked on from the sidewalks—office workers on their lunch breaks. A smaller group of about two hundred white college students sat in the middle of the street, like a senior-class picnic.

Lowe had been smoking joints all morning in preparation for the event, but grass had begun to make me nervous, so I was laying off. He talked softly to himself in a rhythmic fashion, as he often did—a list of the states and their capitals in alphabetical order. He was up to South Dakota. I told him I'd always liked the sound of "Helena, Montana."

We had expected a stage and microphone, some minimal preparations, but there was nothing. The stage was the street. The idea was to stop traffic, and it had worked. Buses and cars were lined up to the south and north as far



"I love a man with street smarts."

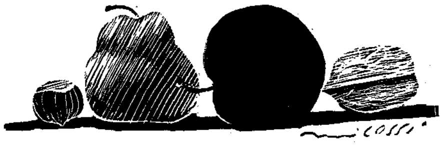
• •

as you could see. At the edge of the crowd, two buses were side by side with their doors open; the drivers leaned on their steering wheels, watching the demonstrators through the enormous windshields. They seemed in no hurry. The faces I saw through the windows were all black. Some looked restlessly down at the crowd, but most were reading or staring into space. The sky was a perfect blue, a shade you see only in Chicago, or maybe Oslo. A couple of pigeons struggled over the crowd, as if inconvenienced.

I saw Steve sitting on the curb across the street. He had half entered the demonstration, like a bather testing the water. I didn't see Carlo, but Edgar was at the rear of the crowd on the other side, taking pictures of the F.B.I. with a small camera. Poorly disguised as students, they walked blatantly among the seated demonstrators, taking their pictures. Two agents pointed to each other, indicating a sector of students that had been missed. I wondered what kind of files they must have, to go to this kind of trouble.

The crowd began to stir as the agents moved through. One of them must have stepped on someone, because a young guy with brown hair and a denim jacket shoved the agent from a sitting position. The agent shoved him back, and suddenly the crowd began to writhe, like planarias around a particle of food. Some of the demonstrators stood, trying to calm things down, but it didn't work. The guy in the denim jacket, possibly a provocateur, leaped on the agent's back, and the whole street went up for grabs. The agent swung around in anger and threw him over his shoulder onto a group of women. One of them screamed and held her face, and blood ran between her fingers. A few Chicago cops, who had been standing at the edge of the crowd trying not to call attention to themselves, waded into the street with clubs, knocking people aside. Most of the demonstrators jumped to their feet and danced away from the blows, but a few more stalwart types linked arms and stayed put. It was a classic nonviolent position to take, but the cops hadn't read Gandhi. They laid into the group with the ends of their sticks. People ran and screamed; Edgar spun this way and that, recording fragments of chaos. The two bus drivers had closed their doors and dropped out of sight. Passengers were looking at the street with horror; one elderly black man screamed something we couldn't hear.

Lowe and I leaned against the building behind us, amazed at the swiftness of events and unable to run. A few squadrols pulled up on Jackson, and about fifty cops wearing riot gear marched around the corner, holding extra-long clubs ahead of them like flagpoles, one end braced on the stomach. The first row was especially impressive—tall and heavy, with faces like bulldogs'. By now the street was mostly deserted, but the sidewalk was swarming. The cops had dragged off a lot of demonstrators and pushed them into squadrols. The riot squad spread out to sweep the street, creating a rush



EREBUS

Even in the rigging there is chaos,
the foremast and mainmast square rigged,
the mizzenmast and jibs fore-and-aft rigged, so their lines
cut in at slants, sharp and terrifying,

like the slant-lights of the Scriptures.

And their flurry extends to the deck,
where snow curls up with the chocks.
By midnight the water buckets freeze, each claiming
at dawn a wafer of thumbskin, peeled back

from its slick under-mate like the eyelids of the dying.
We are just below forty now: Franklin, Fitzjames,
the surgeons, ice master, thirty seamen, and cook.
And a small bird the color of celadon,
of the hummocks and fog-green fjords stumbling
off from the shoreline. It carries just under a wing
a circle of fuchsia down, blinking out
now and then like our lost sun.

Northwest Passage! Not even a harbor. Barrow Strait,
Boothia, Cape Felix. And the days are lessening.
We inch to the south as the icebergs themselves inch off
from the main pack: the crack and rustle,
the slow letting go.

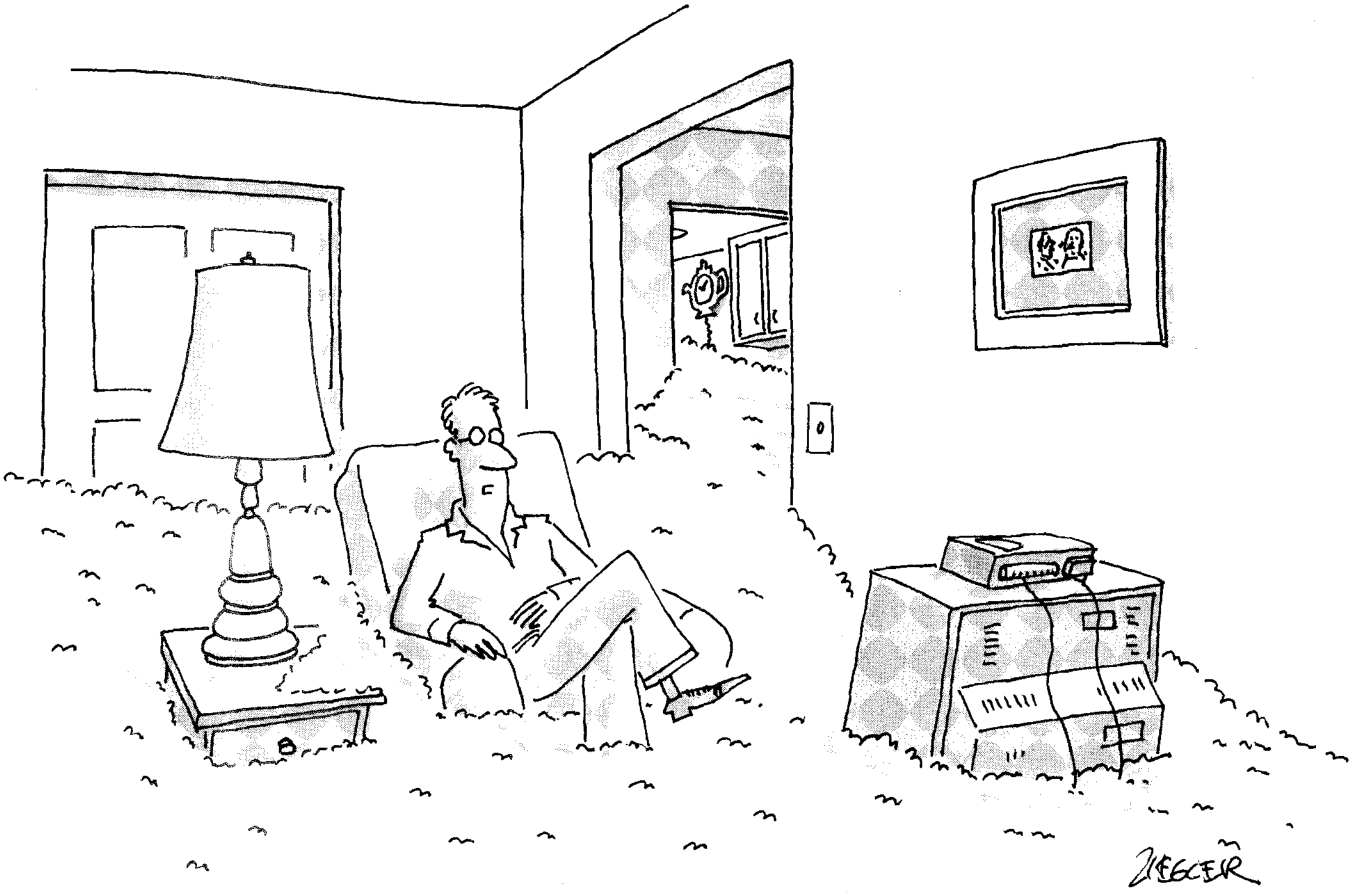
What world is this that tightens under us—
each time the wind recedes, freezes
under us, leaving just our small bouquet
of masts and grindstones, a hogshead of sugar?

Now and then, ice-locked in this awkward
and constant half-light, we walk over the floes,
watch the simple flight-strokes of snow bunting,

then carry their image to our own companion.
It washes its wings in cabin air.
As the fuchsia circle blinks out, again and again,
we practice our game of resemblances, creeping
closer to all we have been:

God's eye, someone offers. Or ember.
Raw thumb! A taffeta underskirt.
Or the blossom a bullet might leave,
on its journey to a darker harbor.

—Linda Bierds



"Popcorn's done, honey."

• •

of onlookers in our direction. Clinging to the building didn't work. Somebody knocked into me with tremendous force, and I fell into Lowe. We went down on the sidewalk, pressed against each other. Somebody stepped on my back, then several people fell on us. Lowe pushed me in the face with both hands, as if I was smothering him, and somehow I got to my feet and started running. It must have been in the wrong direction, because there was a stinging blur. I couldn't see or hear anymore. I was lying on the sidewalk in a pool of blood, and I was dead to the world.

MISTAKES get made at the hospital, no doubt about it. There's a test they give to find the site of a spinal injury. The doctor injects a radiopaque dye into the spinal column, puts the patient on an X-ray table, and tilts the table to make the dye run up or down. He watches the travelling dye bump along the column, and the beauty of medicine is never more clear. When the dye reaches the injury, it stops or spreads, and the doctor makes a note on the chart. On the day Dr. Wing performed the test on Johnny Matthews, a twelve-year-old quadriplegic who'd been struck by a stray bullet on New Year's Eve, things didn't go so well. The story was that the doctor forgot what he was doing and allowed the dye to flow all the way to the brain. This caused a respiratory arrest, and the boy died on the table. Wing covered his tracks by shading the history and progress notes, and no one in the family was astute enough to sue, but the nurses knew what had happened. When Wing sat down with them in the employee dining room, they'd leave or sit in icy silence.

That's why, when I woke up in the neurological unit and Dr. Wing was looking into my eyes, I was a little concerned. His cold finger lifted an eyelid while he shined a light in there.

"I think he's awake," he said to the nurse. It was Eileen Bass, from the day shift.

There was an I.V. in my right arm, and the bed rail on the other side was up. There was also a tightness in my left arm, which I realized was a restraint. This was quite a surprise, since restraints are usually applied only when the patient is out of his mind.

"Nagloo," I said.

The doctor stood back from the bed in an attitude of caution, but Eileen came close to look at me.

"Why, he's all right," she said. "He's trying to say something is all." She lifted off the small green oxygen mask and rubbed my cheeks to get the red marks out. It must have been on for some time, because the skin felt numb. "Are you all right, hon?" she said, giving me a pat.

"Fine," I said. "What happened?"

"We had to tie you down," she said. "You were pulling out the I.V."

"I don't remember."

Wing took her place as she went to the other side and straightened the covers. "We put you on the intravenous basically for feeding," he said. "We didn't know how long you'd be out. We'll start you on a liquid diet at lunch and see how you tolerate it."

"Can you take off the restraint, please? It's hurting my arm."

"Are you sure you're feeling

O.K.?" he said in a patronizing tone. "You didn't behave very well last night."

"I promise to behave."

"That's a good boy," he said, patting me on the head. He waved his hand, and Eileen started untying the restraint.

"You've had a concussion," said Wing, pushing on the bridge of his glasses. "We're going to do some tests, but if everything works out you can think about going home in a couple of days."

"What kind of tests?"

"Brain scan, skull X-rays, and EEG."

"You think I've got a fracture?"

"We'll see."

He looked as if he'd been on duty for a day and a half already. His clothes were wrinkled and his face sagged. Yawning broadly, he rubbed his hand through the thick black hair that was matted here and sticking out there.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Nine in the morning," said Eileen, struggling with the final knot.

"So I've been here since yesterday afternoon?"

"That's right," said Wing, looking at his watch.

Eileen got the restraint off, and I lifted the arm to get blood into it. The shoulder was a little sore.

Wing looked into my eyes again with the penlight, as if frowning at the back of a cave, then held up four fingers and asked me how many there were. Pulling down the sheet, he stuck a little pin into the soles of my feet to see if there was feeling. There was. Then he ran his fingernail the length of the sole, from heel to toe, to see which way the toes would curl. If they curled down, it meant you were O.K., and if they curled back toward your face, you were brain-damaged or something. I was not brain-damaged, but I had a huge ache where the head met the spinal column. I pointed to where it hurt, and Wing frowned.

"Not good?" I asked.

"Could be a subdural hematoma. Some people can walk around for a week with one, then they drop dead from it, just like that." He snapped his fingers with finality. "It's just like a time bomb, a walking time bomb."

"That's reassuring," I said.

"Usually it's a sign if one eye dilates more than the other."

"What should I do—carry a mirror?"

He was one of those guys who had worked so hard ever since med school he couldn't tell if you were kidding. "That wouldn't be very practical, would it?" he said.

"Subdurals can be tricky," said Eileen.

A tall kid wearing a white interne's jacket walked in. He had blond hair that fell over one eye, and his pink hands were huge.

"Walters!" said Wing. "Just the man I wanted to see."

"Is this the patient?" Walters was looking at Eileen, not me.

"Yes," said Wing. "I want you to take him to EEG, but first do a full workup."

"O.K.," said Walters, with no enthusiasm. He acted as if he wanted to be outside playing basketball with the other kids.

"Walters here is your doctor," Wing said. "I'm just supervising. Then, as if Walters weren't there, he said, "He looks young, but he's brilliant. Best scores on the state boards in thirty-seven years." He left, taking Eileen with him.

Walters didn't have much to say. As he did another workup, he sighed a lot and looked out the window. But he seemed to know what he was doing, which was exactly what Wing had done. If I wasn't mistaken, my toes curled the opposite direction this time, but he didn't say anything. He looked very sad and disconcerted.

"Is something wrong?" I asked.

"I was just thinking about home," he said.

"I guess you're on a pretty fast track."

"Pretty fast." He sighed. "Dad thinks it's not fast enough."

"You're not from Chicago, are you?"

"Elwood, Illinois. Downstate."

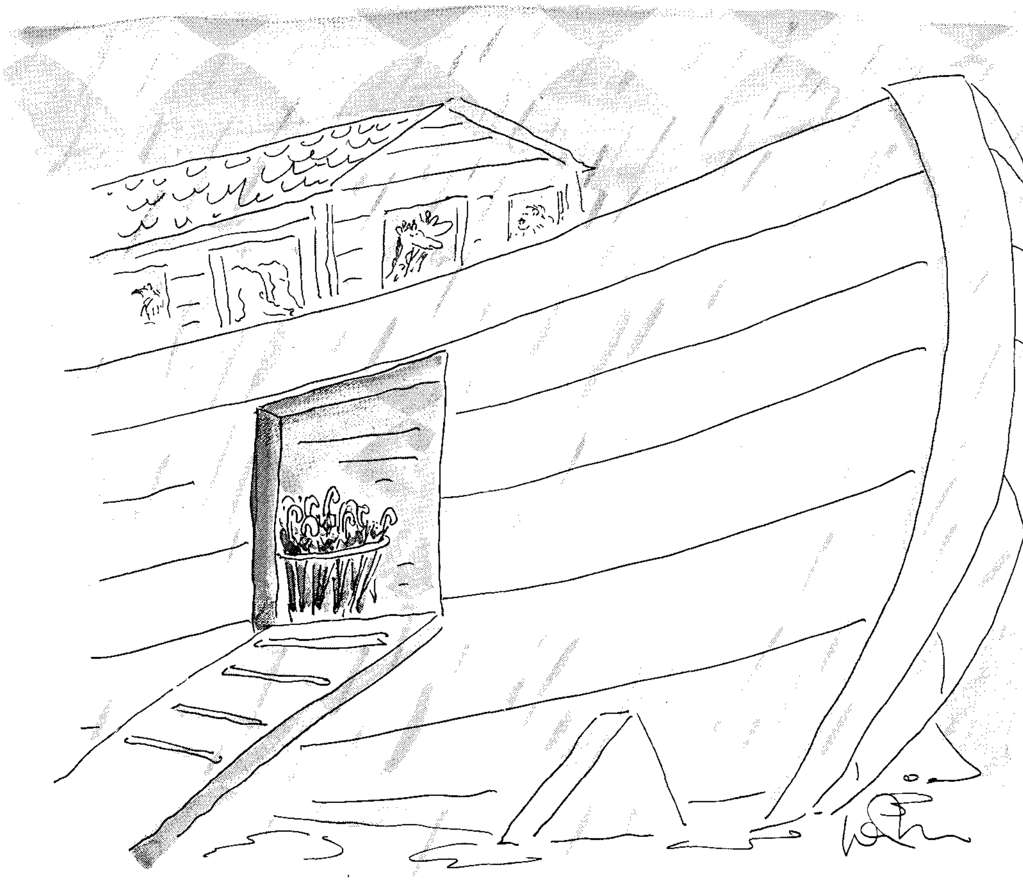
"Are you going back there to practice?"

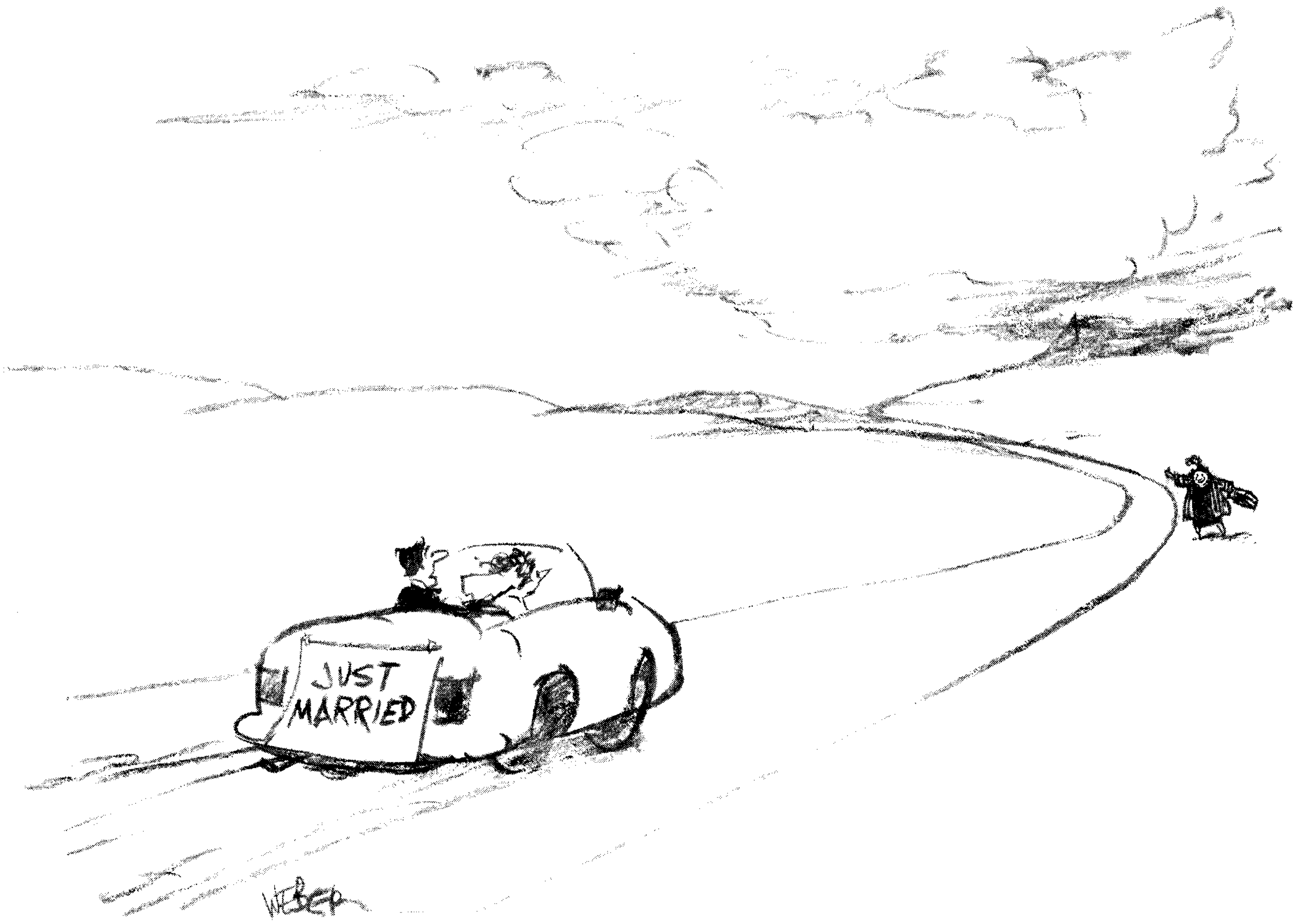
"Got to. The Chamber of Commerce is paying my tuition."

"You have a contract with them?"

"I have to take up with Dr. Simmons, who's about to retire, and stay in town for at least five years."

"Do you want to do that?"





"My God, it's your mother!"

• •

"Oh, sure," he said morosely. He went to look for a cart to take me down to EEG.

There was coughing on the other side of the curtain. I'd thought I was alone.

"Hello?" I said.

"Hi!"

"I didn't realize I had a roommate."

"The name's Feller," he said. "Arnold Feller." His voice sounded muffled, as if it passed through two or three doors.

"Any relation to Bob?"

"Who's that?" he asked softly.

"Baseball player, one of the greats."

"I don't follow sports," he said.

"My name is Holder. Jim Holder."

"Pleased to meet you."

"I got hit on the head at a demonstration," I said.

"What were you demonstrating?" he asked, with great labor.

I realized he thought I meant a Ronco vegetable slicer or something. "You sound like you're in pain," I said. "Maybe we should talk later."

"That's all right. I like to talk."

"Too bad I can't reach the curtain."

"Me neither," he said.

A suction pump engaged on his side, a little motor that sounded like someone's fingers tapping on a table. He must have had surgery, since the pump, called a Gumco, is used to drain a wound.

"I don't see a TV in the room," I complained.

"It's over here, up on the wall. I'm watching Captain Cartoon."

"I don't hear anything."

"With these shows you don't need sound," he said.

"The doctor says I might have a subdural."

There was no answer for a while. Then he said, "What did you say?"

"I might have a subdural," I said much louder, as if calling over a wall. "A bruise on my brain."

There was another long pause.

"It can knock you over any time," I said, snapping my fingers. "Just like that."

I thought I could hear, very distantly, the frantic sounds of cartoon mice pounding each other with clubs. After a while, his suction pump went silent.

"You there?" he said.

"Yeah."

"Just checking."

Walters wheeled in a cart, but its pad was missing, which filled me with horror. Somebody must have recently used it to take a body to the morgue.

"There's no pad," I said. "It's got to have a pad."

"I had a hard time finding this one," he whined.

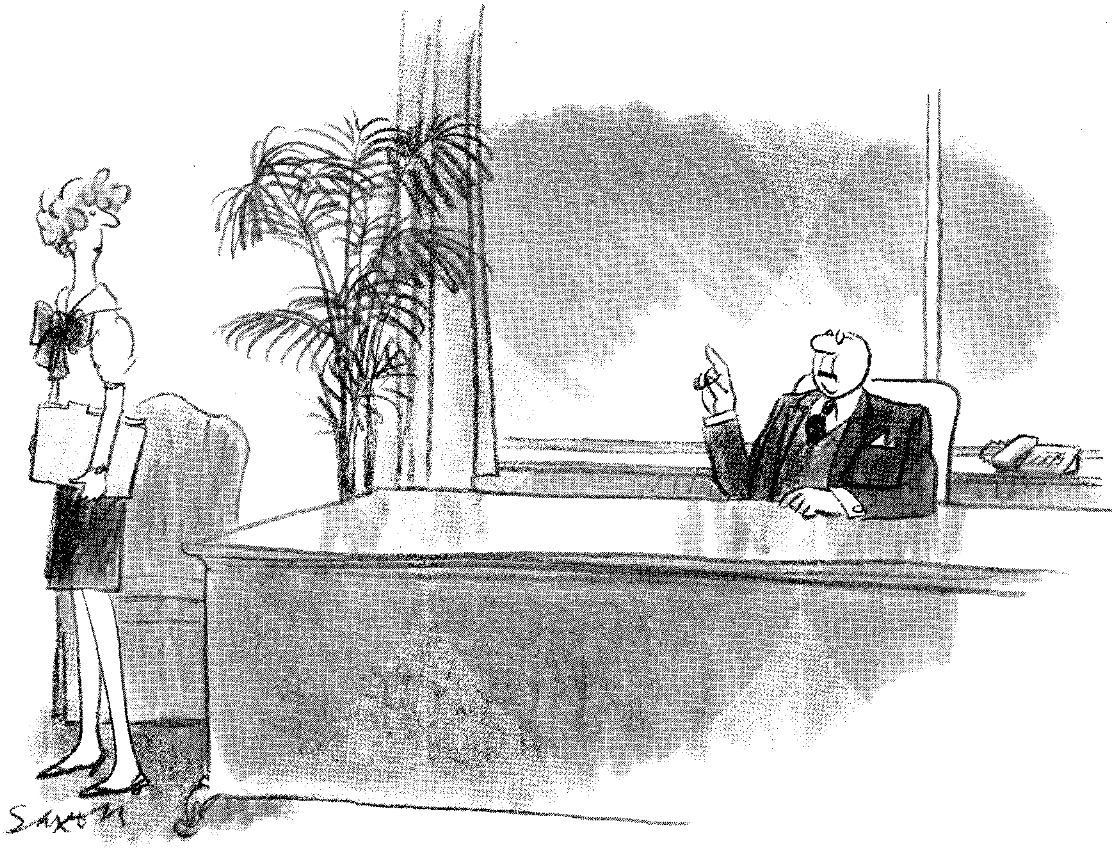
"Where did you get it?"

"Back by the elevators."

"Look in the stationery closet around the corner from there."

"Doggone it," he said, as if complaining to one of his parents.

We got off the elevator on the third floor and wheeled down the hall,



"While you're up, Miss Rayburn, fetch me a vice-president."

• •

Walters' long head over me like a horse's. At the very end, there was a door that was painted red instead of stained and varnished. A plaque on it said "EEG" and under that "DEATH STUDIES."

"Wait a minute," I said. "What's death studies?"

"It's the same as EEG," he said, opening the door, "only we do it to see if you're dead."

Death Studies was a small windowless room, about the size of a Buick Electra. Walters could barely fit the cart inside. I had to stand in the hallway in my patient gown, then climb back onto the cart once he'd wedged it in. Next to me was a large gray machine with dozens of lights and electrodes and a wide strip of gray paper under several dormant styluses. There was no technician, just a chair for Walters to sit on. It took quite a while to get me hooked up, since electrodes had to be placed all around my head.

As the machine jerked to a start, the styluses flipping like crab claws, I remembered one of the C.O. jobs I'd seen advertised. Every evening, at some university lab in New Jersey, they would hook you up to one of these machines. While you slept, it registered changes in your brain waves. They could tell if you were restless and if you were happy. They could even tell if you were in a creative state and if you had a reptile mind. It was rumored to be hard duty, however. One C.O. reported that the loss of privacy he'd endured during sleep studies had made him nearly crazy. Something wasn't right about sleeping under the gaze of a technician marking things on a clipboard. He said he aged ten years in six weeks.

I had no such problems. For some reason I was very relaxed, like a puppy curled up with a ticking clock. All sorts of things came into my head: a math grade I got in school, the weatherman on Channel 5 pointing at a bolt of lightning on a fuzzy map. Walters spoke in a bored voice punctuated by sighs, and one of the things he said was "It says here you're asleep."

THE next day, Dr. Wing signed me out of the hospital. He came into the room in a hurry and started to shoo me out, using his hands like brooms.

"Go, go—you're fine," he said. "I've got to get busy here. We need this bed for a myasthenia gravis that's coming this afternoon." Myasthenia is a disease that causes its victims to lose control of their muscles. After a while, they even lose the strength to open their eyes, and soon they are too weak to breathe. But the disease couldn't have gone too far if the patient taking my place wasn't in Intensive Care.

Steve, Lowe, and Carlo came to pick me up. The curving imprint of a boot sole ran across Steve's black-and-blue cheek. He sat next to the curtain, listening to the sounds of "Jeopardy" from Arnold Feller's TV. Lowe seemed fine. He hadn't been injured, though he mumbled more than usual, and his fascination with a green plastic water pitcher was approaching a trance. Carlo, who wore Edgar's old Nehru jacket and talked in prison whispers, said he had caught the whole thing from the roof of a building where he was stationed with a camera to record police brutality. He'd seen Edgar running down State Street, holding the hand of a girl Carlo didn't know. Edgar and the girl had jumped into a yellow Porsche and sped away, and hadn't been heard from since.

Carlo showed me the shots from his Kodak Instamatic. He hadn't realized he'd need a telescopic lens; they looked like embroidered rugs.

—PAUL HOOVER

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Sheriff's Report in the Silver City* (*N.M.*) *Enterprise*]

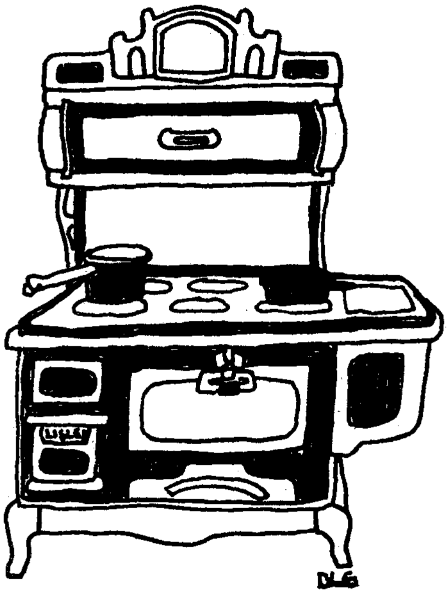
A woman, who lives on Chalcopyrite Street, Tyrone, reported several suspicious mounds of dirt. After a quick investigation by a sheriff's deputy, the mounds were determined to be not suspicious.

ANNALS OF GOVERNMENT

POLICING AMERICA'S WRITERS

FOR a great part of the twentieth century, the United States government has policed a number of writers—not only writers from other countries but American writers as well—and apparently the practice is continuing. American writers were watched for supposed crimes as serious as espionage and as vague as subversion, but few were aware of being watched at all. Documents I have obtained in the last several years under the Freedom of Information Act, and through other sources in Washington, reveal that these authors often came under suspicion because of what they chose to write about; because of writers' organizations they belonged to or writers' meetings they attended; because of petitions they signed or publications they subscribed to; or because of the places where they travelled. Among the writers who were subjected to scrutiny by the Federal Bureau of Investigation and other agencies are Nelson Algren, W. H. Auden, Pearl Buck, Truman Capote, John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, William Faulkner, Ernest Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, Robert Lowell, Archibald MacLeish, John O'Hara, Carl Sandburg, Robert Sherwood, John Steinbeck, Thornton Wilder, Tennessee Williams, Edmund Wilson, and Thomas Wolfe. Files on these writers contain information compiled by the F.B.I. and, in addition, references and information from the Central Intelligence Agency, the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the State Department, and the intelligence branches of the military services. Raw, and accusatory, files have frequently been made available to other government agencies, too.

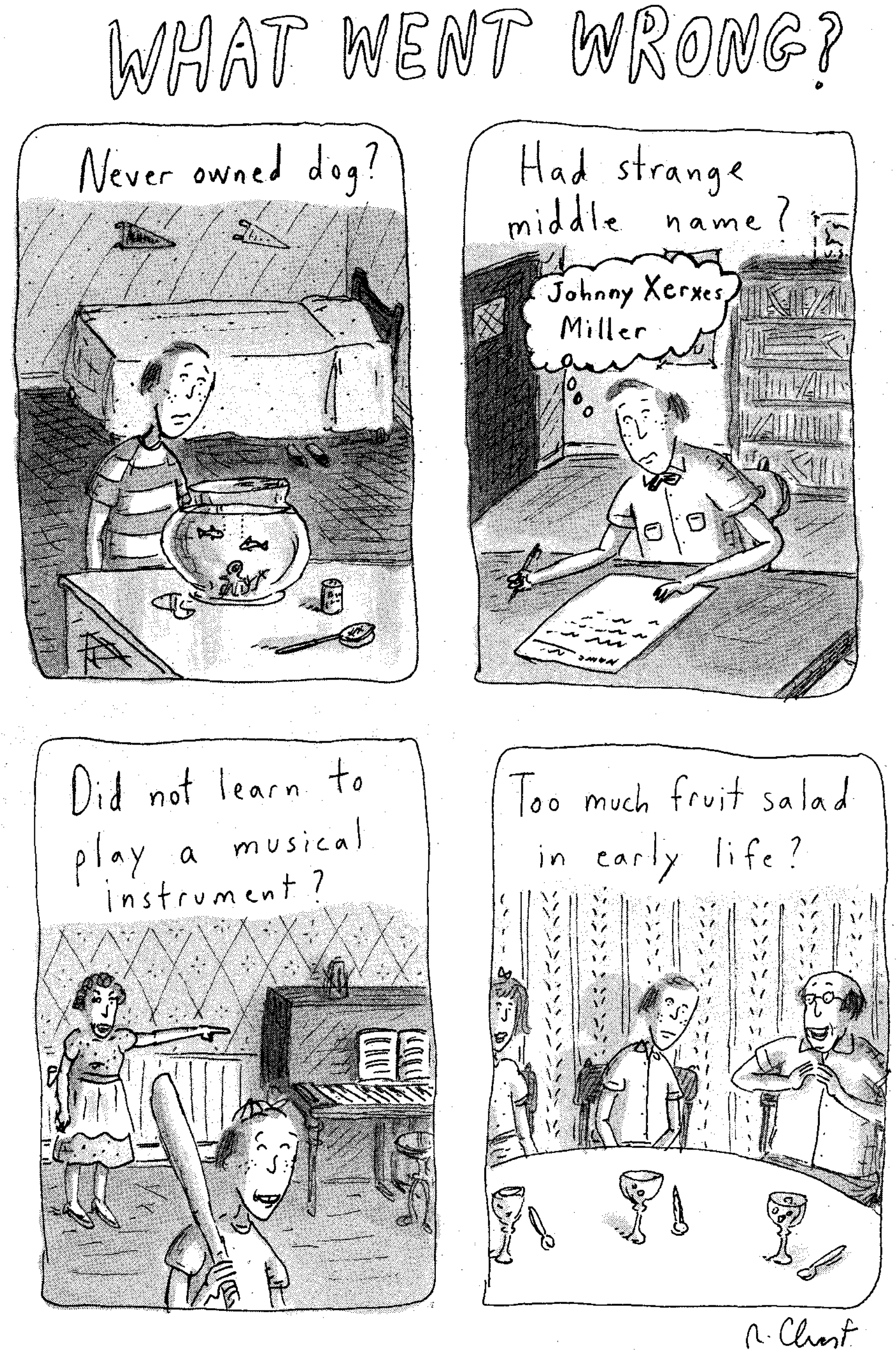
Although there is no official stamp on what is written or printed in the United States, a censorious, anti-libertarian tone at times emanates from the White House and reverberates through the federal government. It has been particularly evident lately, in the Department of Justice under Attorney General Edwin Meese, whose jurisdiction includes the F.B.I. The attitude of the Reagan Administration toward the use of F.B.I. and other files can be measured by the fact that Ronald Reagan himself surfaced as a former F.B.I. source, with a code designation of his own—Confidential Informant T-10. Reagan has not bothered to deny a report—based on Justice Department records obtained under a Freedom of Information request—that originally appeared in the San Jose *Mercury News* on August 25, 1985. The documents revealed that at the time Reagan was active in the Screen Actors Guild—he served as the Guild's president for several years—he also worked as an informer for the F.B.I. Reagan's name first appears on an F.B.I. document from 1941, when an agent in the Los Angeles office cited him as a source with whom he had become "intimately acquainted." Another document mentions that in 1947 Reagan and his wife, the actress Jane Wyman, were interviewed by the F.B.I. about the Hollywood Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions. Reagan had quit that organization the year before, because its leadership was alleged to be Communist. The Reagans provided the F.B.I. with "information regarding the activities of some members of the [Screen Actors] Guild who they suspected were carrying on Communist Party work." The F.B.I. memorandum says, "REAGAN and JANE WYMAN advised for the past several months they have observed during Guild meetings there are two 'cliques' of members, one headed by [name deleted] and another by [name deleted] which on all questions of policy that confront the Guild follow the Communist Party line."



Reagan was particularly active as an informant while he was Guild president. A 1947 F.B.I. report states, "Reagan said that he had been made a member of a committee headed by L. B. Mayer [Louis B. Mayer, the head of M-G-M] for the purpose of purging the motion picture industry of Communists." That committee was an outgrowth of the Thomas committee hearings in Washington and subsequent meetings of motion-picture producers in New York City. Representative J. Parnell Thomas, Republican of New Jersey, was chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1947. The report continues, "T-10 stated it is his firm conviction that Congress should declare, first of all, by statute, that the Communist Party is not a legal Party, but is a foreign-inspired conspiracy. Secondly, Congress should define what organizations are Communist-controlled so that membership therein could be construed as an indication of disloyalty. He felt that lacking such a definite stand on the part of the government, it would be very difficult for any committee of motion picture people to conduct any type of cleansing of their own household."

The dossiers show that some writers were kept under scrutiny for years. One thing the files do not disclose is that in some cases these records caused careers to be hobbled by studios and networks, and military service to be hampered. Since most of the authors did not know they were under surveillance, they could not challenge their accusers. In any event, despite the millions of dollars spent on investigative man-hours and record-keeping, none of the writers—more than fifty men and women—whose dossiers I looked into were ever convicted of any crime attributed to them by the F.B.I. or other federal agencies. Some were accused publicly and "tried" by newspaper columnists and editorial writers considered friendly to the F.B.I., who were given tidbits from the secret files, but the F.B.I. prevailed only in the press, not in the courts.

In nearly all the documents I obtained under the Freedom of Information Act, material—not only names

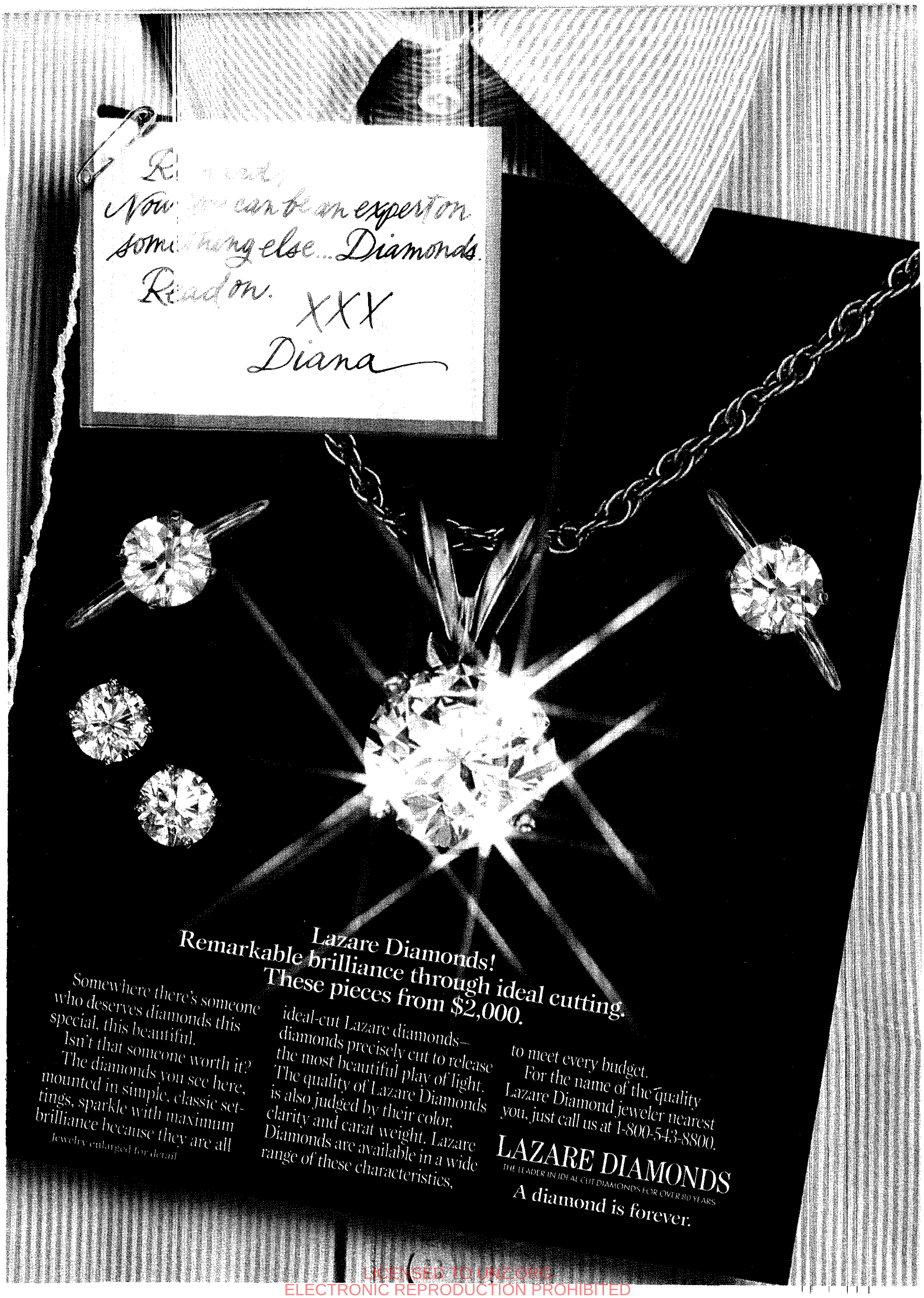

WHAT WENT WRONG?
Never owned dog?
Had strange middle name?
Johnny Xerxes Miller
Did not learn to play a musical instrument?
Too much fruit salad in early life?
R. Chast

but sometimes whole pages—is blacked out. The usual reason given for such censorship—or for denial of access altogether—is an exemption contained in a clause concerning the release of documents in Title 5 of the United States Code, Section 552 (b) (1). The exemption reads, "Information which is currently and properly classified pursuant to Executive Order 12356 in the interest of the national defense or foreign policy, for example, information involving intelligence sources or methods." But there are a dozen other exemptions that can be used to censor material in a dossier. The degree of compliance with my requests varied greatly both in respect to time and in respect to what was provided. Generally, there has been more delay and denial during the Reagan Presidency than at any other time since 1966, when Congress enacted the Freedom of Information statute. Sometimes the F.B.I. has been more helpful than the C.I.A. or the State Department. For instance, the State Department waited almost two and a half years before releasing a thirty-five-year-old document concerning Pearl Buck. In some cases, I am still waiting to receive records more than a year after the F.B.I. acknowledged that such files did exist.

Executive Order 12356, signed by President Reagan on April 2, 1982, slowed down the declassification process and placed new limits on access to information. It superseded a 1978 Executive Order by President Carter. The Reagan order eliminated a Carter requirement that most documents be declassified within a specific period. It also eliminated a ban on the reclassification of documents and information already released; reversed a Carter provision that forbade the classification of a document after a request for it had been made; reversed a willingness to resolve doubts in favor of declassification; and curtailed declassification-review practices in the National Archives and other executive agencies and departments.

In October of 1986, the Freedom of Information Act was further tightened by President Reagan and his Attorney General. A revision of the act gave law-enforcement agencies new authority to withhold documents that, in their view, might compromise certain investigations. In one of the key provisions, agencies were given authority for the first time to refuse either to confirm or to deny that certain records existed at all. Fortunately, most of my requests under the act were made before this revision; even in cases where material was withheld or blacked out, I was at least informed whether a file did or did not exist. In effect, these changes have also caused a partial gutting of the 1974 Privacy Act, which came into existence in the wake of revelations about domestic surveillance and law-breaking during the Nixon Administration. Domestic spying did not originate with Nixon, of course. It became professionalized under J. Edgar Hoover, who was the director of the F.B.I. from 1924 until his death, in 1972. Hoover started his career in the Justice Department in 1917; two years later, he began providing Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer with research and analysis for the infamous anti-radical raids. The structure that Hoover built up, first in the Alien Enemy Bureau and later in the Domestic Intelligence Division, has never been dismantled.

THE F.B.I.'s dossier on Sinclair Lewis (1885-1951) runs to a hundred and fifty pages; it had been heavily censored before I got a copy of



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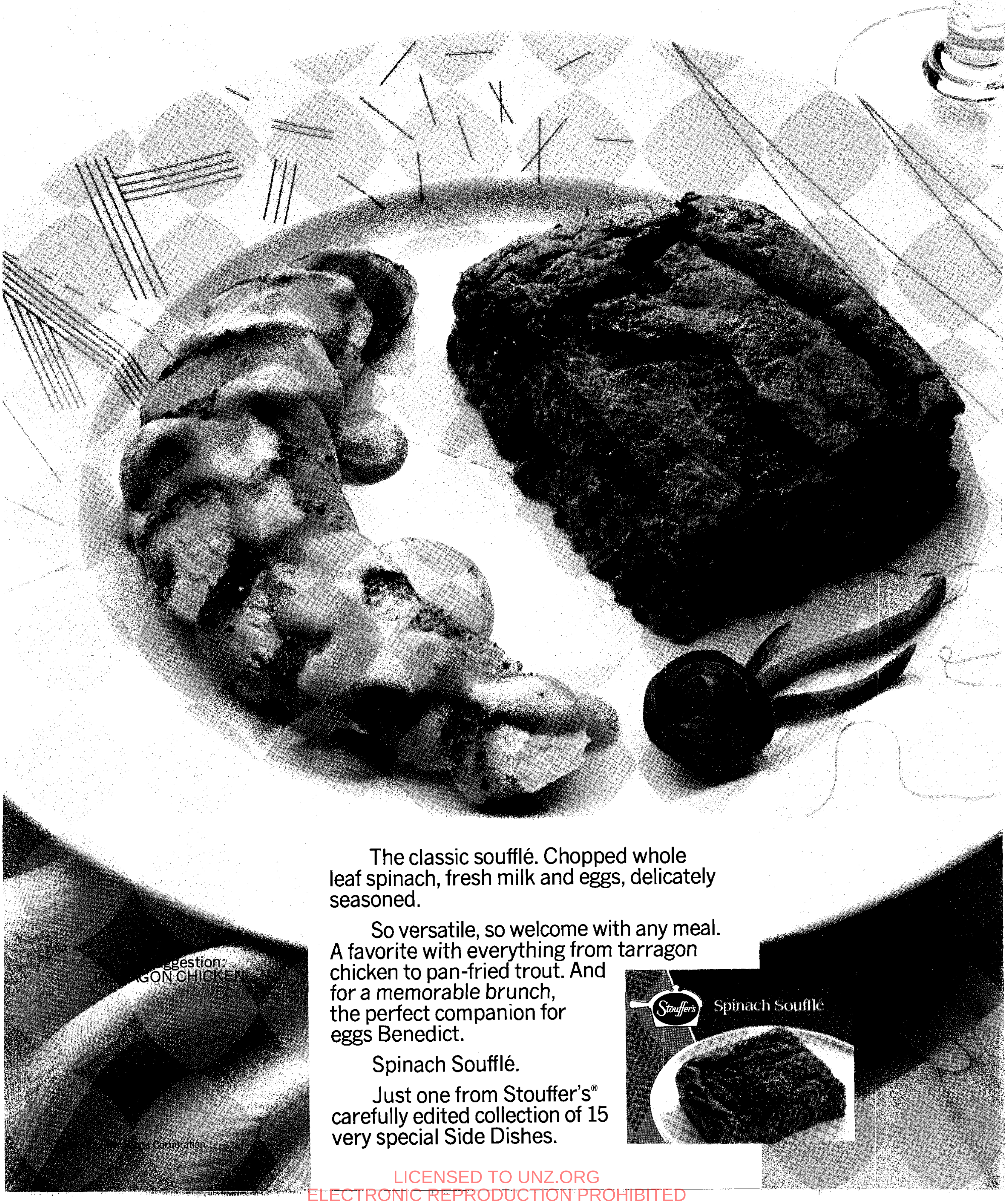

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it. Lewis, the first American to win the Nobel Prize in Literature, in 1930, was born in Sauk Centre, Minnesota, and frequently found his themes in small-town hypocrisy and puritanism. Then, in the nineteen-thirties, Lewis warned against homegrown Fascism in his novel "It Can't Happen Here." At least one memorandum in the Lewis file reveals Director Hoover's political predilections: the author was among those who were being watched by the F.B.I. because they supported President Franklin D. Roosevelt when he was running for a fourth term, in 1944.

The F.B.I. also took a peripheral interest in a book club because Lewis was involved with it. When the Readers Club was started, by the publisher George Macy, an F.B.I. report noted that on March 5, 1941, prospective members received an open letter on the stationery of "Clifton Fadiman, Sinclair Lewis, Carl Van Doren, Alexander Woollcott," along with a four-page circular. Over a year later, on July 17, 1942, the F.B.I. was still keeping tabs on the club. The documents reveal that under a number of false names the F.B.I. subscribed to the club to find out what was being distributed and by whom. The F.B.I.'s Birmingham office received two letters with pamphlets enclosed that solicited membership. "Since the letters were addressed to the fictitious names used by the Bureau for the subscriptions, it appeared that the publication 'In Fact' furnished a mailing list to 'The Readers Club,' " the report says. *In Fact* was a newsletter, edited and published by the muckraking journalist George Seldes, that started in 1940 and regularly criticized the shortcomings of the American press; it ceased publishing in 1950. The report on the book club continues, "From a review of these pamphlets, it appeared that 'The Readers Club' would be similar in operation to the well-known 'Book of the Month Club.' The Committee designated to select the books that were to be made available to the members of the club included Sinclair Lewis."

In 1947, according to the F.B.I. files, the bureau received a letter from a correspondent in Madera, California, calling Hoover's attention to Lewis's novel "Kingsblood Royal" and branding it "the most incendiary book" since "Uncle Tom's Cabin." An F.B.I. memorandum to Assistant Attorney General Theron L. Caudle says that the novel, published by Random House, was deemed "incendiary" by an informant because "Lewis discusses the Negro question in a manner which, according to [name deleted], is intended to inflame Negroes against whites," and adds, "The book was stated to be 'propaganda for the white man's acceptance of the Negro as a social equal.' "

In 1951, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, then headed by Senator Patrick McCarran, Democrat of Nevada, was given material stamped "SECRET" and labelled "Re: Sinclair Lewis Security Matter—C." Senator McCarran was co-author of the McCarran-Walter Act, which is still used to bar foreign writers from the United States because of their political beliefs and writings. The Lewis paragraphs that might explain why he was a "C" (F.B.I. shorthand for "Communist") security case are blacked out. The material in the Lewis file says that "no reference should be made to the McCarran Committee, nor should there be any indication that the documents emanated from G-2"—Army Intelligence.

The documents included in the F.B.I. file reveal that G-2 had been carrying on a detailed investigation into Lewis's affiliations and writings for a long time—possibly even longer than the F.B.I. had. One reference stamped "SECRET" goes back to 1928. It shows that Lewis was a member of an international committee that endorsed an announcement sent out by the Viking Press concerning the publication of "The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti." In 1929, a censored source in Philadelphia reported to the F.B.I. that Lewis's name appeared in a list of members of a book committee of the American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia. A 1941 Los Angeles report to the F.B.I. names him as a member of various other committees

Handelsman

"I almost fell off the treadmill."

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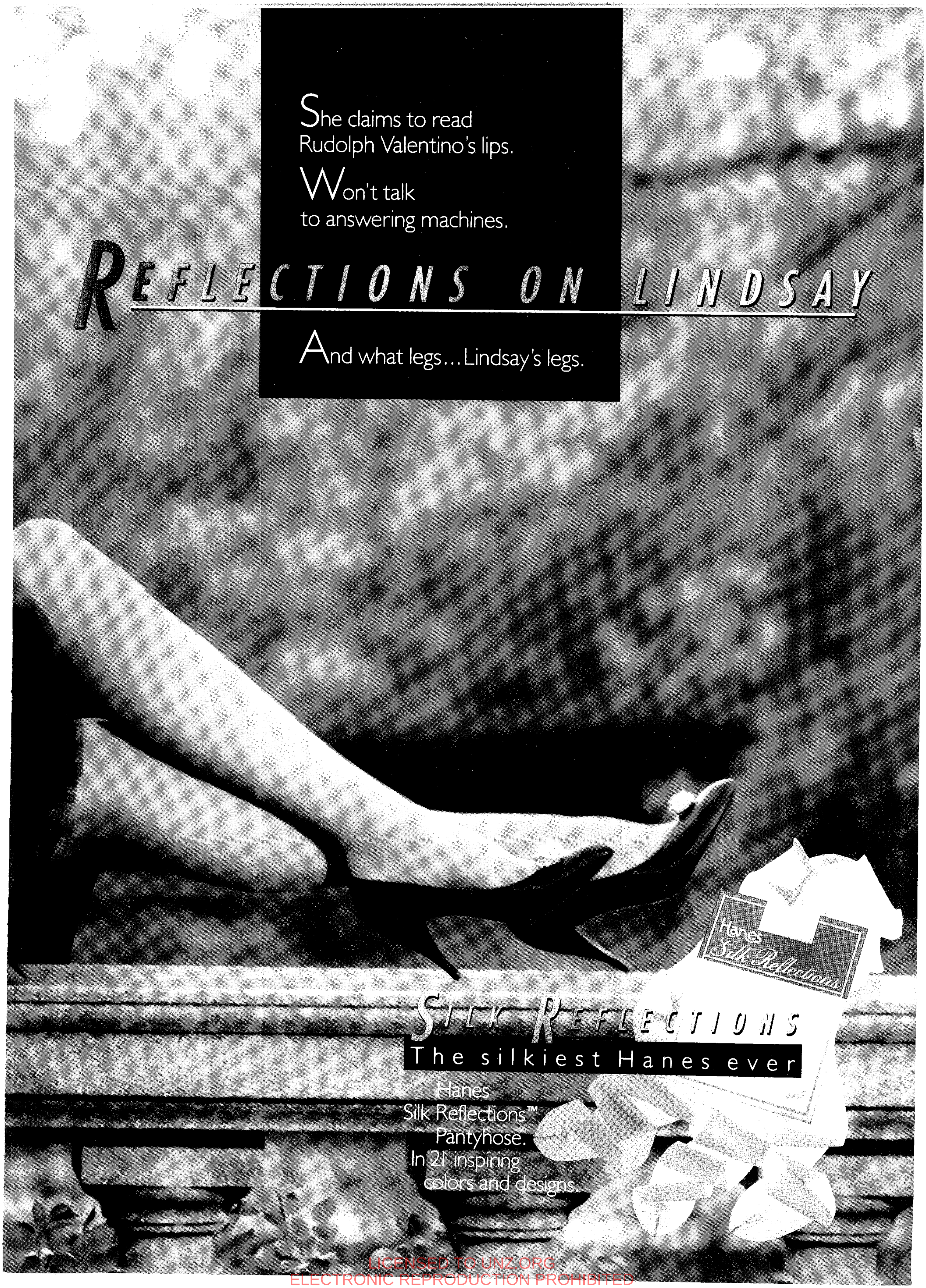

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The F.B.I. dossier includes a summary of a 1929 pamphlet, entitled "Cheap and Contented Labor," that was written by Lewis and was published by the United Textile Workers of America and the Women's Trade Union League of Philadelphia. In the pamphlet Lewis wrote, "There could only be one answer on the part of workers—a militant and universal organization of trade unions." In the same year that Lewis received the Nobel Prize, his name turned up before a House Special Committee to Investigate Communist Activities, because he was listed as a member and correspondent of the Federated Press, a news service that published *Labor News*. The committee also identified him as a member of the American Birth Control League, which published *Birth Control Review*. Four of Lewis's books—"Elmer Gantry," "Main Street," "Babbitt," and "Arrowsmith"—were listed as suspect because they were distributed by the Workers Library, an organization that put out cheap paperback editions for workers. In its catalogue the Workers Library was described as a means of "awakening, organizing, and leading the masses in their struggles against the bosses, against the misleaders of labor, and against the system that is at the root of exploitation, oppression, and war." It seems unlikely that anyone associated with the House committee had read the Lewis novels to see how their themes matched the aims of the Workers Library.

Lewis's name is flagged as a member of the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy and is also mentioned in a 1951 list of sponsors of the Motion Picture Artists (Spanish Aid) for medical help to the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War. His file shows that in 1937 his name appeared in an advertisement in the New York *Times* appealing for contributions to buy medical supplies for the American Base Hospital outside Madrid.

To the Lewis file in 1939 was added an article from *People's World* in which he praised his wife, the journalist Dorothy Thompson, for a written slap against the German-American Bund and its leader, Fritz Kuhn, who had conducted a pro-Nazi meeting in New York. Lewis is quoted: "These gangsters are trying to corrupt America. It is astounding that such meetings are permitted in this country. What will happen next?"

In 1950, Lewis came under surveillance by the Office of Special Investigations, the Inspector General, Department of the Air Force. In a report stamped "SECRET" the Directorate of Intelligence, Headquarters U.S.A.F., notes, "The files of several reliable government agencies reflect SINCLAIR LEWIS to be a member and sponsor of many Communist-Front organizations, including The American Society for Cultural Relations with Russia, Motion Picture Artists Committee, North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy and The Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy."

By the middle of 1951, the Lewis file had become so detailed that the F.B.I. recommended that the material about him be placed in a "Correlation Summary." This summary showed "no information indicating that Sinclair Lewis has been involved in espionage activities or that any current espionage investigation is warranted." After tracking him for nearly a quarter of a century in his own country and in Europe, the F.B.I., the Army, and the Air Force had failed to catch their man doing anything illegal.

THE file on Pearl Buck (1892-1973), whose name appears in dossiers maintained by the F.B.I., the State Department, the Army, and the Navy, is even thicker than that on Lewis. Two hundred and three pages were released to me, and I was denied seventy-seven pages. Mrs. Buck's file begins in 1938—the year that she won the Nobel Prize—when, that September, Hoover invited her to take a special tour of F.B.I. facilities in Washington. In his invitation he mentioned that he admired her novel "The Good Earth." The file does not reveal whether she ever took up his offer.

Mrs. Buck aroused the F.B.I. in 1941 and 1942, after the Bureau discovered that she had written a pamphlet, called "Freedom for All," for the Post War World Council—an organization based in New York that advocated racial justice and democracy. The pamphlet found its way into her F.B.I. dossier. In one section she wrote, "The discriminations of the American army and navy and the air forces against colored soldiers and sailors, the exclusion of colored labor in our defense industries and trade unions, all our social discriminations, are of the greatest aid today to our enemy in Asia, Japan." Mrs. Buck's remarks about race prejudice—she also wrote that after the Second World War ended, colonialism would also have to end, because "the deep patience of colored peoples is at an end"—caused the person who sent the pamphlet to the F.B.I. to scrawl "Sabotage" and "Lies" over her words.

Hoover and his associates seem to have equated Mrs. Buck's views on racial equality with Communism. Under the heading "Communist Affiliation" in her file, an F.B.I. memorandum states, "Although it is not believed from the information available that Mrs. Buck is a Communist, her active support of all programs advocating racial equality has led her to associate with many known Communists and other individuals of varying shades of political opinions." Moreover, her membership in the American Civil Liberties Union was listed under "Communist Front Organizations."

Mrs. Buck's mail was monitored. Her file reads, "On May 25 and July 4, 1944, the Office of Censorship advised the Bureau that Pearl Buck had received copies of the publication 'Voks' through the mail from Soviet Russia." A comic strip, too, was studied by the F.B.I. and became a suspicious fact in her dossier: "The East and West Association, of which Pearl Buck is President, coöperates in the preparation of a comic sheet entitled 'The Twain Shall Meet.' This copyrighted feature has for its purpose the featuring of understanding between peoples of the world. While no information has been received that this comic strip is Communist propaganda, it is definitely the type of material the Communist Party would capitalize on and use if possible."

The F.B.I. notes, in a memorandum dated February 27, 1952, from the Philadelphia office to Hoover in Washington, "No interview is contemplated at this time since it is felt that such an interview of a person of Mrs. Buck's prominence might result in repercussions and adverse publicity for the Bureau." However, the F.B.I. refused to give up its opinions, as if to prove that the years spent in pursuing her proved something. Lacking a case, the file notes, "She was described as an outspoken person whose political sympathies at times paralleled those of the Communist Party."

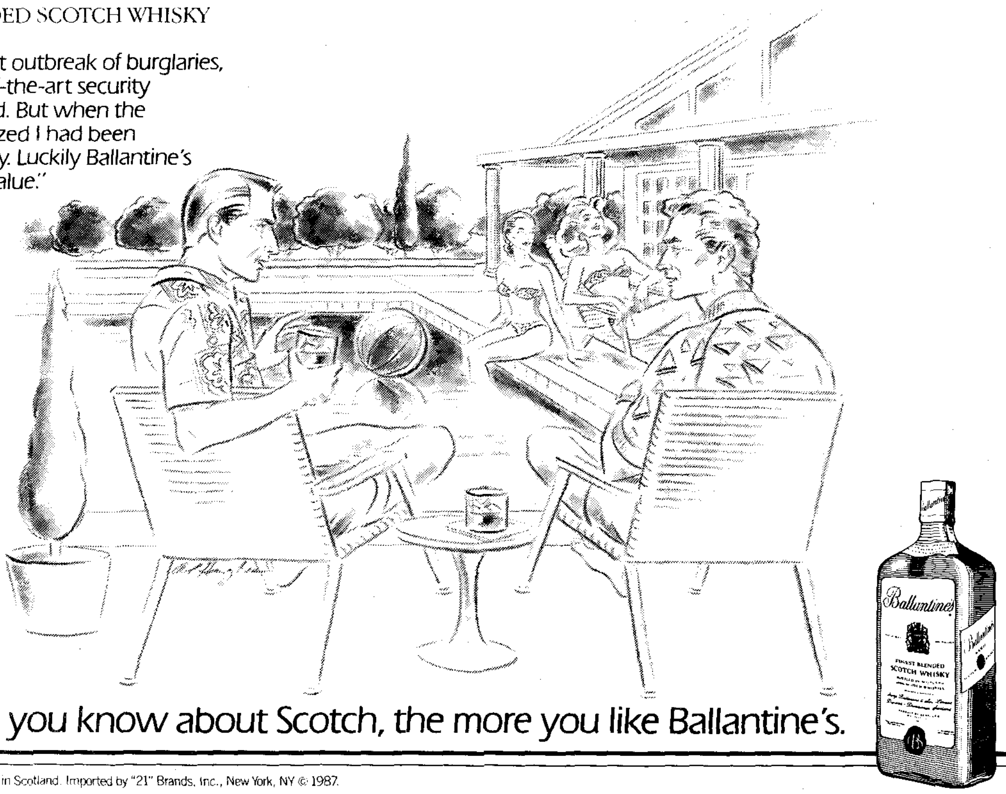
Once her name was on record, the bureau kept track of her personal life. In 1958, she and her husband adopted an eight-year-old child who was half Japanese, half black. The F.B.I. saw fit to include in her file a clipping from the New York *Herald Tribune* about the adoption. In response to a name check of American Nobel laureates, the F.B.I. informed the White House about all the things it found suspicious about Mrs. Buck's beliefs: "This Bureau's files contain many allegations that Miss Buck in her writings and speeches has been against universal military training, militarism, racial segregation, and has been critical of the government of Chiang Kai-shek."

The censored pages in her file continued right up to her death. After I appealed to the Army for the denied material, the Army Intelligence and Security Command at Fort Meade, Maryland, released a copy of an antidraft letter Mrs. Buck had written in 1952 on behalf of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Rear Admiral B. A. Harlow, Acting Judge Advocate General, in denying my appeal for access to the Navy's Pearl Buck documents, informed me, "Even after the passage of 34 years, release of the withheld information would jeopardize the Government's interest in preventing the unwarranted invasion of personal privacy of an individual about whom the Government maintains information in its files."

THE dossier on William Faulkner (1897-1962) is comparatively light—eighteen pages, part of which concerns his views on politics and civil rights. An F.B.I. document dated March 12, 1957—eight years after Faulkner received the Nobel Prize—informs an F.B.I. aide (a copy being sent to the State Department) that "no investigation pertinent to your inquiry has been conducted" of "William Faulkner, born Sept. 24, 1897, New Albany, Miss." The document then quotes this information from the bureau's Faulkner file:

"A confidential informant who has furnished reliable information in the past advised in March, 1951, that the Civil Rights Congress headquarters in New York City had expressed their pleasure with the work of a committee of women which included the procuring of a statement from William Faulkner, Nobel Prize winner, in behalf of Willie McGee. It is to be noted that Willie McGee was convicted of raping a woman in Laurel, Mississippi, in 1945 and sentenced to die. Numerous appeals were filed, the last of which was to the United States Supreme Court in March, 1951, at which time the full Supreme Court refused to review the case. McGee was executed on May 8, 1951. The Civil Rights Congress had been designated by the Attorney General of the United States pursuant to Executive Order 10450"—designated, that is, as a Communist or Communist-front organization.

A name check was made on Faulkner in 1961 for Attorney General



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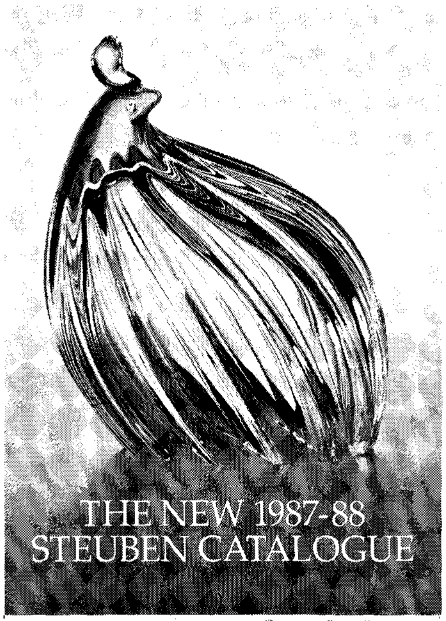

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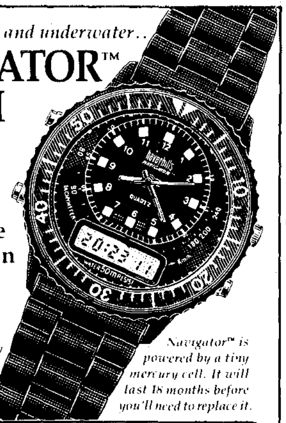

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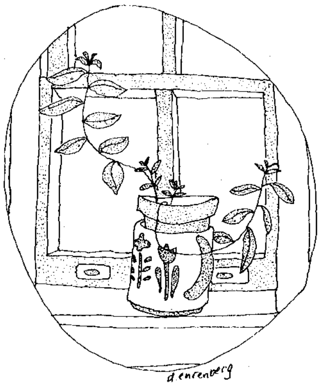
Robert F. Kennedy. No reason for the name check was given, other than that the request for it originated with Richard N. Goodwin, then a member of the White House staff. It appears likely that Faulkner and other Nobel laureates were being scrutinized before being invited to the Executive Mansion. The information on Faulkner that was supplied to Attorney General Kennedy included Faulkner's statement in behalf of Willie McGee to the Civil Rights Congress. In addition, the name check included a list of a number of other Nobel laureates in various fields. Seven of them had previously received similar checks, and their names existed in the F.B.I. files; one woman was singled out as a "prominent Quaker pacifist."

THE F.B.I.'s file on Ernest Hemingway (1899-1961) apparently was opened in October of 1942, but there is evidence in the documents that the Bureau, the State Department, and other agencies had been tracking his activities when he was a correspondent and Loyalist supporter during the Spanish Civil War.

While Hemingway was living in Cuba, during the Second World War, he created what he called his Crook Factory. This was a group of twenty-six informants, six working full time and openly, and twenty undercover, to provide intelligence information for the American Ambassador in Havana and possibly to spot German submarines operating in the Caribbean. Hemingway used his fishing boat, the Pilar, for patrolling, and he received some help from the Embassy. The Crook Factory was dissolved in April of 1943, and replaced by military intelligence agents, but Hemingway continued to patrol on the Pilar, with machine guns and grenades supplied by the Navy. Such activities apparently irritated Hoover, and in 1942 the F.B.I. began a campaign to discredit Hemingway. Hoover, the documents disclose, considered him not a patriot trying to help his country at war but a rival. The information that Hemingway turned up was downgraded by Raymond Leddy, the legal attaché in the Embassy, who was Hoover's man in Havana. Hemingway was accused of being a Communist and a drunk. Furthermore, he had once committed the unpardonable sin of calling the F.B.I. "the American Gestapo." An F.B.I. memorandum in his file says, "Hemingway's investigations began to show a marked hostility to the Cuban Police and in a lesser degree to the F.B.I."



Of necessity, Hemingway's operation was political. His informants were recruited from among Loyalist refugees he knew who had fled the Franco dictatorship. He enlisted them to keep an eye on the pro-Franco Spaniards in Cuba, who sided with the Axis. Spruille Braden, the American Ambassador to Cuba, authorized Hemingway to set up his own network, gave him nearly a thousand dollars a month to pay his men, and arranged for him to receive an allotment of fuel, which was scarce. In his postwar memoirs Braden wrote that Hemingway had built up an excellent network and had done "an A-one job."

While Hemingway was watching the pro-Fascist elements on the island, Leddy was watching Hemingway. In the Hemingway file is a letter stamped "CONFIDENTIAL" from Hoover to Leddy, dated December 17, 1942, that says, "Any information which you may have relating to the unreliability of Ernest Hemingway as an informant may be discreetly brought to the attention of Ambassador Braden." Another letter from Hoover to Leddy says that Hemingway's "judgment is not of the best, and if his sobriety is the same as it was some years ago, that is certainly questionable."

In 1943, Hoover asked D. M. Ladd, one of his top aides in Washington, for another memorandum on Hemingway. "Mr. Hemingway, it will be noted, has been connected with various so-called Communist front organizations and was active in aiding the Loyalist cause in Spain," Ladd's report says. "Despite Hemingway's activities, no information has been received which would definitely tie him with the Communist Party or which would indicate that he is or has been a Party member. His actions, however, have indicated that his views are 'liberal' and that he may be inclined favorably to Communist political philosophies."

Hoover and his aides then decided to

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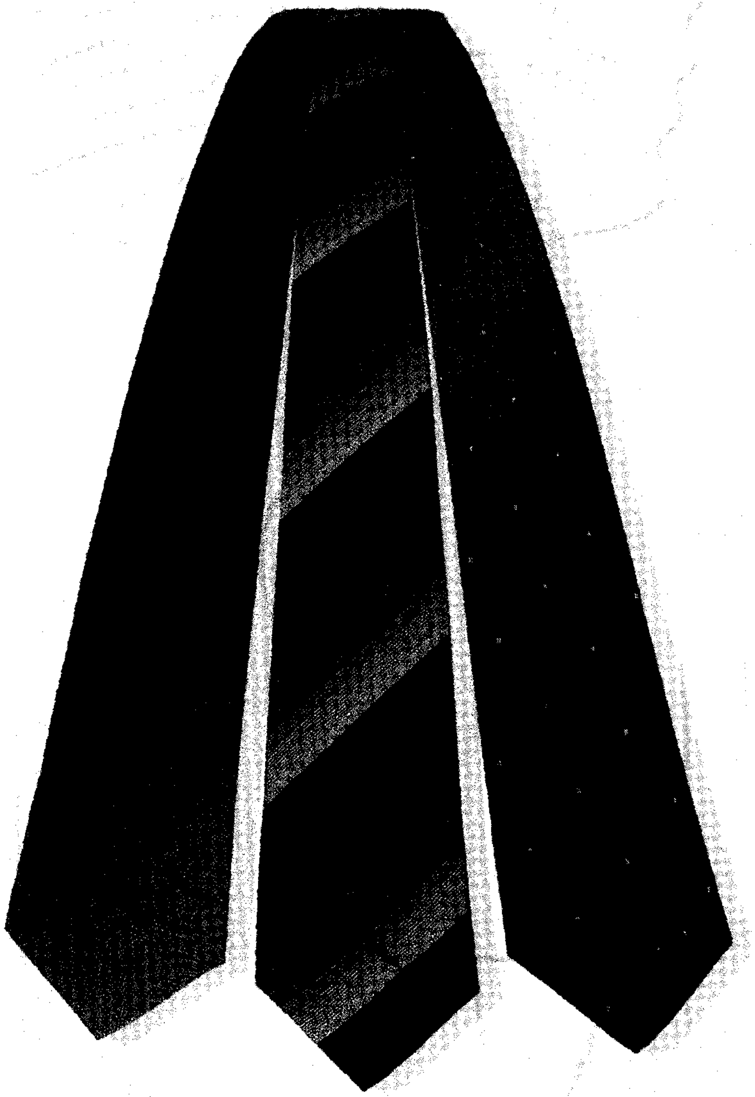

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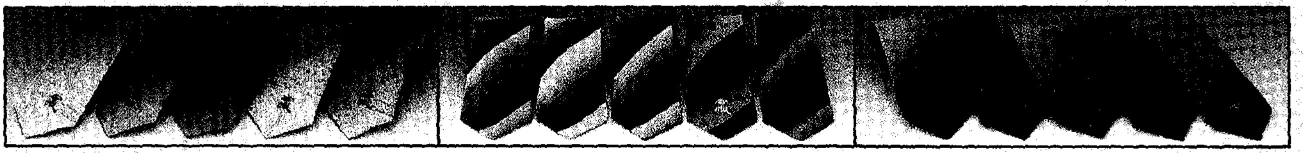

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denigrate Hemingway as an intelligence rival by Red-baiting him. Hemingway's dossier includes a fourteen-page single-spaced and heavily censored memorandum, dated April 27, 1943, that contains the heading "Possible Connections with Communist Party." After calling Hemingway a "specialty writer" for the Communist *Daily Worker* and a "New York" writer—both descriptions were untrue—the memorandum says, "In the fall of 1940 Hemingway's name was included in a group of names of individuals who were said to be engaged in Communist activities. These individuals were reported to occupy positions on the 'intellectual front' and were said to render valuable service as propagandists. According to the informant, those whose names were included on this list loaned their efforts politically as writers, artists and speakers and traveled throughout the country supporting and taking part in Communist front meetings and in the program of the Party generally. They were alleged to be particularly active in the then paramount Communist Party objective, namely, defeat of the preparedness program."

The effort to link him to the Communist Party continued: "Hemingway, according to a confidential source who furnished information on October 4, 1941, was one of the 'heads' of the Committee for Medical Aid to the Soviet Union. This informant alleged that the above-mentioned committee was backed by the Communist Party." Again: "In January, 1942, it was reported that the American Russian Cultural Association, Inc., of New York City, put out a small pamphlet soliciting support. The name of Ernest Hemingway appeared therein as a member of the Board of Honorary Advisers. This group was purportedly organized to foster better relations between the United States and Russia."

The F.B.I.'s file notes that Hemingway took part in the Second American Writers Congress, on June 4, 1937, in Carnegie Hall, with Archibald MacLeish presiding. The F.B.I. was there, too. A "confidential source" reported at that time that "Hemingway was close to the Communist Party," but said he had "no knowledge of Hemingway's actual membership." Hemingway was also mentioned as a vice-president and member of the board of directors of the League of American Writers, Inc., "which is reportedly a Communist Front organization." In 1941, that organization

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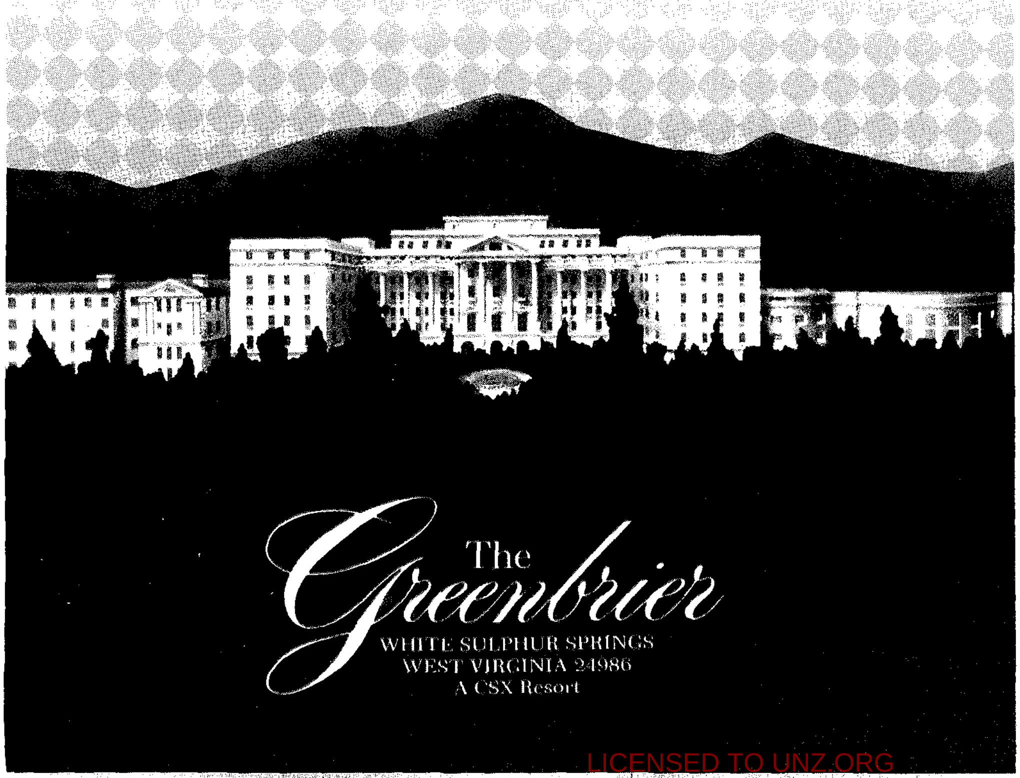

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"solicited financial aid for those individuals" who had fought with the Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War. Another "confidential informant" in the same year reported that Hemingway had "broken all ties with the Communists."

The section of the dossier which follows is labelled "Mexican Trip." It is totally censored—a strong indication that Hemingway was being watched by F.B.I. informants and probably Customs officials whenever he crossed an American border or travelled to Africa or Europe.

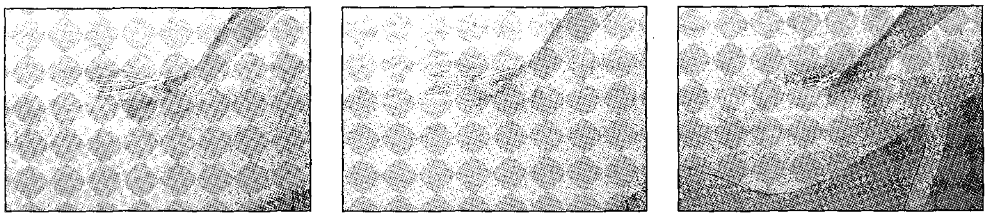
In 1943, a dispute developed between two Hoover aides, C. H. Carson and E. A. Tamm, about whether some sort of action should be taken against Hemingway. Carson recommended caution. In a memorandum he notes, "The Legal Attaché at Havana expresses his belief that Hemingway is fundamentally hostile to the F.B.I. and might readily endeavor at any time to cause trouble for us. Because of his peculiar nature, it is the belief of the Legal Attaché that Hemingway would go to great lengths to embarrass the Bureau if an incident should arise. In view of his prestige as a literary man, accepted by large sections of public opinion in matters not related to writing, it is the recommendation of the Legal Attaché at Havana that great discretion be exercised in avoiding an incident with Ernest Hemingway."

Tamm did not concur. "I don't care what his contacts are or what his background is—I see no reason why we should make any effort to avoid exposing him for the phoney that he is," he states in a note, dated June 21, 1943, at the bottom of Carson's memorandum. "I don't think we should go out of our way to do this but most certainly if in the protection of the Bureau's interest it is necessary to meet him head-on, I don't think we should try to avoid such an issue."

Four years after the end of the war, the F.B.I. furnished a name check on Hemingway to the Secretary of Defense. It repeated much of the material about his hostility to the F.B.I.—saying that he had called the bureau "anti-Liberal, pro-Fascist, and dangerous of developing into an American Gestapo"—and noted his affiliations with groups that had supported aid to Spanish refugees.

The F.B.I. file also includes a 1959 memorandum from the Embassy in Havana to the State Department about Hemingway's attitude toward Cuba and the Castro government. Returning to his house outside Havana in 1959 after a visit to Spain, Hemingway said that he hoped Cubans would not regard him as a "Yanqui" and that he "kissed" a Cuban flag. "Hemingway's remarks have been strongly played by *Prensa Latina*, and given wide publicity locally," Minister-Counsellor Daniel M. Braddock reports. "It is unfortunate that a person of his position and reputation should publicly take a position which displays either (1) strong criticism of his Government and compatriots, or (2) a remarkable ignorance concerning developments in Cuba since the first of the year."

In 1961, after Hemingway took his own life, the F.B.I. found it worthwhile to add to its file a comment by the columnist Westbrook Pegler, a Hoover favorite, from the New York *Journal-American* of July 19, 1961. "It has been my stubborn opinion that Ernest Hemingway was actually one of the worst writers in the English language during his time," Pegler wrote. "It can be conceded that he invented a 'style.' But to me it was an ugly style, so barren of ordinary literary embellishment or amenity that it



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was confused and often incomprehensible.”

JUST as the F.B.I. applied its own idiosyncratic standards in trying to judge Hemingway, its dossier on John Steinbeck (1902-68) reveals an effort to challenge Steinbeck's Americanism and to judge him negatively because he wrote about social and economic justice. In the minds of Hoover's agents, writing about such subjects made Steinbeck a radical, and suspect. The F.B.I. provided ninety-four pages from its file on Steinbeck but withheld twenty-three pages; the Army gave up twenty-one pages; the C.I.A., which had two documents, withheld them entirely, on the ground of “national defense or foreign policy.”

Steinbeck was one of the few American writers who suspected that F.B.I. agents were tailing them, but he had no idea of the extent of the surveillance. In his file is a letter he wrote to Attorney General Francis Biddle in 1942 that reads, in part, “Do you suppose you could ask Edgar's boys to stop stepping on my heels? They think I am an enemy alien. It's getting tiresome.” Biddle forwarded the letter to Hoover, and Hoover replied that Steinbeck “is not being and has never been investigated.”

Such covering up was usual when Hoover was confronted by one of his theoretical superiors in the Justice Department. The phrase “has never been investigated” did not mean that Steinbeck was not being watched, and it certainly glossed over the fact that the F.B.I. had maintained a detailed record on him. It simply indicated that the Bureau had not rolled out its heavy artillery for a full-scale investigation. In the F.B.I. file on Steinbeck, this heading, dated March 10, 1954, appears: “Instances Wherein America's Enemies Have Used or Attempted to Use Steinbeck's Writings and Reputation to Further Their Causes.”

A number of examples are given of how Steinbeck's books are dangerous to the republic. The file reads, in part:

> Bureau files reflect that because many of Steinbeck's writings portrayed an extremely sordid and poverty-stricken side of American life, they were reprinted in both German and Russian and used by the Nazis and Soviets as propaganda against America. . . .
>
> Steinbeck's book “Grapes of Wrath” was among the periodicals and books sold from the literature table at a Communist Party May Day meeting held on May 1, 1940, in Los Angeles, California [source censored].
>
> A booklet announcing the courses of the Workers School of New York City, official Communist Party school, for the winter term, 1943, stated that the works of leading dramatic writers, including Steinbeck, would be used in the discussions of history of social institutions as they had been reflected by writers of all times.

The source was the California Committee on Un-American Activities, a Red-hunting body that smeared reputations with an even broader brush than the House Committee on Un-American Activities in Washington did; it was therefore a frequently cited source in the F.B.I. files.

> During March 1945, a copy of a recommended reading list used by the American Youth for Democracy (cited by the Attorney General) indicated that listed books were available from the New Jersey State office of that organization at a discount. This list included Steinbeck's “The Moon Is Down.” [The informant's name is blacked out, but the source is otherwise listed as “state headquarters of the Communist Political Association, Newark, New Jersey.”]

The file does not mention that “The Moon Is Down” is about the Norwegian resistance to the Nazi occupation.

The Steinbeck file notes that the House Un-American Activities Committee was on record as saying that the National Maritime Union of America “toed the Communist Party line,” and the F.B.I. goes on to report, “These ships of the American Merchant Marine are being supplied with libraries for the seamen to read while at sea. . . . John Steinbeck's ‘Grapes of Wrath’ is naturally present, as it would be in any Communist selection.” The file includes a statement made on June 2, 1953, by an admitted former Communist Party member, who testified before the House Un-American Activities Committee that “Steinbeck has done more through his novel about the agricultural workers than anyone else for the Communist Party.”

Steinbeck came under scrutiny even before he wrote “The Grapes of Wrath.” His file notes, “During the Fall of 1936 a group of liberal and communistic writers issued a call for a conference to be held in San Francisco, California, on November 13, 1936, which conference continued throughout the following day. This report indicated that one of the sponsors of this Congress was John

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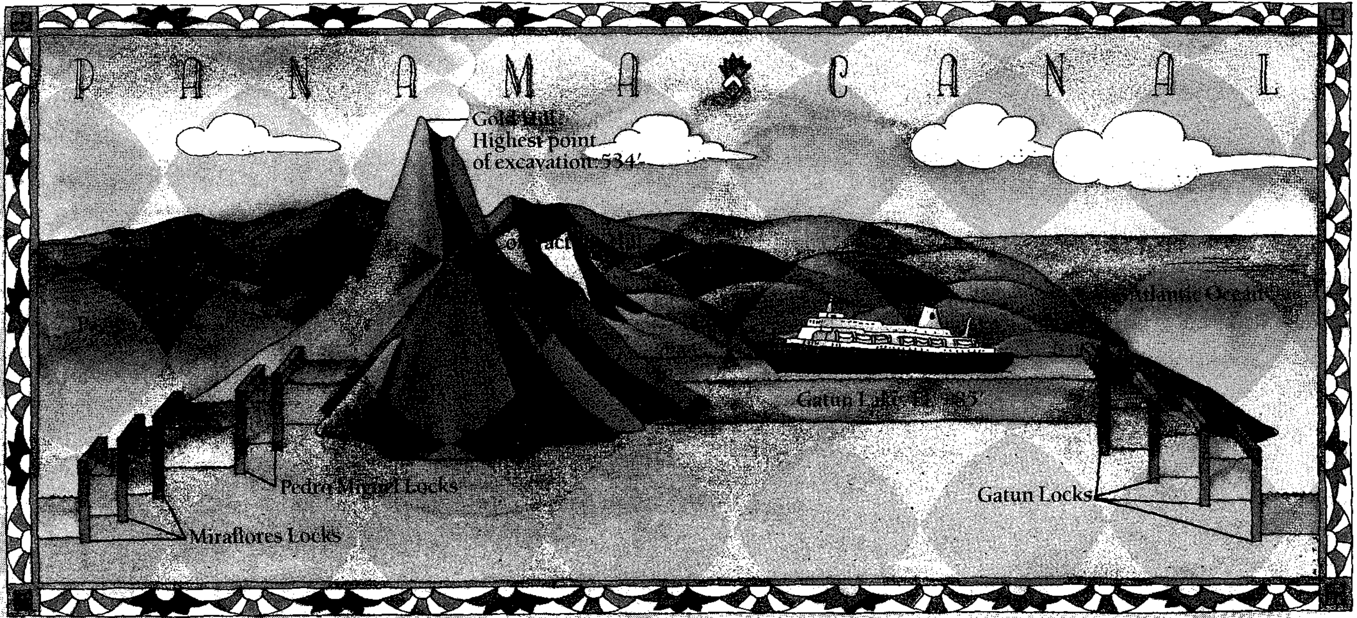

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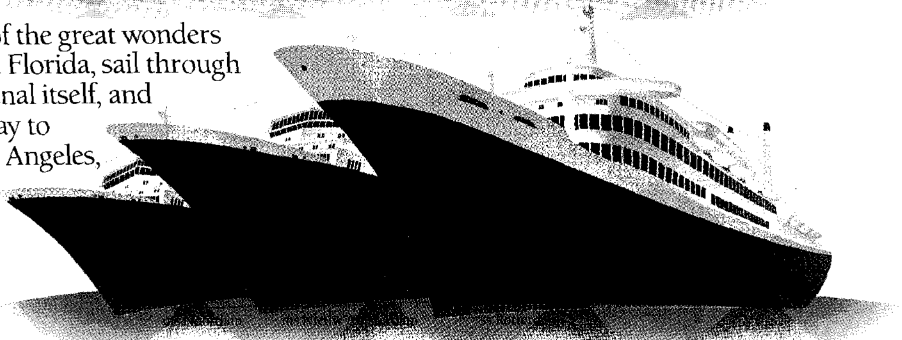

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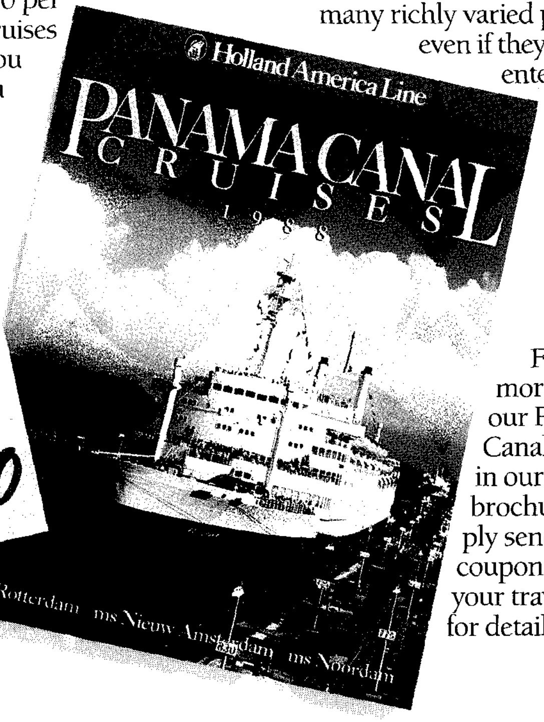
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Steinbeck." It was customary for the F.B.I. to make no distinction between liberal and Communist writers, so its report did not specify into which group Steinbeck supposedly fell.

Like most major American writers, Steinbeck belonged to writers' organizations. The file shows that he was a contributor—along with four hundred and seventeen other American writers—to a pamphlet called "Writers Take Sides," published by the League of American Writers in New York in 1938. These were letters in support of the Loyalists during the Spanish Civil War. (A similar pamphlet, "Authors Take Sides on the Spanish War, 1937," was published by writers and poets of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. Among the many distinguished authors writing for the Spanish Republic and against the Franco insurgents were W. H. Auden, Samuel Beckett, Cyril Connolly, Ford Madox Ford, Aldous Huxley, Sean O'Casey, V. S. Pritchett, Herbert Read, and Stephen Spender.) Steinbeck was named president of one of the anti-Franco groups in this country. He was also one of the signers of a letter urging the United States to lift its arms embargo against the besieged Republic. The California Committee on Un-American Activities branded the Washington Committee to Lift the Spanish Embargo a Communist front.

How all this negative information affected Steinbeck personally emerged in 1943, when Army Intelligence was considering him for a commission. An investigation was conducted in Los Angeles (he was living in Sherman Oaks), and G-2 wrote in a 1943 memo to the Chief of Military Intelligence in Washington:

> In view of substantial doubt as to Subject's loyalty and discretion, it is recommended that Subject not be considered favorably for a commission in the Army of the United States.

An earlier memo said of Steinbeck:

> Subject has associated with individuals who are known to have a radical political and economic philosophy, and with some members of the Communist Party. . . . Subject received large volume of Communistic literature and possessed books expressing radical political and economic views in his library.

The F.B.I. told Army Intelligence that Steinbeck subscribed to *People's World*. Among the sources of this information was the American Legion Radical Research Bureau in San Francisco; the Legion said "The Grapes of Wrath" had been branded Red propaganda.

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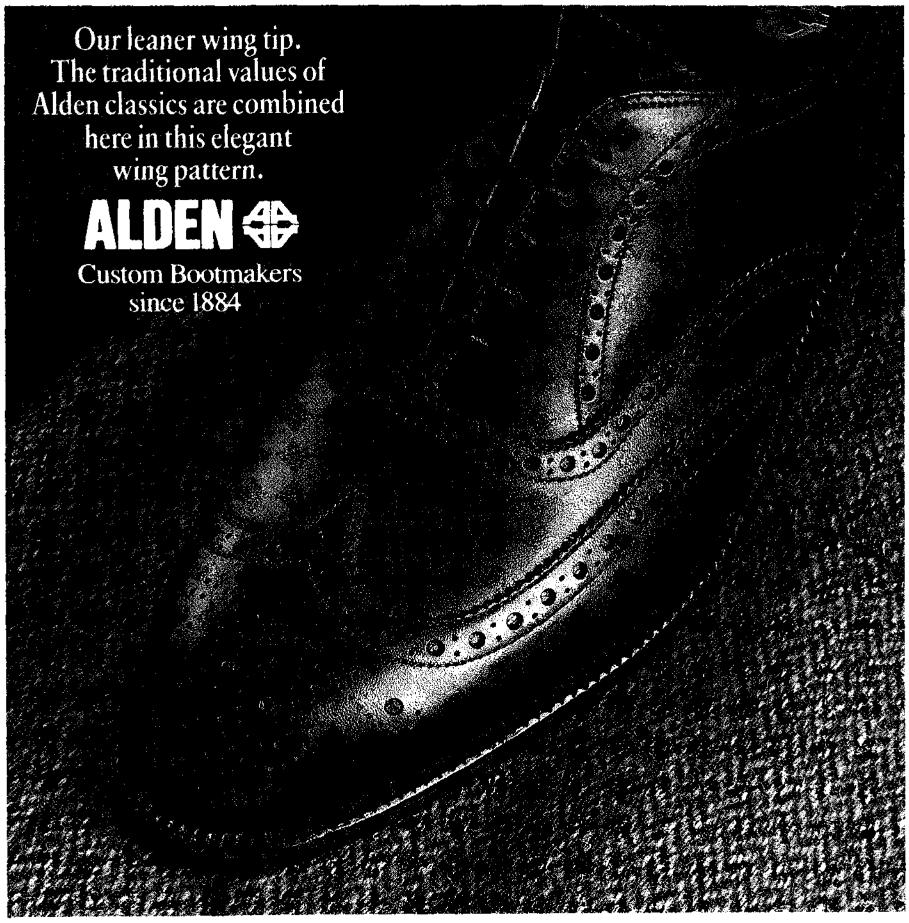

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Steinbeck was turned down, though his file shows that he had been employed in 1942, without pay, as a special consultant to the Secretary of War, and assigned to the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces. Then, as an unpaid writer, he wrote an official book on flying and training. After completing this assignment, he worked for the Office of War Information as a foreign-news editor, at an annual salary of thirty-six hundred dollars. Steinbeck told friends who were questioned about him that he was not a Communist, and that he was concerned about "the lower-class working people regardless of their particular political creed."

The writers' groups that Steinbeck belonged to made him suspect. The F.B.I. file listed the Western Writers Congress, the League of American Writers, and, most surprising of all, the widely respected National Institute of Arts and Letters, patterned after the French Academy, and now part of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.

The Steinbeck dossier continued to expand after the war. At the beginning of the Cold War, Steinbeck wrote a series for the New York *Herald Tribune*, following a six-week tour around the Soviet Union, that became the basis for his 1948 book, "A Russian Journal." The F.B.I. comment reads, "It is noted that the articles criticized Soviet red tape and the Soviet Government but were favorable to the Russian people." Book reviews from the Communist *Daily Worker* and the anti-Communist *New Leader*, both unfavorable, were put in his file.

In 1961, the year before Steinbeck received the Nobel Prize, an F.B.I. interoffice memorandum made note of the contents of his novel "The Winter of Our Discontent." The memorandum headlined the fact that the F.B.I. was mentioned in the book. "At the beginning of the book he describes various persons of the town including one Stonewall Jackson Smith, the Chief of Police, whom he characterizes as being of above average intelligence for the town and who 'even took the F.B.I. training at Washington D.C.,' " the memorandum reads. The F.B.I. finds implicit criticism of the Bureau in an observation about the novel's plot: "While Steinbeck does not belabor the fact that the Chief of Police is F.B.I. trained, nevertheless a careful reader cannot fail to recall the reference in the initial introduction to the Chief when his behavior concerning the indictments comes up."

In 1964, the F.B.I. passed along information about Steinbeck to the C.I.A. It reported that Steinbeck had visited the Soviet Union the year before, and a headline in the *Daily Worker* in New York had read, "Steinbeck in Moscow Impressed by Progress." Why the C.I.A. was interested in Steinbeck is not revealed.

In an internal memorandum in 1964, the F.B.I. reported that Steinbeck had been on the mailing list of the Japan Council Against Atomic and Hydrogen Bombs, and noted that a "reliable source has described this organization as a communist-infiltrated organization in Japan." Another "reliable source" reported that in 1959 Steinbeck's literary agency, McIntosh & Otis, had been paid $188.70 on his behalf by the National Bank of Bulgaria. And still another "reliable source" reported that Steinbeck "had received the sum of $420 as an author's fee from the Soviet publication, Novyi Mir."

In 1968, the year Steinbeck died, the F.B.I. provided a name check on him to the White House. Its purpose can-

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not be determined, because, like much of the material in the Steinbeck dossier, the document is blacked out and stamped "SECRET."

CARL SANDBURG (1878-1967) had an Army Intelligence file of six pages, dating back to 1918, and an F.B.I. file of twenty-three pages. Sandburg, who received Pulitzer Prizes for both poetry and history and was given the Medal of Freedom by President Johnson at the White House in 1964, seems to have been considered dangerously liberal or worse by some government officials. In his early years, he was a Social Democratic Party organizer and a supporter of Eugene V. Debs; in the nineteen-thirties, he was a New Dealer; and in the nineteen-fifties he campaigned for Adlai E. Stevenson, a close friend, for President.

The first entry in Sandburg's file resulted from his having worked as a correspondent in Sweden for the Newspaper Enterprise Association, the feature-news syndicate, in 1918. When he returned to New York, in December of that year, all his notebooks, manuscripts, and books were seized by Customs, the Secret Service, and military officials. Much of this material referred to Finland and to Bolshevism in Russia. Sam T. Hughes, Sandburg's editor at N.E.A., protested the confiscation of his papers to Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, calling it an act of censorship. Baker replied that Sandburg's luggage included "revolutionary literature," and added that he had also carried ten thousand dollars in drafts on behalf of Finnish revolutionaries. Hughes responded by saying that those who had taken Sandburg's property did so because they thought his name was German, but his parents were of Scandinavian origin. He said that the authorities had harassed Sandburg after they learned that he had been a Socialist in his earlier days. Hughes also told Secretary Baker that he would instruct Sandburg to write exactly what he thought, regardless of censorship. Hughes wrote, "Isn't it fine for the Government to treat such a man like a dog of a traitor?" Eventually, Sandburg's papers were returned, but neither he nor his editor ever forgave the attack on their journalistic integrity. Army Intelligence did not forget Sandburg. Nearly seventy years later—and twenty years after his death—a file is maintained of the suspicious correspondence at the Army Intelligence and Security Command at Fort Meade, Maryland; and the F.B.I. also has a copy of this ancient dispute in its records. While Sandburg was writing and campaigning for causes and candidates he believed in, the file accusing him of being a courier for revolutionary literature was resurrected.

Sandburg's F.B.I. record shows that in 1941 an interoffice memorandum distributed among bureau officials noted that he had "manifested an unfriendly attitude" toward the F.B.I. at a luncheon in Chicago. In 1947, the bureau added to his file a clipping from the *Daily Worker* saying that a CBS documentary program called "Dear Mr. Lincoln" and based on letters to Lincoln found in the Robert Todd Lincoln Collection in the Library of Congress had been written by Alan Lomax "with the advice of Carl Sandburg." That same year, the *Daily Worker* also reported that Sandburg had warned in a speech that if the "hate Russia" campaign continued it would lead to "the most terrible war in history," and his warning went into the F.B.I.'s file. In the same speech, the file shows, Sandburg praised Secretary of State George C. Marshall for his calm patience in dealing with the Soviet Union.

An F.B.I. memorandum written four months later was filled with factual errors about Sandburg. Whoever wrote the memorandum (the name was deleted from the files I received) said that Sandburg "was reported to be a well-known Communist in Chicago." It also said he owned a building there that was used as national headquarters for the Young Workers

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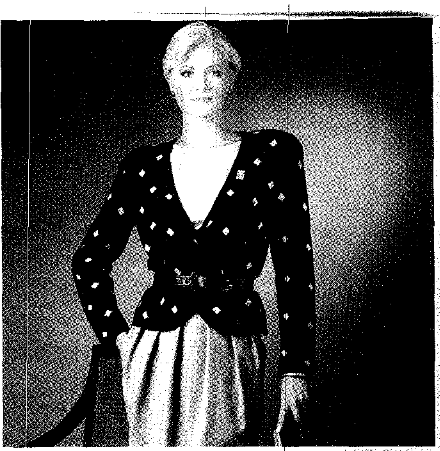

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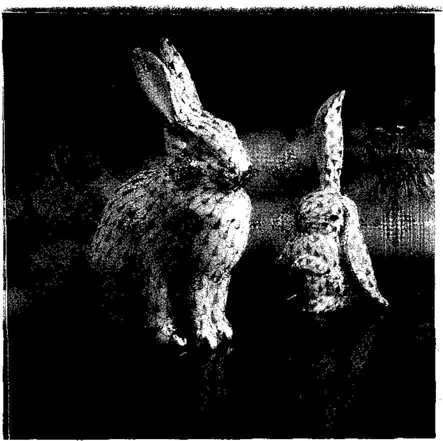

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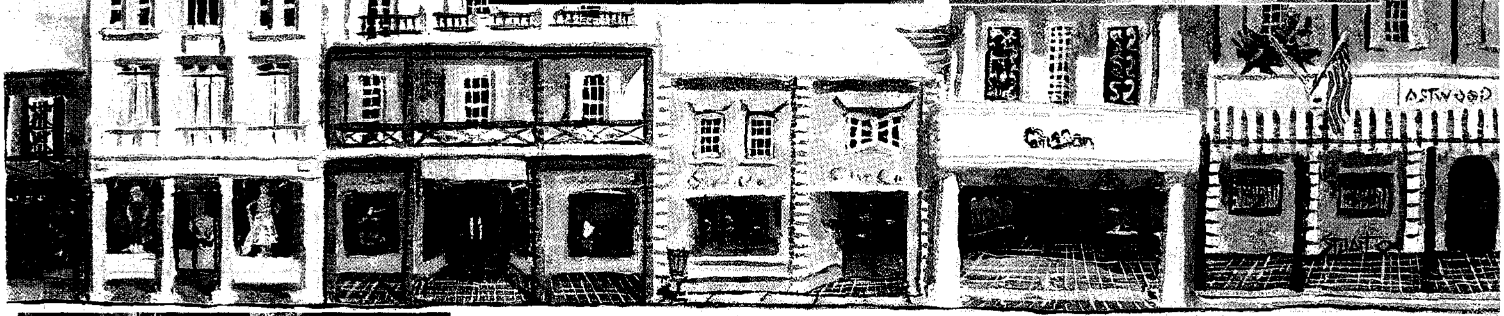

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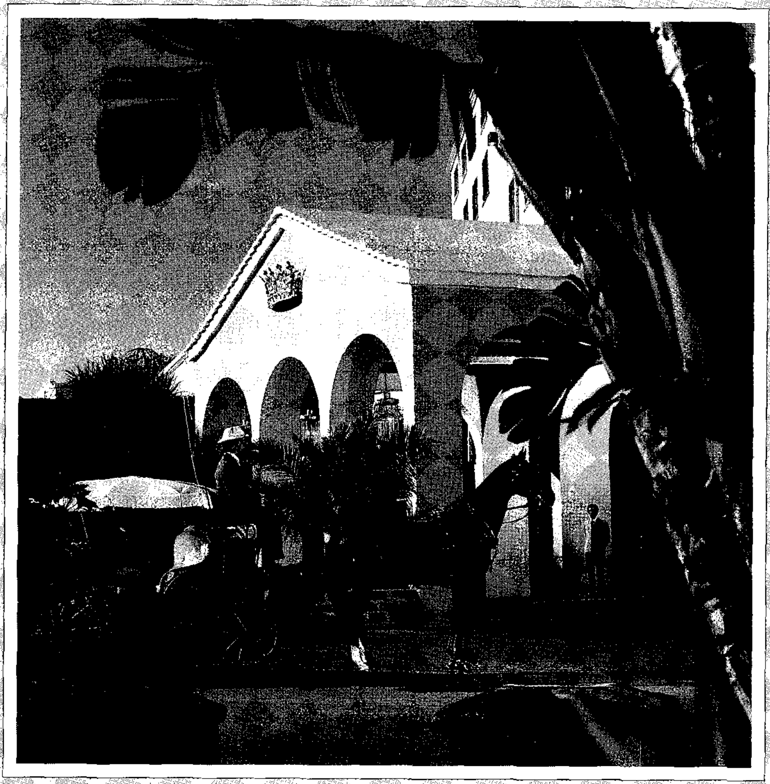

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League of America. Neither statement was true. In 1952, the F.B.I. prepared a dossier on Sandburg for the State Department, in which it named him as a sponsor of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in 1939, and stated that in 1942 he was listed in an advertisement in *The Nation* as a speaker at a dinner sponsored by the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee; that two years later he was a special guest at a concert in Chicago for the same organization; that in 1945 he was listed as a sponsor of the Midwest division of the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences, and Professions; and that all these organizations had been cited as Communist fronts by the Attorney General or the House Un-American Activities Committee.

In 1958, again without qualification, the F.B.I. repeated all the derogatory information about Sandburg in its file while providing a name check to the United States Information Agency. That year, too, Sandburg was upgraded in the F.B.I. records, for he was involved in an "Internal Security—C" matter involving another person: name and description blacked out. This person had written a book and, the Sandburg file noted, Sandburg "reportedly will write the introduction to [censored]'s new book." Merely a report of a plan to write was considered worthy of note by the F.B.I. record-keepers.

In 1964, a "CONFIDENTIAL" page appeared in Sandburg's file, but it is almost totally blacked out except for a date, June 25, 1964, and the fact that he was born on January 6, 1878, in Galesburg, Illinois. Thus, when Sandburg was eighty-six years old, living quietly at home in Flat Rock, North Carolina, the F.B.I. was still watching him and keeping his dossier up to date.

THEODORE DREISER (1871-1945) has a dossier of two hundred and thirty-nine pages, but the F.B.I. withheld forty-one pages—more than forty years after his death. The documents released are censored; those from Navy files are totally blacked out. Dreiser was active in defending the American workingman and attacking the excesses of big industry. Most of his views were out in the open—on the printed page and on the platform. His file shows that in 1928 he was a member of an international committee to save Sacco and Vanzetti. During the Depression, he was active in the defense of mineworkers who were striking for their safety and livelihood.

Dreiser's reasoning was not always as farsighted as his novels might suggest. Discussing his book "America Is Worth Saving" in a radio interview ten months before Pearl Harbor, he absurdly equated the British Empire and Nazi Germany. This isolationist rhetoric, though it was not uncommon in parts of the country at the time, caused the F.B.I. to watch him more closely. In a censored memorandum, the word "Espionage" appears after his name. His confidential file card is labelled "COMMUNIST." After America entered the war, the F.B.I. policed what Dreiser wrote and said. A memorandum in his file states, "The subject is the well-known American novelist whose writings in recent years have had a definitely pro-Russian angle." Passages in the "CONFIDENTIAL" F.B.I. documents read like a Dreiser novel. The bureau has always relished gathering material about marital and extramarital conduct, and it comments that Dreiser was "indicted in 1931 in Bell County, Kentucky, for Criminal Syndicalism and Adultery." He had gone there to help striking miners and get material for a book. "Subject left State prior to indictment and it is believed same was dismissed for lack of evidence," the file continues. "Basis for adultery was the finding of DREISER and [name censored] in the same room at hotel but immoral relations are not known. DREISER claimed impotency. . . . When DREISER was still a young man of around 31 or 32 years of age, he separated from his wife. . . . He first came into prominence when he wrote 'An American Tragedy,' on which he made a great deal of money. After this success . . . his wife came to him and demanded some money for a settlement, which he gave her. [Informant] does not know how long [censored] has been living with DREISER but believes it has been a period of over ten years. . . . She has heard that [censored] is a former MACK SENNETT girl and has positively no literary acumen." In a 1943 letter J. Edgar Hoover himself noted that the matter of Dreiser's mistress was brought before the Attorney General, "who feels that the facts do not present a proper basis for investigation under the White Slave Traffic Act, particularly in the absence of commercialism." Hoover's effort to have Dreiser prosecuted for sex between two unmarried consenting adults came in the middle of the Second World War, when, presumably, the director had more important matters to pursue.

Near the end of the war, Dreiser

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• •

was still being spied upon: it is noted that he was living in Hollywood, at 1015 North Kings Road, and that he had a gray 1940 Plymouth sedan, License No. 10Q334. An F.B.I. source reported that he "would obtain information as to any writing being done by DREISER." Apparently, the F.B.I. had a source inside Dreiser's house who reported to an informant (her name blacked out) about him. The F.B.I. agent reported that Dreiser was doing "very little writing and what little work he does put out is not in great demand by publishers." In May of 1945, seven months before Dreiser's death, an F.B.I. agent in Los Angeles reported a critical judgment on him: "A 'has been' in the literary field."

John Dos Passos (1896-1970), who started his writing career as a reformer and ended up as a conservative, has a government dossier of eighty-two pages. These came heavily blacked out; my appeal to the Department of Justice's Office of Legal Policy for more material and less censorship was denied. The proletarian views found in Dos Passos' "Manhattan Transfer" and his trilogy "U.S.A." changed in the last two decades of his life; his 1961 novel "Midcentury" extolled the free-enterprise system.

The F.B.I. file on Dos Passos says that at one time he sympathized with the Soviet Union; that the anti-Fascist cause enlisted his interest during the Spanish Civil War; that he championed the rights of striking Kentucky coal miners during the Depression. "In Russia he was immensely popular as a 'proletarian' writer," the file notes. "Later his attitude became definitely anti-Communist." Despite his changed views, a 1951 document stamped "Secret" described him as a "fellow traveler and sympathizer" and noted that he had a "connection with front organizations." These reached back to 1923, when a letterhead listed him as a member of the American Committee for Relief of Russian Children, and in that 1951 document the F.B.I. made a little list of other "front" organizations he belonged to. These included the American Civil Liberties Union, the International Union of Revolutionary Writers, the Citizens National Committee for Sacco and Vanzetti, the American Committee for Protection of Foreign-Born, and the American Friends of Spanish Democracy. For the First American Writers Congress, held in New York in 1935, Dos Passos wrote a strong essay, in which he spoke of "a country that is organizing to build for socialism, instead of for the growth of the wealth and power of a few bosses."

In 1951, Dos Passos having moved to the right politically, the F.B.I., on a page stamped "Secret," summed up its file material in a memorandum that concluded:

> Recommendation: A review of the above information reflects that although Dos Passos was probably a Communist [the F.B.I. erred in this assumption] and subsequently a Trotskyite, he has in recent years become definitely anti-Communist. In view of this, it does not appear that an investigation of Dos Passos is warranted, and if you agree, no investigation will be instituted.

Nevertheless, when Dos Passos travelled outside the United States the F.B.I. continued to track him. A file on Dos Passos from the Shanghai Municipal Police was sent to the F.B.I. in June of 1951 and was disseminated to agents in the bureau's Security Division. (The Shanghai material is omitted from the pages I received.) The F.B.I. reports that "a confidential source of known reliability furnished the Bureau with information contained in the files of the Shanghai Municipal Police," and that these files included a letter dating back to 1933 from Dos Passos, in Paris, to someone (name censored) in Shanghai because Dos Passos was listed as a member of a committee formed to help defend two Shanghai Communists.

On June 3, 1952, two F.B.I. agents interviewed Dos Passos at his home, in Spence's Point, Virginia—the file shows that the F.B.I. was also maintaining a mail watch on the house—and reported their findings directly to J. Edgar Hoover. Dos Passos provided the agents with a political autobiography, which they wrote down for his file, noting, "DOS PASSOS informed that he was never a member of the Communist Party, although he related that he had close association with the Communist Party at various times." Though he named names, he prefaced his remarks by saying that since he was never a Party member the names were "based entirely upon his personal belief due to his dealings with the Communist Party." Dos Passos then mentioned John Reed, Max Eastman, Earl Browder, and other obvious

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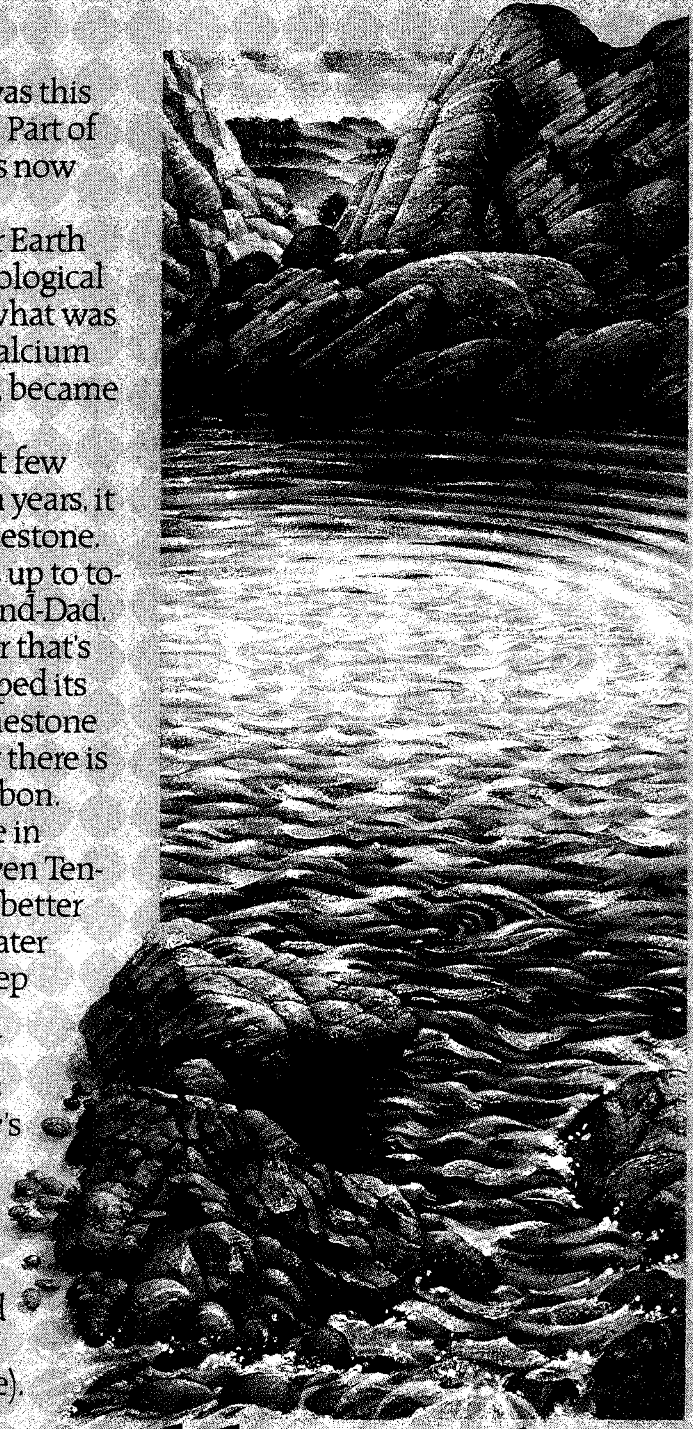

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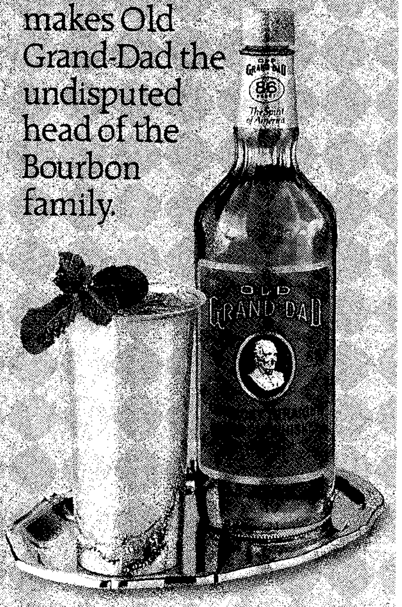

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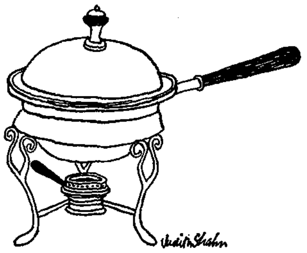
names. He said that he had accompanied Theodore Dreiser to the Harlan, Kentucky, coal miners' strike in 1931 and had "got the impression that the National Miners' Union was controlled by the Communist Party." He added that the Communist Party was "interested in the . . . Group Theatre," in New York.

In this interview Dos Passos also said that during the Spanish Civil War he had tried to keep Communists out of the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, which supported the Loyalists against Franco's Fascists. In 1937, he went to Spain with Ernest Hemingway to make a pro-Loyalist film, "Spain in Flames," but his name did not appear in it, because, he claimed, the Communists were "down" on him. Later, he became interested in seeking a refuge for Leon Trotsky, because "Trotsky was getting a raw deal." The report of the interview concluded with the F.B.I. observation that Dos Passos was "coöperative but was hazy concerning details," and that he "offered further coöperation at any time it was necessary to contact him."

In 1960, Dos Passos discovered, quite by accident, that, regardless of his coöperation with the F.B.I., he was still the subject of federal scrutiny. A Treasury Department agent visited the Washington *Daily News* and asked to see Dos Passos' file in the newspaper's morgue. An enterprising reporter, Joseph Cloud, then questioned the Treasury agent. The agent said that his mission was "very hush-hush," and that he was trying to find out if Dos Passos had "recently changed his political ideology." When the reporter asked Dos Passos if he knew why the government was interested in his ideology, he replied, according to Cloud's story, which appeared in the paper on March 31, 1960, "I have no idea why. The F.B.I. might be interested in some of the many Communists I've known, but the Treasury—I just can't figure it out. It does sound as if the Federal Government now has 'Thought Police.' What rights does the Government have to investigate the political opinions of any private citizen? And if they want to know mine, why the hell don't they ask me?"



ON Thomas Wolfe (1900-38), I was able to obtain forty-one pages, but they were almost totally blacked out by the F.B.I. Forty-five additional pages existed in his file, but my appeal to the Meese Department of Justice—nearly fifty years after the author's death—that they be released, even if they were censored, was denied. On the basis of Wolfe's four autobiographical novels—"Look Homeward, Angel," "Of Time and the River," "The Web and the Rock," and "You Can't Go Home Again"—it is hard to imagine him as an enemy of the state. We know from news reports that his prewar travels in Nazi Germany came to the attention of the authorities because his writing was admired by some Germans, and that he admired them in return. Eventually, however, he wrote against Hitlerism. But none of this background can be found in his vetted files.

Strangely, in 1946, eight years after his death, and again in 1947, and yet again in the nineteen-fifties, his name turned up in censored secret files labelled "ESPIONAGE" and "INTERNAL SECURITY." From the fragmentary words in the blacked-out documents it can be surmised that Wolfe's writings were suspect because they appeared on reading lists of schools said to be under Communist control.

The reason that Wolfe's file was maintained after his death was that his novels had become a signal flag to the F.B.I. For example, in a 1945 report by its office in Kansas City, there appears a list of books headed "The following are the readings assigned by [name censored]." The list of suspect books includes John Hersey's "A Bell for Adano," Stephen Vincent Benét's "Western Star," Howard Fast's "Freedom Road," Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt," Ernest Hemingway's "Short Stories," John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath," Richard Wright's "Uncle Tom's Children," and Thomas Wolfe's "You Can't Go Home Again." In 1947, a report by the F.B.I.'s Boston office noted that "Communist Party, U.S.A., Pamphlets and Publications" were sold at the Progressive Bookshop, 8 Beach Street, Boston. A flyer there was entitled "Give Books for Christmas," and among the books it listed which warranted suspicion were Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," Howard Fast's "The American," Dorothy Baker's "Young Man with a

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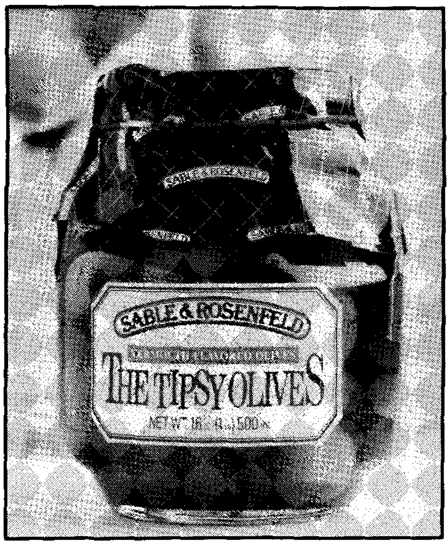

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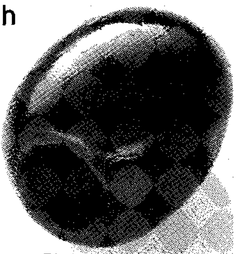
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Nearly a half century after Thomas Wolfe's death, his dossier has continued to be heavily censored, and his books, and those of other celebrated novelists, are listed as a "SECURITY MATTER"—presumably meaning a threat to the republic.

THE most curious case of censorship by denial which I encountered under the Freedom of Information Act concerned the novelist and short-story writer John O'Hara (1905-70). A file on him exists, but it was denied to me in its entirety. In response to my request, I received this letter, in June of 1986, from Emil P. Moschella, chief of the Freedom of Information–Privacy Acts Section, Records Management Division, of the F.B.I.: "After careful consideration, it has been determined that all material concerning Mr. O'Hara is exempt from release pursuant to subsection (b)(1) of the Freedom of Information Act. This subsection allows for the withholding of information which is currently and properly classified in accordance with Executive Order 12356"—that is, "in the interest of the national defense or foreign policy, for example, information involving intelligence sources or methods."

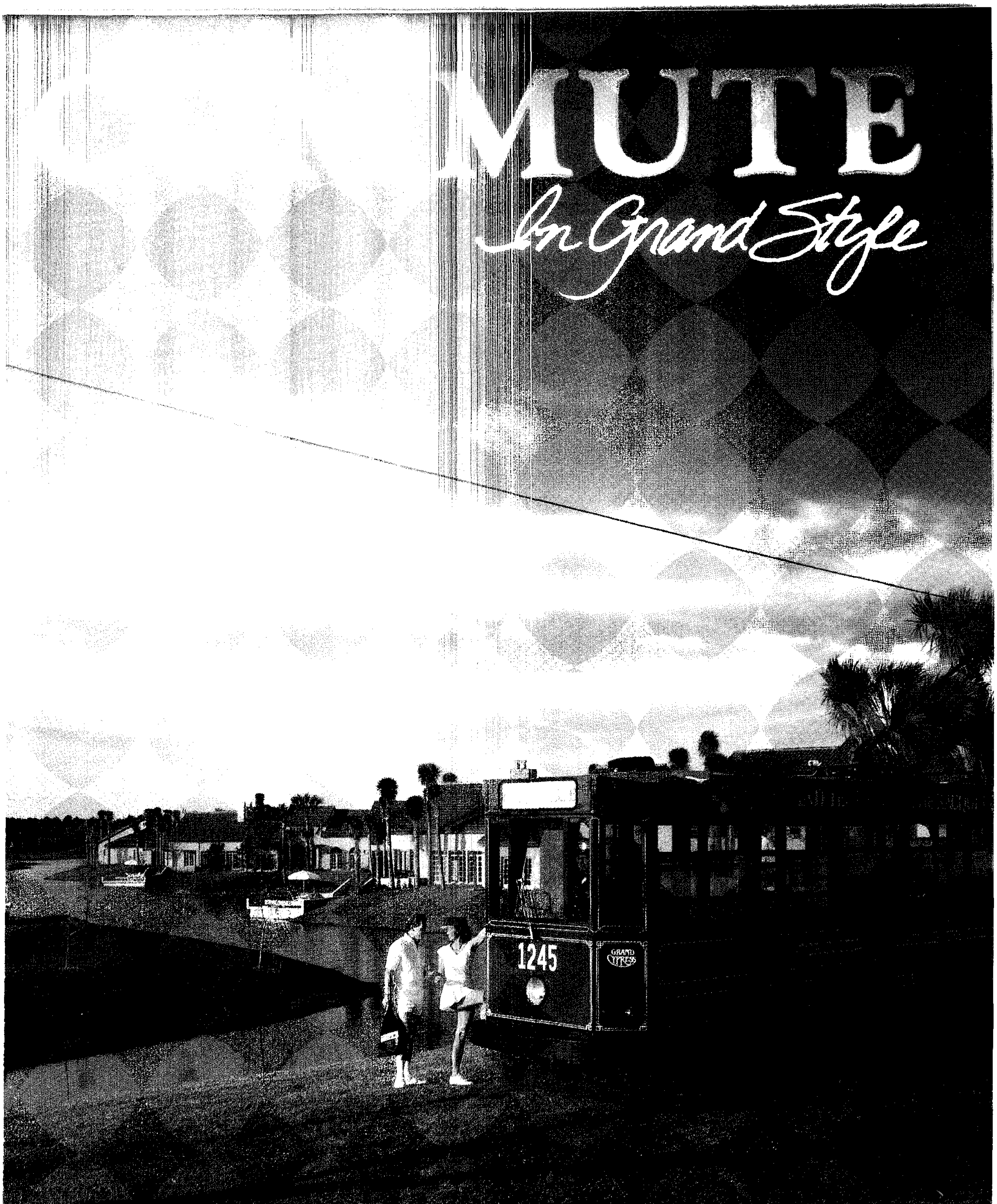
In appealing, I pointed out that nothing I could find in O'Hara's stories or journalism seemed to endanger "the national defense or foreign policy." On September 29, 1986, Richard L. Huff, co-director of the Justice Department's Office of Information and Privacy, affirmed the initial decision and continued to deny me access to the file. He added that a Department Review Committee would determine whether anything could be declassified; but I have not heard further and doubt if I will.

THE first National Book Award for fiction, given in 1950, went to Nelson Algren for "The Man with the Golden Arm." During his lifetime, Algren (1909-81), whose F.B.I. file contains five hundred and forty-six pages, kept the F.B.I., Army Intelligence, Navy Intelligence, and the State Department very busy. From the F.B.I. I received four hundred and thirty-one censored pages. My appeal for the missing hundred and thirteen pages was initially turned down by Mr. Huff, but later a few of them were provided. Sometimes one can pick up fragments of information indirectly from different sections of the F.B.I. In Algren's case, I learned from my appeal that the author is the subject of one F.B.I. file in Washington and a second in the Chicago field office; that both are labelled "SECURITY MATTER—COMMUNIST," and that Algren was also included in the records of the Criminal Division.

After I had waited three years and a month, the State Department independently provided five pages of a file that it maintained on Algren. It had received a passport application from Algren in 1965 and again in 1968. Whenever Algren left the country, the department informed its Embassies from Mexico City to Moscow that he had done so and requested them "to furnish the Department with any pertinent information coming to their attention regarding Algren's activities." The Embassies were also warned that he had a record of "Communist Party front activity" from 1941 to 1952. (It is puzzling to know how the State Department concluded that he carried on such activity in 1944 and 1945, when he was serving as an Army litter bearer in Europe.) When Algren went to Asia in 1968, during the Vietnam War, the State Department noted that the purpose of his trip was an "assignment from *Atlantic Monthly*."

To the F.B.I., Algren was a "potentially dangerous" American. He was listed in the bureau's "Program for Apprehension and Detention of Persons Considered Potentially Dangerous to the National Defense and Public Safety of the United States." In 1942, J. Edgar Hoover himself wrote to the president of the Polish-American Council in Chicago (the letter is in Algren's file) informing him that a resolution the council had adopted condemning Algren's novel "Never Come Morning" would be made "a matter of record in the files of this Bureau." The council did not like Algren's Polish characters.

In 1949, four years after Algren completed honorable service in the Second World War, the Chicago F.B.I. office told the New York and St. Louis F.B.I. offices to check his Army record and find out where he was. By then, he was a well-known writer around Chicago and New York. When he was located, his correspondence was watched through a "mail cover" in Chicago, which noted the name and address of anyone who wrote to him. Copies were made of his



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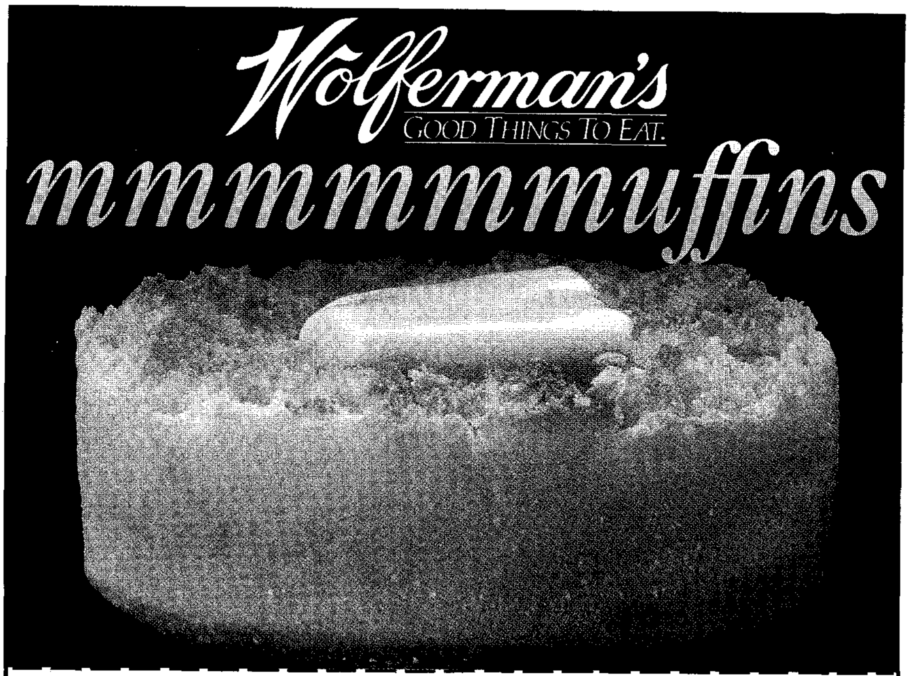
signature. F.B.I. agents in at least five cities devoted their energies to following his movements.

Algren was unafraid to lend his name to causes he believed in and to protest injustices he deplored, and, every time he signed a petition and every time his name appeared in the press, clippings of what he had to say and what was said about him went into his file. Writ large was his defense of the Hollywood Ten, the blacklisted screenwriters and directors, and his membership on a national committee formed in behalf of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. Unnamed informants monitored whatever Algren wrote as a free-lance journalist and as a novelist, and passed the material along to the F.B.I. "Informant reported Algren wrote left-wing article for magazine *Holiday*," one entry reads. (*Holiday*, a nonpolitical travel magazine, introduced many novelists to travel writing.) Another informant describes him as the "Communist author" of "The Man with the Golden Arm" and "Chicago: City on the Make." The bizarre phrase "Communist tendencies" also appears in his file.

When Algren obtained a passport in 1956, he signed a statement that he was not a Communist. The Justice Department, according to his file, considered "possible prosecution of him for execution of non-Communist affidavit for State Department," but the matter was dropped for "insufficient evidence"—a phrase that is appended to a number of the accusations by unnamed informants in the F.B.I. dossiers. Before Algren left for Europe in 1949, his friends gave him a farewell party; it was noted by the F.B.I. In 1960, when he went to Spain, the F.B.I. cabled the American Legation in Madrid, gave it the name of his hotel, and asked the Legation to cable Washington and report on what he was up to. The legal attaché at the American Embassy in Paris also filed a report with the F.B.I. in 1960—at a time when Algren was being celebrated in the French press as one of America's most important writers. What the Embassy reported is censored.

J. Edgar Hoover thought Algren so important that he himself wrote a letter to the director of the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research in 1966 telling him that Algren was either travelling abroad or planning to do so. Details of Hoover's letter were blacked out a few years after Algren's death and re-



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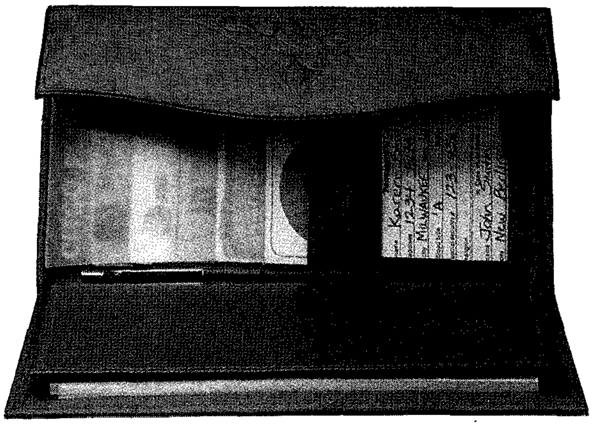

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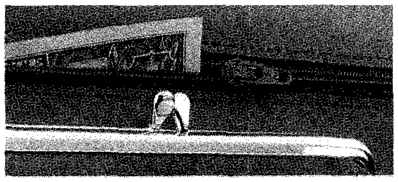

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main so in the material provided to me.

There is a fine irony in the F.B.I. file on Algren: he fooled the special agents (and kidded his friends) with an alias that was really an inside joke. The Bureau was obviously ignorant about anything that involved his writings or his literary friendships. After his affair with Simone de Beauvoir, the French writer and longtime companion of Jean-Paul Sartre, Algren used the name Simon de Beauvoir as his telephone listing. The 1954 telephone directory for Gary, Indiana, lists "de Beauvoir Simon 6228 Forest . . . Gary 8-2463." It has no listing for Nelson Algren. A memorandum in Algren's F.B.I. file notes that "Nelson Algren Abraham"—the name on his Army service record—used several aliases, including "Simon Beauvoir and Simon de Beauvoir."

SURPRISINGLY, Truman Capote (1924-84), who was far more of a social than a political activist, has a hundred and eighty-five pages in his F.B.I. file; only a hundred and ten pages were released to me. The C.I.A. has a file on him consisting of one document, and that was denied me. The F.B.I. said that Capote had "never been the subject of an F.B.I. investigation." However, he was identified in numerous files relating to other individuals and to various organizations. Despite the official statement that he was not investigated, a document stamped "SECRET" (the stamp was crossed out before his file was released to me in censored form) reads, "Investigation is presently being conducted to determine whether [blacked out] present activities warrant his being placed on the Security Index." Since so many pages in his file were withheld, I don't know whether Capote was indeed listed as a security risk.

Explaining the reason for some of the censored material, the F.B.I. said

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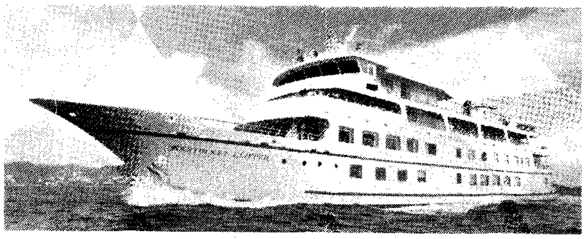

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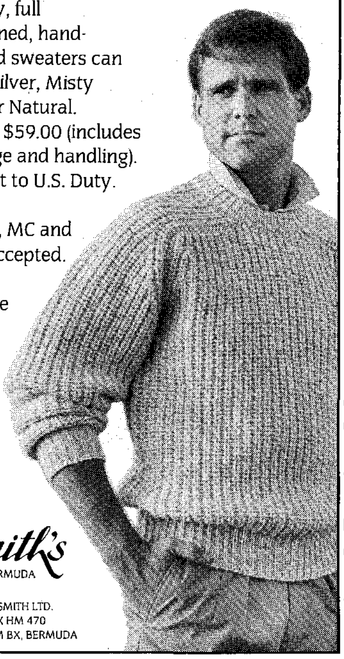

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in a letter to me, "Information has been deleted which originated with the United States Senate Subcommittee to Investigate the Administration of the Internal Security Act and other Internal Security Laws of the Committee on the Judiciary, Fair Play for Cuba Committee, January 6, 1961, in Executive Session. This information is exempt from disclosure since it is considered to be outside the purview of the Freedom of Information–Privacy Acts."

An F.B.I. memorandum on the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, dated November 21, 1960, includes Capote's name among those of Simone de Beauvoir, Jean-Paul Sartre, I. F. Stone, Norman Mailer, Kenneth Tynan, C. Wright Mills, and James Baldwin. The memorandum notes that J. Edgar Hoover requested "summaries" on the Fair Play for Cuba signers. A "CONFIDENTIAL" document in Capote's file declares that he "supports the revolution." The final entry in Capote's file is dated May 23, 1968, and originated in Los Angeles. It reveals that an informant was tracking someone who was known to Capote. This somewhat mysterious entry goes, "He was advised by Capote that [name censored] is staying in some friend's home in Palm Springs while he is rewriting some portions of his book [title censored]. Capote could not recall the name of the street but said it was some 'Circle' approximately one mile from downtown Palm Springs." The F.B.I. memorandum mentioned the Palm Springs Spa Hotel.

Capote was gifted, but the nature of his gifts hardly made him deserving of so lofty a political tag as "Security Risk." For the F.B.I. to track him, have his documents stamped "SECRET" and "CONFIDENTIAL," and study his writings is a particularly ludicrous example of the length to which its surveillance of authors has gone.

THE F.B.I. dossier on Thornton Wilder (1897-1975) consists of ninety-six pages, heavily censored; four pages were withheld. At various times, Wilder was suspected of espionage and of being a threat to internal security. One of the documents reveals that an "F.B.I. Watch" was kept on him as a "suspect" while he was serving as an Army Air Forces Intelligence officer in the Mediterranean Theatre during the Second World War. F.B.I. offices in Boston, Detroit, Newark, and New York watched him. The bureau was particularly concerned with his associations and affiliations—especially with writers' organizations that took stands on such issues as aid for the Spanish Loyalists and activities against Nazi Germany. He came under suspicion because he openly supported causes that he believed sacred to freedom and literature.

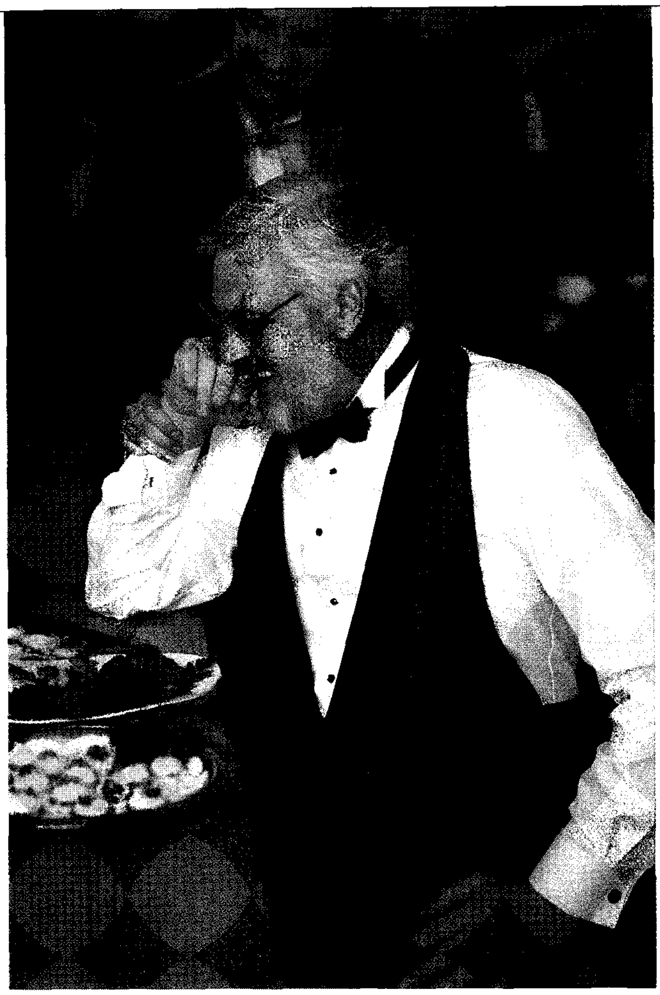
In 1938, Wilder was among a group of thirty-six American authors who petitioned President Roosevelt to "sever trade relations with Nazi Germany and declare an embargo on all Nazi German goods"—an action noted in his F.B.I. file. Two years later, the F.B.I. tried, unsuccessfully, to link Wilder to a supposed case of espionage for Germany at a camp for Austrian refugees in New Hampshire. In addition to the license numbers of his two cars and the fact that he owned a house in Hamden, Connecticut, the F.B.I. reported that he was "on the Republican voting list" but had "boosted for President Roosevelt" in the 1940 election. In the end, the bureau had to conclude that there had been "no information received which would link subject Wilder with any espionage or subversive activities."

An article in the Washington *Times-Herald* in 1942 noted that Wilder was on the advisory council of the Writers War Board—a board that, the article said, "functions under the direction of the Office of Civilian Defense, and uses the government's free mailing frank of the 'Executive Office of the President,' [and] is participating 'unofficially' in the campaign of the Communists and other totalitarians." Furthermore, the article said, "Rex Stout, writer of murder mystery stories," who had a record as "a Communist fellow traveler [and] is one of the prize exhibits of the Dies Committee on un-American Activities," was chairman of the Writers War Board. This comprehensive smear, which found its way into Wilder's F.B.I. file, misrepresented the Writers War Board—an organization that included many writers who had volunteered their skills to aid the war effort.

In 1954, a detailed report stamped "CONFIDENTIAL" summarized Wilder's life and career but noted—as these F.B.I. reports so often did—"No investigation has been conducted by the Bureau of Thornton Wilder." The report said that Wilder was educated at Oberlin and Yale and Princeton; taught at the University of Chicago; served in the First World War as a corporal and in the Second World War as a lieutenant colonel in Army Air Forces Intelligence; was a bachelor and a Democrat; and had won three Pulitzer Prizes—for "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," "Our Town," and "The Skin of Our Teeth." Service in both wars was apparently insufficient as a proof of patriotism, for the file, which went back to 1933, said that Wilder had been affiliated with "Cited Organizations." A number of the sources for such information are blacked out—an indication that the F.B.I. had plants inside the relevant organizations. (The Authors Guild and the Dramatists Guild, I discovered, had their own files.) One group that Wilder was said to be a member of was the National Committee of the American Committee for Struggle Against War, which was cited by the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1933 as a Communist front.

The file shows that Wilder was a participant in or sponsor of the Second National Congress of the League of American Writers, held in New York in 1937. In the "Writers Take Sides" pamphlet, Wilder is quoted as saying, "I am unreservedly for the legal government and Loyalist Party in Spain." The League of American Writers was on the Attorney General's list of supposedly subversive organizations. Wilder was also listed, in 1940 and 1941, as a national sponsor of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign-Born—another organization cited as supposedly subversive by the Attorney General.

Throughout the McCarthy years and afterward, Wilder was the subject of attention when he dared to sign anything at all, including statements in defense of other writers' freedom to write. In 1948, according to a "CONFIDENTIAL" memorandum in the file, Wilder was one of the signers of a letter to the Speaker of the House of Representatives which protested "the methods employed by the Committee on Un-American Activities . . . under the chairmanship of Representative J. Parnell Thomas, in its examination of certain writers summoned to appear before it." The memorandum continues, "This letter was sponsored by a group of members of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, an honorary organization of American writers, artists and musicians. The National Institute of Arts and Letters has been cited by the California Committee on



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Un-American Activities as a Communist front.”

WHEN I received the F.B.I.’s file on the playwright Robert Sherwood (1896-1955), eighty pages, some of them totally blacked out, had been compiled by the F.B.I. itself, and nine pages were attributed to the White House. Sherwood’s file indicates that in 1941, at a time when he was writing speeches for his friend President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and again during the Second World War, while he was serving as Director of Overseas Operations in the Office of War Information, he was under suspicion. In those years, J. Edgar Hoover built up Sherwood’s file with material suggesting that Sherwood’s activities in civil-liberties and writers’ organizations showed him to be a Communist. In 1942, during the early part of the war, Sherwood was ranked as an “Internal Security—C” case. After the war, in the Truman and Eisenhower Presidencies, and right up to the year of his death, Sherwood was watched by the F.B.I. He was critical of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles’s policies in the name of national security. He also defended the rights of authors, including the blacklisted Hollywood Ten.

Again and again in the file, reference is made to Sherwood’s activism in the theatre, his leadership in the Dramatists Guild, and the subjects and themes of his plays. Both the man and his writings were scrutinized. He was a member of the Playwrights’ Company—a group of dramatists, founded in 1938, that included S. N. Behrman, Elmer Rice, Maxwell Anderson, and Sidney Howard. Parts of his F.B.I. file read like a list of credits in *Playbill.* An internal memorandum that was prepared for Hoover in 1941 lists Sherwood’s plays, beginning with “The Road to Rome,” and including “The Petrified Forest” and “Abe Lincoln in Illinois,” and notes that in 1936 he was Secretary of the Dramatists Guild.

Sherwood’s file mentions that, with Thornton Wilder, he was one of the thirty-six American authors who signed the 1938 letter calling on President Roosevelt to sever trade relations with Germany and to declare an embargo on German goods. That same year, he was reported to be a member of the National Council on Freedom from Censorship. This council, according to a witness before the House Un-American Activities Committee,

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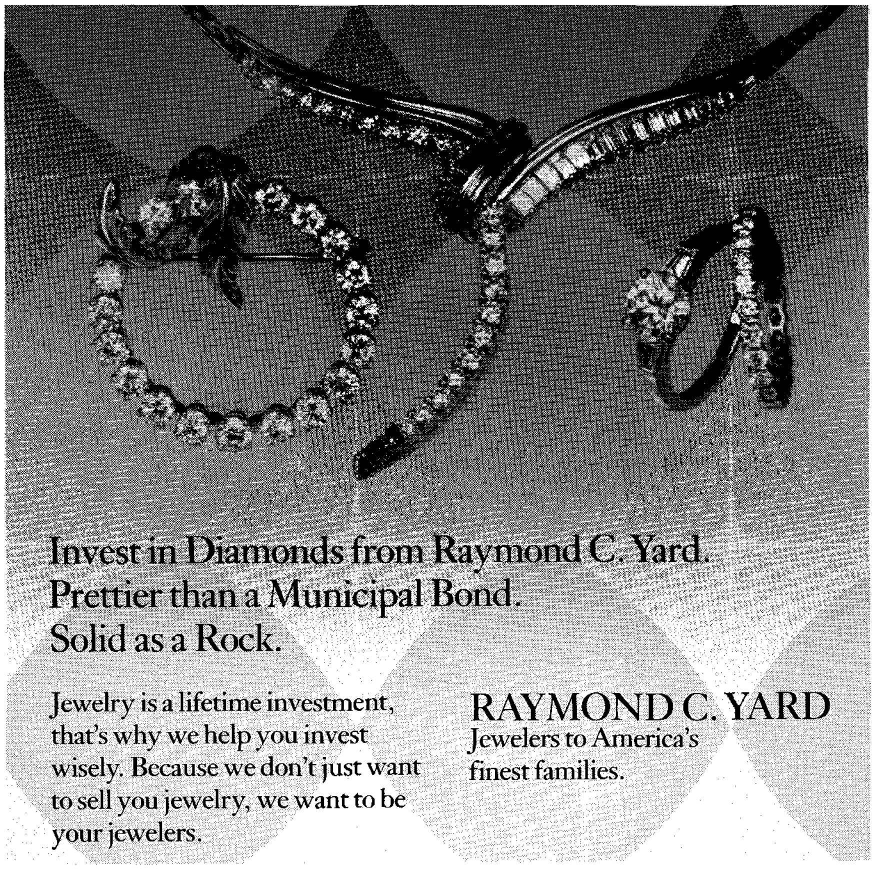

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was affiliated with the American Civil Liberties Union, which the committee had identified as "a Communist-front organization." Three years before, according to a 1952 memorandum in the file, Sherwood had helped to develop the New Theatre School, "to write and produce agitational and propaganda plays." This school was an offspring of the New Theatre League—"the mainspring of the Agit-prop . . . theatre movement," according to the memorandum. "The New Theatre League was cited as a Communist front by the Special Committee on Un-American Activities on March 29, 1944."

Also in the Sherwood file is a 1941 report from the American Legion saying that it was "considerably aroused" over radio broadcasts put on by the Free Company—a group formed by Sherwood, Orson Welles, and others to combat foreign propaganda in this country. The Legion called the group, the file shows, "un-American, Communistic," and said that it was "operating under the guise of appearing for free speech but actually was campaigning for the light of Communism and other subversive elements." Sherwood is said to be chairman of the writers' division of this group. Another page dealing with Sherwood's theatre activities says, "On [date blacked out] information was received from a confidential source that Robert Sherwood was a member of the Communist Party. The informant further advised that all plays going into any of the Army camps must be approved by the National Theatre Conference. Sherwood and one [censored], a Communist Party member, were the two men who approved the plays for the National Theatre Conference. . . . The informant further advised that [censored], who was recently made president of the National Theatre Conference [censored], and Sherwood were all tied up with the old 'Chekov Conference' held at Moscow, Russia, for the purpose of discussing the use of the theatre for spreading Communist propaganda throughout the world."

In 1950, according to his file, Sherwood, along with a number of directors, producers, actors, and other writers, signed a telegram to Justice Robert H. Jackson, of the Supreme Court, asking the Court to reverse a 1948 decision against members of the Hollywood Ten for refusing to answer questions about possible Communist Party membership. By 1950, the

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blacklist by studios and networks was in full force.

In the case of Sherwood, and of other writers as well, the F.B.I. records could be contradictory and self-protective. Although the F.B.I. maintained, in a memorandum on September 10, 1942, that no investigation had been conducted on Sherwood, a memorandum from S. S. Alden, a section chief, to D. M. Ladd, an assistant director of the F.B.I., dated January 30, 1942, reads, "However, there is considerable derogatory information in the files relative to Robert E. Sherwood . . ." The F.B.I. passed these along, without qualification, to other government branches, including the White House.

In 1955, Sherwood made a speech to the Anti-Defamation League at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York. Sherwood called the Eisenhower Administration's internal-security program, which included informers and wiretaps, a "heartless, soulless, callous tyranny," and said, "I think that we, the American people, the taxpayers who pay the salaries of [Secretary of State] John Foster Dulles and [State Department security chief] Scott McLeod . . . would like to know just when did we resolve that the rights of the individual American citizens should be subordinated and indeed destroyed by some undocumented interpretation of what some official tells us is national security." This speech was duly entered in Sherwood's F.B.I. dossier.

THE F.B.I. file on Tennessee Williams (1911-83) includes only seven pages, but they are telling. My appeal to receive additional information was denied on several grounds: some of the information consisted of "investigatory records compiled for law-enforcement purposes," I was told, or would involve disclosing "the identities of confidential sources and confidential information." During the McCarthy era, when Williams' plays were being staged all over the country, the F.B.I. maintained a file on him stamped "SECURITY INFORMATION—CONFIDENTIAL." Apparently, what made Williams a danger to the security of the United States, in the view of the F.B.I., was that his name had turned up several times in the *Daily Worker*. The bureau noted that "A Streetcar Named Desire," which first appeared on Broadway in 1947, was praised in a Communist Party newspaper. (The F.B.I. mistakenly called it a book, not a play.) A year later, the F.B.I. file notes, Williams sent greetings to the Moscow Art Theatre, at a time when an effort was being made to exchange plays between the two countries; the Moscow troupe came to New York in 1965. In 1950, the *Daily Worker* again mentioned Williams, noting that he was among a group of " 'top show business cultural names' . . . who had been assembled to speak on a radio show condemning the jailing of the 'Hollywood Ten,' " and adding, "This radio show was refused by the major networks." The F.B.I. memorandum that reports this also reports that in 1951 a catalogue of the Dramatic Workshop and Technical Institute showed Williams to be a member of the institute's board of trustees. The memorandum adds that the workshop was cited as a Communist front by the California Committee on Un-American Activities. A 1961 memorandum in his file says that, in connection with an investigation made for the State Department, "the Bureau ascertained that Thomas Lanier Williams has the reputation of being a homosexual." Some of what follows has been censored, and then the file continues, "Further, the Office of Naval Intelligence, in a separate inquiry, secured statements from individuals who admitted participating in homosexual acts with Williams." The file does not reveal why the F.B.I. thought that Williams might be a threat to America's security.

ONE writer whose F.B.I. file was of particular interest to me was Archibald MacLeish (1892-1982), because during the Roosevelt Administration he held the highest government posts of any American writer. He was the Librarian of Congress from 1939 to 1944; director of the wartime Office of Facts and Figures from 1941 to 1942; assistant director of the Office of War Information from 1942 to 1943; and, in 1944 and 1945, an Assistant Secretary of State. MacLeish, a friend of the President, contributed to his speeches, as he did to the speeches of his friend Adlai Stevenson in Stevenson's 1952 and 1956 Presidential campaigns. MacLeish won the Pulitzer Prize three times for his poetry and his verse plays: for "Conquistador," published in 1932; for "Collected Poems," published in 1952; and for "J.B.," published in 1958. He was a kind of American poet laureate of New Deal social reform, democracy, and anti-Fascist activism against dictatorships, from Franco's Spain to Hitler's Germany. His file shows that his views did not endear him to congressional investigating committees or to the F.B.I., which in a 1962 internal memorandum called him a "liberal of the New Deal type."

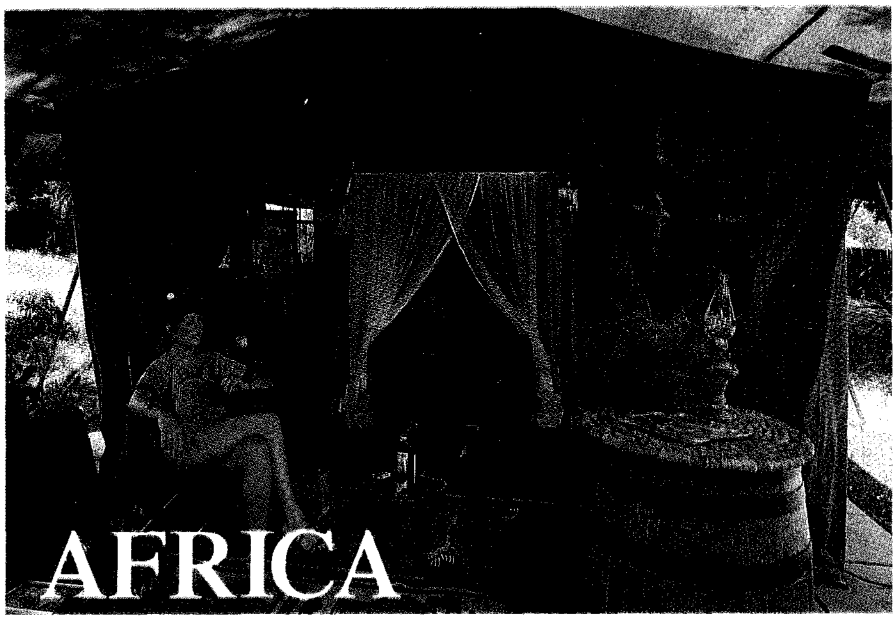
The MacLeish dossier contains more than six hundred pages, including a remarkable exchange of letters and memorandums, stamped "SECRET," between MacLeish and J. Edgar Hoover, which serve to expose the differences in thinking between the two officials—and, indeed, others in the government—on the subject of liberalism and witch-hunting. MacLeish, as director of the Office of Facts and Figures, could speak to Hoover as a Washington equal; Hoover, knowing that he was dealing with a friend of the President (and also that he had an ace in the hole: an existing file on MacLeish and his associations with writers' and anti-Fascist organizations in the nineteen-thirties), was cordially evasive. The exchange reveals a good deal about Hoover's political maneuvering and the F.B.I.'s attitude toward all authors who were under surveillance for their beliefs and writings.

The exchange began in January of 1942, a few weeks after Pearl Harbor, with a letter from MacLeish. Someone at the F.B.I. put a summary headline over this letter:

MACLEISH'S CRITICISM OF THE BUREAU
AND ITS INVESTIGATIVE POLICIES

The letter reads, in part:

> As reports on employees in the Office of Facts and Figures come to me through the Division of Investigation at OEM [Office for Emergency Management], I notice the recurrence of the phrase that the applicant is said to be "associated with various Liberal and Communistic groups." This suggests that investigators have been told to consider Liberalism as suspicious. Knowing your feeling on this matter, I am sure that no such instructions ever came from you.
>
> For the sake of our reputation in the history books, don't you think it would be a good thing if all investigators could be made to understand that Liberalism is not only not a crime but actually the attitude of the President of the United States and the greater part of his Administration?
>
> In the same way, I note the frequent recurrence of references to membership in organizations set up to aid the Spanish Republic in its fight against the Fascist Revolution of 1936. The implication is that people who were against the Nazis and the Fascists in '36 were suspect. Here again, and for the sake again of the reputations of all of us in the history books, wouldn't it be possible to instruct all in-



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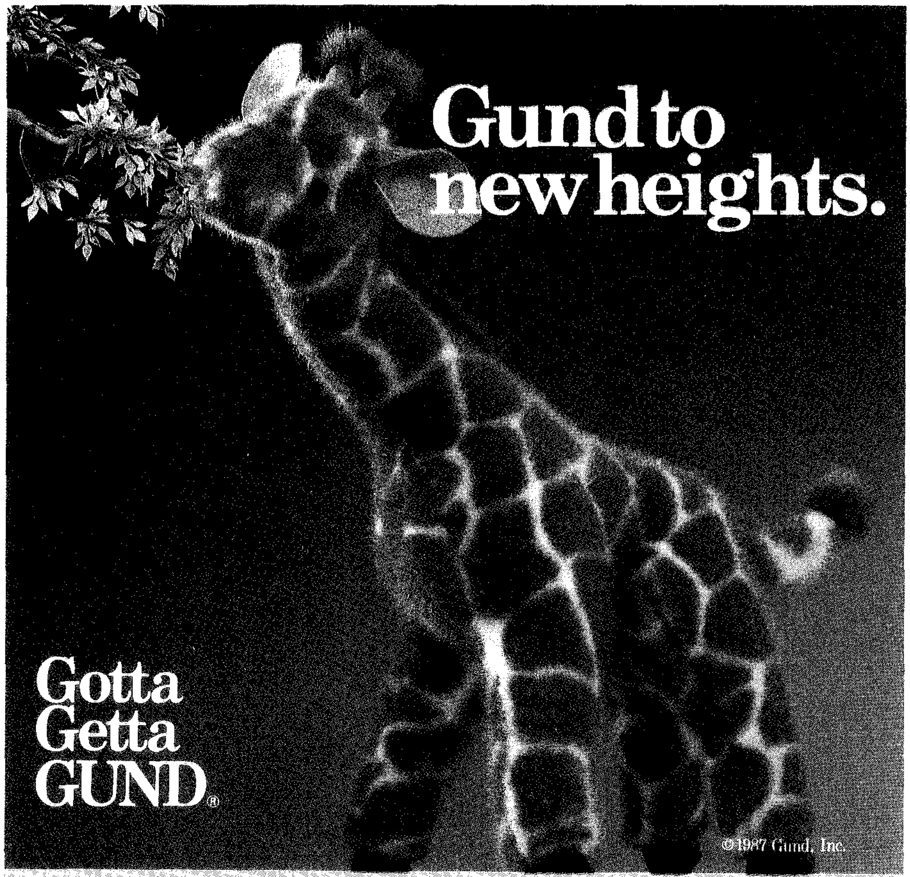

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> vestigators that the people we are at war with now are the same people who supported Franco in the Spanish civil war?

A week later, Hoover responded cautiously, by letter:

> As you know, the F.B.I. is a fact-finding organization. The Special Agents who conduct and report on these and all other investigations, are trained and instructed to do so with absolute impartiality. These investigations are conducted primarily for the purpose of determining the patriotism, loyalty, and character of the individuals concerned. . . .
>
> In the event an opinion is expressed by the person interviewed, the Special Agents attempt to obtain the basis for the opinion. It is true that in some cases biased or prejudicial statements may be made by some persons interviewed and comments by others may be objectionable or conceivably false. However, in the interest of obtaining available data for submission to the employing agency, all information, regardless of its nature, is fully and accurately reported as received and in no way do the individual comments reflect any opinions or the policy of the F.B.I.

In March of 1942, MacLeish sent a confidential letter to Attorney General Francis Biddle, Hoover's superior, and Biddle passed it on to Hoover. To Biddle, with whom he was on a first-name basis, MacLeish could speak more openly:

> You have a lot to worry about these days and I hope I am the last man to add to your worries, but the whole business of the investigation of citizens offering their services to the government has at last gotten me down. Particularly in the case of writers and scholars and above all in the case of liberal writers and scholars the investigations have reached a level of humiliating absurdity which would be laughable if it were not often sinister.
>
> Malcolm Cowley has been driven to resign from the Office of Facts and Figures by an attack carried on through Westbrook Pegler by, presumably, members of the Dies Committee or of the Dies Committee staff. Pegler very obviously had access to information in the possession only of the Dies Committee or the F.B.I., and I am certain the F.B.I. is not engaged in the business of trying its cases in the newspapers.
>
> Now on top of the Cowley case come investigations of [name censored] and of [censored]'s which take the entire cake—frosting, candles, and all. I enclose [censored] letter, in which you may wish to read the two underlined sentences. I enclose also the interim report on [censored] in which you may wish to glance at the long list of items which are stated to reflect unfavorably upon [censored]'s character, reputation, and loyalty.
>
> I ask you—can you beat it?
>
> [Name censored]'s statement that F.B.I. investigators are "out of touch with intellectual currents" is a princely understatement. They seem not only to be out of touch with intellectual currents, they seem to be in other currents of a most suspicious nature—and I don't think I am seeing things. For example, report after report coming to me links the words "liberal" and "Communist" as though in the opinion of the F.B.I. investigators they were the same thing. In report after report, support of the Spanish Loyalists against Hitler and Mussolini is put down as one of the worst of the black marks, and any association with Loyalist Spain is given as a basis of suspicion of loyalty to the United States.
>
> I have already written Hoover about this general matter and have had a very pleasant but not precisely responsive answer from him. My suggestion to him was that F.B.I. agents ought to be given a course of instruction in recent history, American and other, to inform them of a few basic facts, such as the fact that this country is now at war with the men who attacked Spain in '36 and '37—such as the fact that President Roosevelt is a liberal—such as the fact that the founders of this country believed in and practiced democracy—and a few other similar simple items.
>
> I agree with you that the present attack upon liberals in the government is dangerous. I think, too, that one of the most dangerous aspects of that attack is to be found in such documents as the enclosed "investigation" of [name deleted]. That investigators of [censored] should go to a notorious America First leader to inquire about [censored]'s loyalty and that investigators of [censored] should turn to [censored] for evidence leaves me absolutely breathless and flabbergasted.
>
> Forgive this long rant. I know the whole thing makes you just as sick as it makes me. But can't we do something about it?

After Hoover was given a copy of MacLeish's letter to Attorney General Biddle, he wrote a secret memorandum to Biddle stating that the F.B.I. was a fact-finding agency, whose agents had an obligation to develop "a full and complete picture" of an individual's background without "coloring" its reports. Hoover denied that his bureau was judgmental and added, "To use Mr. MacLeish's phraseology, I am left 'breathless and flabbergasted' by Mr. MacLeish's disregard of the facts."

MacLeish followed up in April, 1942, with a letter to Biddle: "What is really involved is the education and experience of the investigators themselves." In the exchange with Hoover, MacLeish did not prevail. So ended that attempt to change Hoover's methods and his long-held convictions—going back to the early nineteen-twenties—in which liberalism was equated with radicalism.

One of the things that Hoover knew at the time but MacLeish evidently did not know was that the F.B.I. had been keeping a file on him. One of the first entries in that file, in September of 1941, noted that, as the Librarian of Congress, MacLeish was on the mailing list of the National Federation for

Constitutional Liberties and the Washington Spanish Refugee Relief Committee. Hoover asked his staff for more such suspicious data, and the Washington field division reported that it had derogatory information on MacLeish and his writings. The F.B.I. records show that in 1936 MacLeish contributed to the magazine *Common Sense* and was a sponsor of American Friends of Spanish Democracy; that in 1937 he was on the board of trustees of the New School for Social Research (which gave teaching jobs to a number of refugees from Hitlerism), was on a citizens' committee for the American Civil Liberties Union, and was a sponsor of Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade; that in 1939 he was a sponsor of the International League Defense Milk Fund and that in 1940 he was on the board of sponsors of the American Guild for German Cultural Freedom, an anti-Nazi group, was affiliated with the Second American Writers Congress, which had supported the Spanish Loyalists in 1937, and was a member of the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies.

After the war, whenever MacLeish's name came up for a public-service job, including deputy chairman of the American delegation to UNESCO, in 1946, the F.B.I. repeated all his associations and added more information, indicating that the bureau was still keeping track of him. For example, he was listed as a sponsor for a dinner of the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship and the National Federation for Constitutional Liberties. The F.B.I. records include quotations from the most rabid columnists, such as John O'Donnell, of the Washington *Times-Herald:* "The slippery fashion by which the fellow-travelers and the Roosevelt pinks have wormed their way into high positions . . . Poet Archibald MacLeish's Office of Facts and Figures—fuss and feathers it was merrily called before suspicion grew of its sinister link with Moscow internationalists and native pinkos."

In 1962, MacLeish was being considered by the Kennedy Administration for appointment to the Advisory Committee on the Arts. This resulted in an alert from Hoover to F.B.I. offices all over the United States to dig up any information on him. "Determine from persons interviewed their opinion concerning appointee's loyalty from his written works," Hoover suggested. MacLeish was highly recom-

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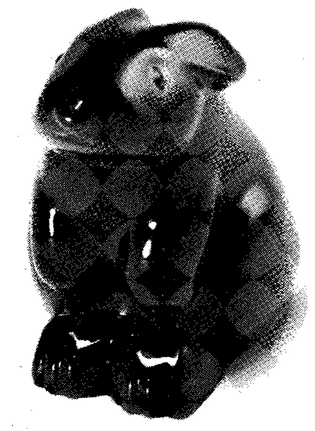

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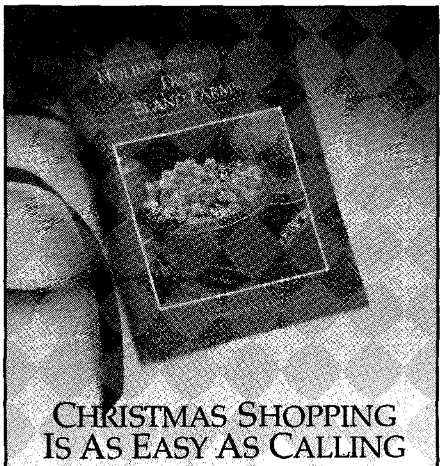

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mended by many people interviewed around the country, but President Kennedy was killed before the appointment was made. Nevertheless, the bureau's effort to discredit him involved scores of interviews and a rehash of old accusations about his liberalism. The most damning thing that the F.B.I. could come up with was the information that in 1928 MacLeish had been arrested for "illegal fishing on private property" in Massachusetts. The F.B.I. report notes that he was fined ten dollars, the fine was suspended, and he paid court costs of four dollars and thirty-five cents.

AN F.B.I. memorandum on Robert Lowell (1917-77) written in 1968 describes him as "a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet who is very prominent in the literary field," and adds, "During 1965, he refused an invitation to the White House, because he did not agree with the President's foreign policy." This referred to the fact that Lowell, along with a number of other writers, declined to participate in President Johnson's first (and, as it turned out, last) White House Festival of the Arts and Humanities, during the Vietnam War. Those who protested to the President by telegram had a second name check on them ordered from the F.B.I. by the White House.

The information on Lowell that I received—thirty-two pages, heavily censored—notes that in 1942 he tried to enlist in both the Army and the Navy but was turned down because of poor eyesight. The next year, he decided to become a conscientious objector. He received a draft notice but did not report for induction. According to an F.B.I. summary of his case, he explained that "he no longer felt that the war was justified." In 1943, a United States District Court judge in New York sentenced him to a year and a day in the federal prison in Danbury, Connecticut, for failing to report for induction.

In 1965, Lowell was one of scores of signers of "Writers and Artists Protest," a letter against American policy and military engagement in Vietnam. The F.B.I. had checked his fingerprint files in its Identification Division to see if he had an arrest record other than his wartime prison sentence as a conscientious objector, and found none. Two years later, he again came to the F.B.I.'s attention, as one of the leaders—together with Norman Mailer, Dr. Benjamin Spock, and others in the arts and sciences—of the

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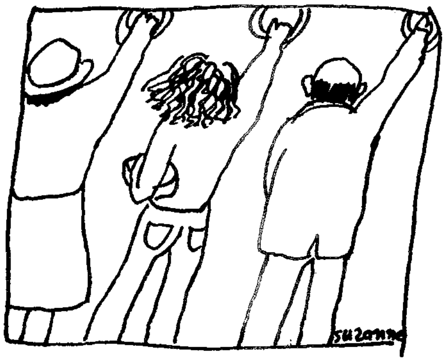
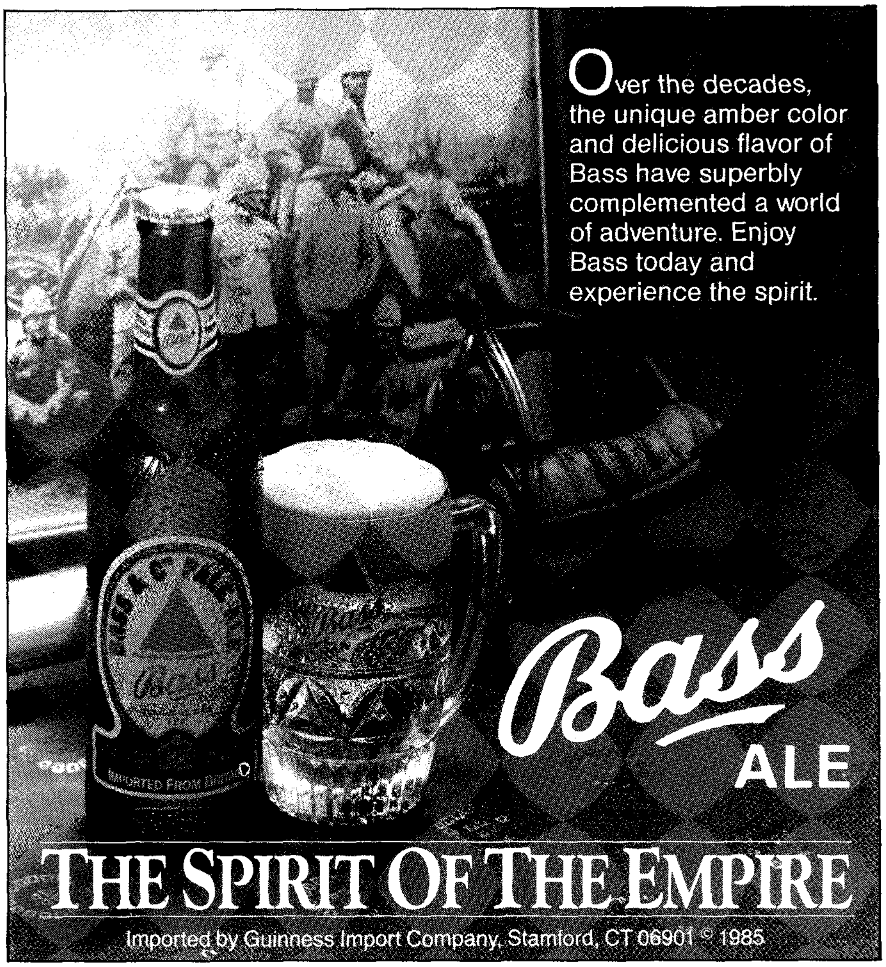
peace march on the Pentagon that year. The next year, a memorandum in his file notes, there were "numerous references to a Robert Lowell."

The file also contains a summary of a 1967 article in the *Times* saying that Andrei Voznesensky, the Soviet poet, had dedicated a poem to Lowell. Lowell had described Voznesensky as one of the great poets in any language, and was to read translations of poems by him during a recital at Philharmonic Hall, in Lincoln Center. No mention is made in the F.B.I. file of the fact that Voznesensky had written poems against anti-Semitism and was an outspoken advocate of greater freedom for publication of literature in his own country.

Whenever Lowell applied for a renewal of his passport, the F.B.I. kept track of his travel plans and his whereabouts. How closely he was followed abroad cannot be determined from his blacked-out file, but passport photographs that he had supplied were duplicated there. Several pages in the Lowell file were withheld in their entirety, "in the interest of the national defense or foreign policy."

W. H. AUDEN (1907-73) became a naturalized American citizen in 1946, but the F.B.I.'s file on him—thirty-one pages, only eighteen of which were made available to me—covers his activities before that time as well as after. In addition to information from the F.B.I., his file includes a few documents from the State Department, the C.I.A., and the Justice Department's Immigration and Naturalization Service. In 1945, the F.B.I. told the State Department's Visa Division that one of the contributors to an issue of *New Masses* in 1939 had been Wystan Hugh Auden, of 16 Oberlin Avenue, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. At that time, Auden was lecturing at Swarthmore College. This piece of intelligence appears in an F.B.I. file on him and an investigative report. A confidential memorandum entered in

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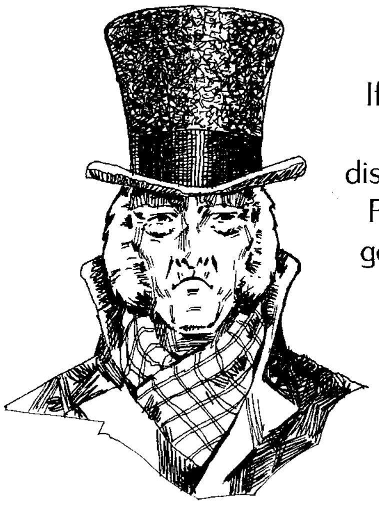

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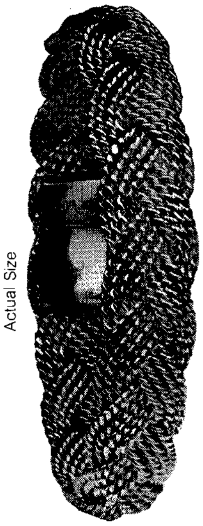

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Auden's F.B.I. file in 1945 provides a biographical account of his schooling and friends and politics, and says that he belonged to "a group of young poets who were all strongly oriented to the left, some of them being orthodox Communists." Someone whose name has been censored said, according to the file, that "Auden was never in complete agreement with the Communist doctrine" but was "simply in rebellion against the opinions of the upper bourgeoisie into which he was born." In 1937, the file notes, Auden was an ambulance driver for the Loyalists during the Spanish Civil War. "He is married to Erika Mann, daughter of Thomas Mann," the report continues, "and in 1939 he came to the United States as a permanent resident."

The file includes the fact that Auden attended school with the British diplomats Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess. An article in the Jerusalem *Post*, dated June 18, 1951, is quoted as saying that Stephen Spender, identified as a friend of Auden and "another prominent ex-Communist," had had a telephone conversation with Burgess before Burgess and Maclean defected from the British Foreign Office and went to Moscow, in May, 1951. Going a step further, the file says that Auden was "believed" to be a Communist Party member in the early nineteen-thirties and a "contact" for the defecting British diplomats. British Intelligence did not link Auden to them or anyone else politically.

In 1965, Jack Valenti, one of President Johnson's assistants and political operatives, asked the F.B.I. for a name check on Auden, who was being considered as a recipient of the Presidential Medal of Freedom. The F.B.I.'s response is omitted entirely from Auden's file. In any event, he was never given the award.

FROM the F.B.I. file on Edmund Wilson, fifteen heavily censored pages were released. The bureau had a second, smaller file on Wilson, which it refused to release at all—"in the interest of the national defense or foreign policy, for example, information involving intelligence sources or methods." Wilson seemed to me one of the writers least likely to have a file and, having one, to have it subject to censorship or to denial under the Freedom of Information Act. It is hard to imagine how "The Shores of Light" or "Memoirs of Hecate County" or "The Dead Sea Scrolls" could have

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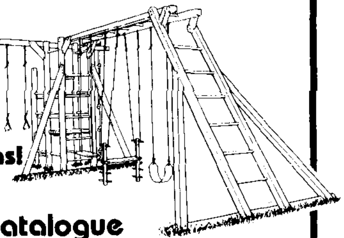

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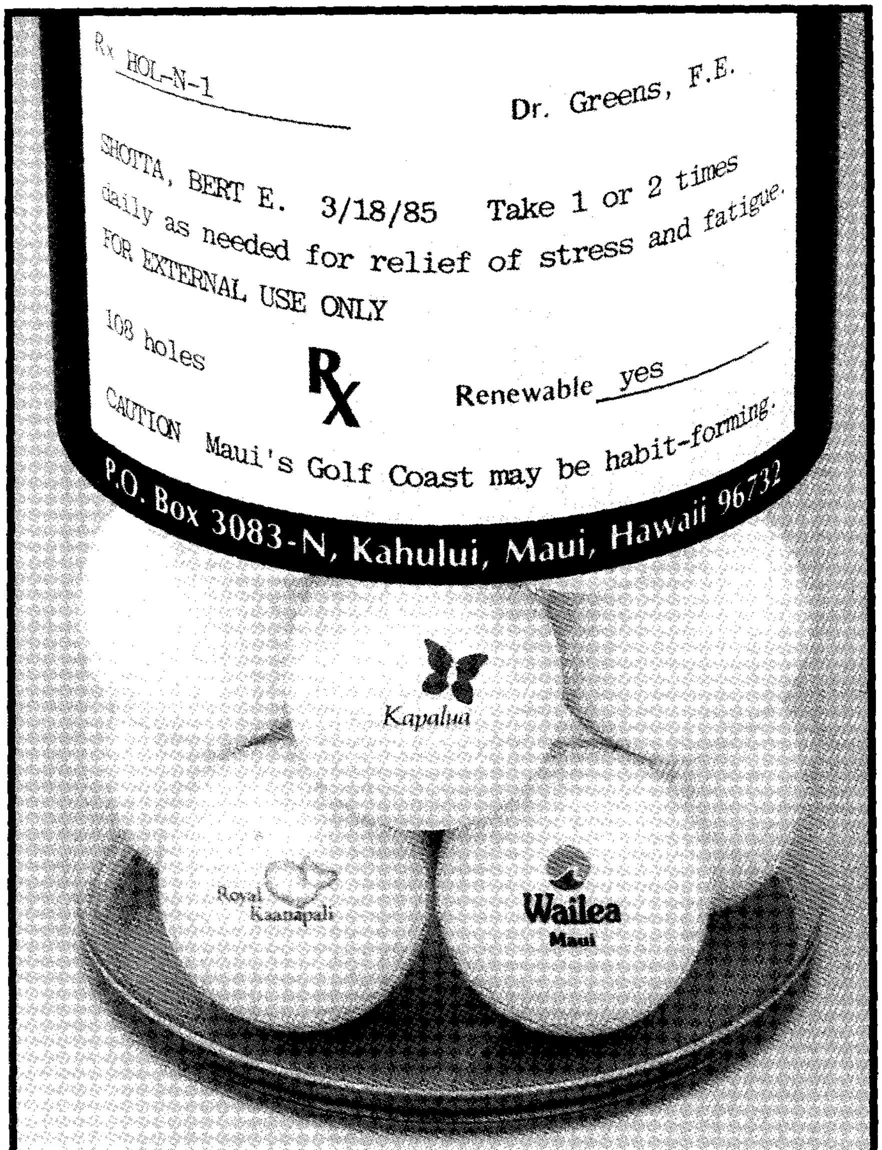
caused problems for the United States.

The F.B.I. file that was released to me indicates no familiarity with Wilson's writings. It begins in 1951 as a "Security Matter—C." A report to J. Edgar Hoover from a special agent at the Boston F.B.I. office in 1951 says that Wilson was interviewed "in connection with an Applicant investigation" to check his background for the United States Information Agency. In the F.B.I. interview, Wilson said that he had visited Russia in 1935 and was interested in the future of the Soviet Union. Wilson also said he realized that "the Soviet Union under STALIN could never improve the plight of the masses and that the Russian Revolution had failed." He told the interviewer that he had long been a student of Marxism, and said, "I have a certain amount of Marxist writing equipment," by which he meant presumably that he had sources of research for his book "To the Finland Station" and other Soviet studies. The F.B.I. reported that Wilson "described himself as a Socialist who voted for Norman Thomas in the last Presidential election"—that is, in 1948.

Wilson's file shows that in 1953 the State Department sought information on him. The C.I.A. also requested a background check on him, in 1957. In reply, Hoover provided the data in the F.B.I. files based on the 1951 interview. The United States Information Agency received the same data for a 1963 background check, plus information that a confidential source supplied —a letterhead listing Wilson as a member of a civil-rights committee to defend James Kutcher. Kutcher, who in 1953 published a book called "The Case of the Legless Veteran," had been dismissed from a desk job with the Veterans Administration in 1948 because he was a member of the Socialist Workers' Party.

The F.B.I. file also shows that on May 10, 1961, Wilson's name appeared in a *Times* advertisement, signed by seventy people, that took the form of an open letter to President Kennedy. The advertisement urged the United States to give no further support to exile groups advocating an invasion of Cuba. That same year, the file notes, Wilson was among fifty signers of an affidavit to reduce the six-year sentence of Junius Irving Scales, an ex-Communist who had been convicted under the 1940 Smith Act, which prohibited "certain subversive activities," and was serv-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ing his sentence in the Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary. President Kennedy commuted the harsh sentence in 1962.

In 1965, during the Vietnam War, Wilson was one of the signers of the "Writers and Artists Protest." A copy of the protest entered his file. A final note in Wilson's file said that, in connection with a name-check request by the White House in 1966, "the fingerprint files of the Identification Division of the F.B.I. contain no arrest data identifiable with captioned individual. . . ."

NOT long ago, I discussed the government dossiers on writers with Athan G. Theoharis, a professor of history at Marquette University, in Milwaukee, and the author of the forthcoming book "The Boss: J. Edgar Hoover and the Great American Inquisition," and he told me, "I can't say with certainty that similar espionage on authors and other Americans is not going on today. The bureau once tried to shape public opinion. Some, but not all, of the files were 'purified,' but I wouldn't be surprised if the F.B.I. was still pursuing some of the old cases. One thing about investigations: they never seem to die."

—HERBERT MITGANG

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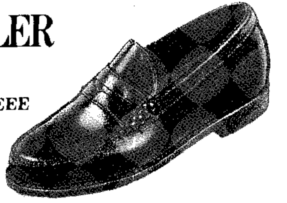

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

8, 19, 17½

IT'S hard to believe that a great comedy could be made of the blitz, but John Boorman has done it. In his new, autobiographical film, "Hope and Glory," he has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. The war frees the Rohans (based on Boorman's family) from the dismal monotony of their pinched white-collar lives and of their street, with its row of semidetached suburban houses; now they have the excitement of the bomb blasts, the dash to the shelters, the searchlights combing the night skies, the stirring patriotic bilge on the wireless, and the equality that's ushered in with the ration books. Bill Rohan (Sebastian Rice Edwards) diligently collects shrapnel, and, along with the other eight- and nine-year-old boys, pokes through the ruins, smashing whatever's left to smash. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe and listening to the shelling and sirens, the fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside for the exhilaration of movement, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls to Bill as he hesitates on the porch. Seeing something by the curb, he runs out and picks it up—"Shrapnel! And it's still hot." He tosses it from hand to hand, cooling it. His mother, Grace (Sarah Miles), suddenly laughs at the sight of the burning house down the street, and is shocked at her own reaction. She calls out, "Come in at once, or I wash my hands of you!" And then, as Boorman writes (the script has been published by Faber & Faber): "A shell bursts right overhead and they duck into the open doorway. The four of them are framed there, looking up at the savage sky where the Battle of Britain rages. Bill watches, enraptured."

Boorman's approach makes perfect sense. He doesn't deny the war its terrors: there's an astonishing scene where Grace and the two younger children are heading out to the shelter but don't make it; bright white shellbursts knock them back and fling them about the living room as if they were slow-motion marionettes. Yet he gives everything a comic fillip. Bill and the other school kids have to wear gas masks when they go to the school shelter, and the headmaster makes them put their time to use by reciting multiplication tables; exquisitely repulsive sucking-air sounds come out. At one point, when Grace and her kids are at the movies, watching a newsreel of the Battle of Britain, a notice on the screen tells them that there's an air raid and they should take shelter. As Grace leads them up the aisle, Bill says, "Can't we just see the end?" Dawn tells him, "They've got the real thing outside." "It's not the same," he says. And that's true for the movie we're watching: it's the life that goes on outside the theatre, but selected, heightened, polished. And, in the case of "Hope and Glory," life outside has been given an extra dose of good sense—a jolly luminousness.

The picture recalls what Ingmar Bergman tried to do in "Fanny and Alexander"—to create a whole vision of life out of a man's memories of what, as a child, he perceived about his family. But, rich as Bergman's film is, he got bogged down in Gothic fantasies and Victorian conventionality; he's never at peace with the child's amoral side. Boorman treats his memories more lightheartedly. So his mother didn't love his father and they weren't happy together, but he *survived*. The war came along and shook things up, and if his father (David Hayman), who was like a shrivelled patriotic schoolboy, tried to escape the sense of shame he felt about slipping down from the middle class to the rootless life of the semis, and enlisted, expecting adventures but finding himself put to work as a clerk-typist—well, at least he got to visit his family. And when that semidetached house—emblem of coal pollution and conformity—burned down (in a "normal" fire that couldn't be blamed on the Nazis) nobody missed it. Its destruction provided the excuse for Grace and the children to move into her parents' big, open, ramshackle bungalow on the Thames, where Bill and his six-year-old sister, Sue (Geraldine Muir), could fish and play. And since this was at Shepperton, near the studios that Alexander Korda built, and movie crews frequently worked along the river, Bill could develop the interests that turned him into John Boorman.

The movie is wonderfully free of bellyaching. Grandfather (Ian Bannen) is a gruff, demanding old buzzard who gets drunk at Christmas and subjects the whole clan to his toasts to all the ladies he remembers with lewd satisfaction. But he also instructs Bill in the lore of the river. Now and then, Bill can tease him and get away with it, and when, just hours before the beginning of the fall term, Bill's grim, dreaded school is bombed and burned out, Grandfather laughs like a cartoon anarchist. It's as if his and Bill's dreams had exploded the place. And not theirs alone: arriving for the first day of servitude, the pupils see the bomb debris and riot in the schoolyard. It's a whoop-de-do celebration, because their holidays will be extended; it's also an orgy of hatred for the headmaster, who likes to cane kids, raising welts on their palms. He has told them that discipline wins wars; now the bombs have put a stop to his tyranny. That's the joy of the movie: the war has its horrors, but it also destroys much of what the genteel poor like Grace Rohan have barely been able to acknowledge they wanted destroyed.

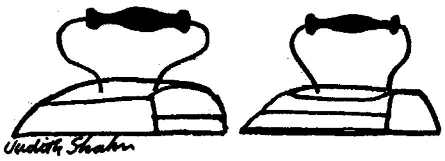
Boorman keeps his energy up in all the scenes. He doesn't get so personal he loses control, and he doesn't fall into any of his Jungian pits. The many things that could go wrong didn't; the picture moves along lightly, one incident after another, a collage of memories, dreams, newsreels, old movies, fake old movies. It's like a plainspoken, English variant of the Taviani brothers' "The Night of the Shooting Stars," which was also the Second World War as seen through the eyes of a child. In that film, the child, grown up, mythicizes her war experiences, converting them into bedtime stories to tell her own child, and Boorman has written that his script began with the stories he told his kids at bedtime. Many of his characters and anecdotes are like archetypes, but they're grounded in definite, "real" characters and situations. They're never forced on us; they simply take hold—maybe because we're always in on the jokes. The picture has a beautiful pop clarity.

Sammi Davis's dimply, pleasure-loving Dawn is always changing her mind. She wants sex but not love and is furious when she falls for a Canadian jokester soldier with dimples of his own (Jean-Marc Barr). Sammi Davis (she was the blond teen-age prostitute in "Mona Lisa," and she's the blind girl in "A Prayer for the Dying") makes Dawn's bluntness wittily uncouth; she turns just about every line she has into a kicker. And, as Grace's friend Molly, Susan Wooldridge (she was Daphne Manners in "The Jewel in the Crown") has moments when she's almost as no-nonsense "common" as Dawn. A few of the characters—such as Molly's husband, Mac (Derrick O'Connor)—don't have any comic turns and so they don't add up to much. And not all the performances are dazzling. (Sarah Miles is actressy without being much of an actress.) But you feel that you're seeing the people with refreshed eyes. Sebastian Rice Edwards' Bill is everything he should be: funny, tough-minded, open-faced. And although the role of Sue takes less doing, Geraldine Muir is a hilarious little trouper. Her misconstruction of what she sees through the keyhole when she watches Dawn and the Canadian and what she sees when she watches Mummy and Daddy is a small classic.

The picture itself is big—a large-scale comic vision, with ninety-foot barrage balloons as part of the party atmosphere. In the opening scenes, kids in a movie theatre are throwing bits of paper at each other, creating a blizzard. Boorman's touch here is so sure it's as if he were handing us popcorn, and saying, "Throw it if you want; just have a good time."

WALKING down the street at the end of "The Pick-up Artist," Robert Downey and Molly Ringwald match up like Pierrot and Pierrette. Maybe what makes them such a blithe team is that he isn't very tall and there's something buoyant and resilient about him. This little guy has been racing through his days, chasing women compulsively, as if he were under a spell and could never relax. Now he's met this girl, and he's basking in being part of a twosome. Downey's Jack Jericho, a New York schoolteacher, is a happy hedonist, and Ringwald is Randy Jensen, a slender, voluptuous beauty who works as a guide at the Museum of Natural History. But they're also both just kids discovering the pleasures of companionship. The movie is an airy romantic comedy, written and directed by James Toback, in a swing away from the flamboyant pulp pictures he is known for ("Fingers," "Exposed"). This time, most of the movie is built on the free-for-all gags that popped out in the margins of his darker fantasies. And Downey, whose soul is floppy-eared, transforms the gags—takes the heat and pressure out of them.

It's a sunny movie, with New York streets full of slim-hipped models and beauty-contest winners. At the start, Jack runs from one to the next, giving them his seductive pitch, asking for their phone numbers, and often getting them. It doesn't bother him when his come-on fails; he enjoys the chase and the conversations, in which he can see himself as a hipster Don Juan. Young men in the audience may spot their own techniques as they watch him rehearsing his routines in the shaving mirror, practicing the sincere look, the even, flattering voice. But when he gives Randy his sales patter she's a shock to him. She's neither encouraging nor rejecting—she's a few leaps ahead of him. This long-legged, nimble-witted redhead, who's nineteen (Ringwald's age), has her own compulsions.



Molly Ringwald has been poised and assured right from her early screen appearances, in "Tempest" and "Spacehunter," and in "Sixteen Candles" and other John Hughes pictures. But she is more febrile here, and softer, with more womanly undulations. She seems to have acquired lusher, deeper colors. The cinematographer (Gordon Willis) may be partly responsible: in her clinging green dress, she's like Modigliani's lover—too expressive, too unusual to be called a knockout. That's the correct term for the gorgeous babes Jack approaches, such as Mona (Anne Marie Bobby), who tells him she's studying for the priesthood, and Rae (Vanessa Williams), whose dog gives him the brushoff. Ringwald matches Downey in the yearning under both their smiles and in the quick, quiet way they talk. Jack looks as though he could float above anything and never let on if he was in pain, and this weightlessness has its appeal in the middle of the honking city sounds—it makes him seem worthy of this fairy-tale gambling girl, who's determined to pay off the debts of her father (Dennis Hopper), an out-of-it boozer.

The flimsy plot hardly matters, because new, undreamed-of characters keep turning up, and they keep the movie bubbling along. The father is in hock to a graceless, short-fuse racketeer (Harvey Keitel), whose moll, the raucous Lulu, is played in an original, happy-go-lucky style by Victoria Jackson, of "Saturday Night Live." Bob Gunton, wearing a slithery little mustache, is the second-richest guy in Colombia, who hangs around pining for Randy; Christine Baranski is a live wire Randy meets on the bus to Atlantic City; Mildred Dunnock is Jack's likably dippy grandmother; Robert Towne is Jack's suave principal; Danny Aiello (partly off tone) is Jack's coffee-shop-owner pal; Tony Sirico and the supreme sleazo Joe Spinell are comic-strip hoods; Tom Signorelli is a used-car salesman for the ages; and there are dozens of others. Toback's affection for them is overwhelming; he gets you to share it. Several have worked for him before, and each gets a chance to take a bow.

If the picture is charming or nifty rather than terrific, it's because Toback, who has been doing fine with the scenes—mostly two-character dialogues—that depend on the performers' rhythms (and his snappy lines), holds to that style when the action moves to Atlantic City. He doesn't build up the rush of excitement that's needed when Randy and Jack gamble for huge stakes. When they're inside the casino, we should feel the dislocation of a closed-off night world, and when Jack stands with a container of chips pressed against his chest we need to experience his giddy sense of triumph and recognize it as the flying high that's been part of his crazy sweetness all along. What happens is that the story doesn't peak; a scene where Jack tells off the racketeer is woozily unconvincing; and the ending is earthbound. The film is full of spangly good humor, though. In its own irrepressible way it's sustained. It's not heady enough, not a lift-off, but it's bright and convivial, like the sound of the sixties girl groups on the track. It keeps you laughing.

THE 1936 comedy "My Man Godfrey" features Mischa Auer as a soulful Russian musician with only one number in his repertoire: "Otchi Tchornyia." Lubitsch's 1940 "The Shop Around the Corner" has a running gag about a couple of dozen musical cigarette boxes that play "Otchi Tchornyia": the shop keeps marking them down, but can't get rid of them. We still aren't rid of that bewhiskered joke of a song: it's back again in Nikita Mikhalkov's "Dark Eyes" ("Otchi Tchornyia"), which opened the New York Film Festival last week and is now in theatrical release. Shot in Italy and the Soviet Union, "Dark Eyes" amalgamates several short stories by Chekhov, and is the kind of movie that is referred to as a "broad tapestry," or, as *Variety* put it, "a joyful sleighride through the turn of the century." It features obviousness and mugging—each in almost unprecedented amounts. Everything in it is overacted, is too slow and too close. A beaming, twinkling Russian called Pavel (Vsevolod Larionov) is held in full screen so long I still can't get him out of my eyeballs. This hearty fellow shares a carafe of wine, on shipboard, with a foolish-looking Italian, Romano (Marcello Mastroianni), who proceeds to tell him his life story. As a poor student about to begin a career as an architect, he married a choking-rich young woman (Silvana Mangano). Her father died soon after, she became head of the family business interests, and Romano lived in a great villa as a spoiled pet. He took mistresses (Marthe Keller is one of them), became a weak, self-hating buffoon (people snickered at him), and, when he needed to escape, he went off to spas.

This is unfortunate for us, because Mikhalkov, who has stated that "8½" is his favorite movie, and that he has seen it seventeen times, directs the spa scenes like a bumpkin Fellini. And he must believe that it's his job as a Soviet citizen to teach us a thing or two about decadence: every single time he can drag on a worker or a servant, he treats us to a demonstration of how this person is enslaved and humiliated. In all of Europe there doesn't seem to be one bourgeois or aristocrat who isn't callous or one worker who isn't scared and servile. Mikhalkov really comes into his own when he can bring on someone corpulent—a woman singer with the orchestra in the Grand Hotel at the spa, a landlady in the nearby town. He pushes them up against the lens so that their open-mouthed, heavily lipsticked pigginess comes through in 3-D; he insists that we laugh at their grossness.

At the spa, Romano meets Anna (Elena Sofonova), Chekhov's woman with the little dog. He is touched by how seriously she takes their brief affair, and when she leaves to go back to her husband he invents a business project—a factory to be built in her town in Russia. At this point, the film turns into a grotesquely tedious satire of bureaucracy in Imperial Russia, as Romano travels to St. Petersburg and goes from ministry to ministry trying to obtain the necessary permit to open his mythical factory in the rural town. Then come feasting and roistering with villagers in their native costumes. (The peasant merrymaking is a moral lesson to us.) Eventually, he finds Anna; they agree to leave their empty marriages and start a new life together, and he heads back to Italy to tell his wife that he wants his freedom. Many complications later, there's a surprise ending, but it's a surprise only in the sense that you can't quite believe that Mikhalkov and his writing associates would sink so low.

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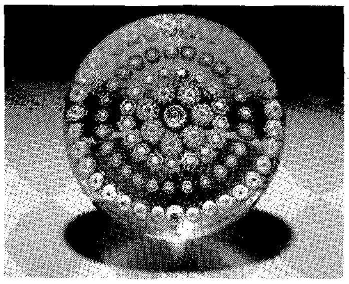

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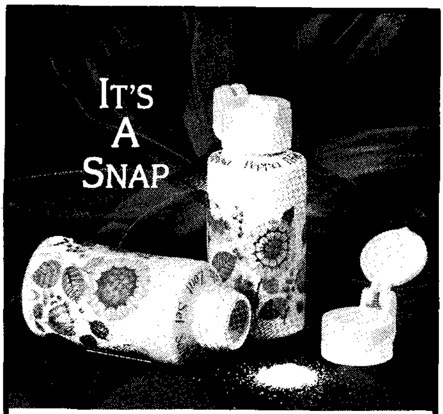

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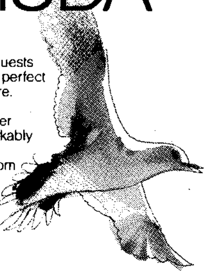

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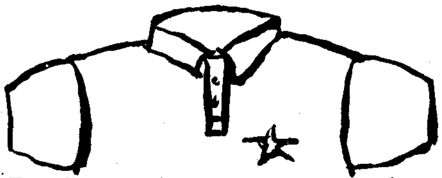

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poetic Russian mist near the Volga, in the scene where Romano, eager to regain his manhood, travels by horse-drawn cart to the distant railroad depot. But along with the mist there are bands of gypsies—they sing. And Romano is driven to the depot by an ecological-minded veterinarian, who delivers wholesome speeches. Mikhalkov doesn't spare you much; when he can't think of anything else to do, hats fly off in the wind and are chased. Even in the rare subdued scene, such as Romano's seduction of the shy, unworldly Anna in her quarters near the spa, there are goofs: she touches her finger to her wet eyes and draws a line on the wall, and the line doesn't evaporate. This woman has miraculous powers. Mikhalkov shows her face in closeup during an embrace: a carefully lighted tear forms at the outer corner of her eye, and the silly dab of glycerin won't detach itself. It just rests there, and the director, mesmerized, keeps us staring at it. (It never does fall—he finally gives up and cuts away.)

The Russian scenes are packed with actors who appear to be shoving each other to get in camera range. The women come off much the better: Sofonova, who doesn't have particularly dark eyes but is appealing and resembles the young Shirley MacLaine; and, in the Italian scenes, the imperious, magnificently unflustered Mangano, whose wardrobe speaks well for decadence. (All in all, she may be the greatest clotheshorse in the history of movies.) As for Mastroianni, his makeup is almost alarmingly good. There is a vast difference between his blotchy, sagging face in the shipboard scenes and his smooth skin in the flashbacks to his wasted life. (You can't be certain whether he has been made up to look older or to look younger; probably both.) Mastroianni has been in well over a hundred films; he (deservedly) won the best-actor award at Cannes in 1970 for Ettore Scola's "The Pizza Triangle." He won again for his performance in this massive hunk of Italo-Russian kitsch. When he's Romano, it's as if he were putting on a classroom exhibition of how to turn yourself into another person—he shows the class every bit of calculation. It's exemplary; it's horrible. (He's like Paul Muni in "Juarez" and "The Life of Emile Zola.") If I had never seen Mastroianni except in "Dark Eyes," I wouldn't want to see him again.

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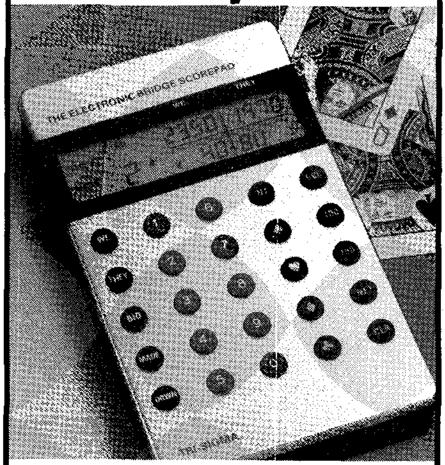

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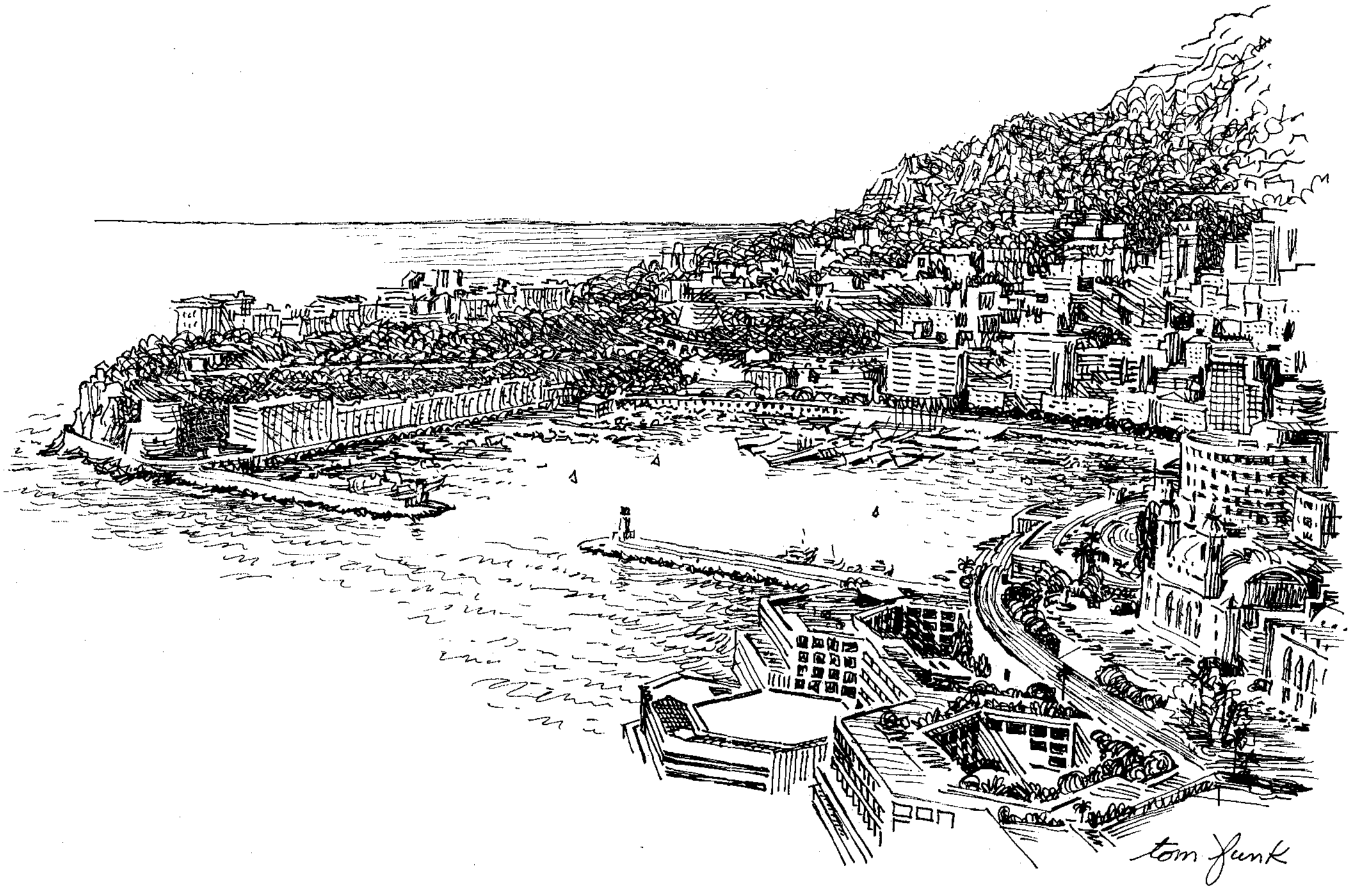
LETTER FROM MONACO



IF Monaco had never existed, some people here feel, it would have had to be invented. "I think it fills a need, a deep yearning in the human spirit," I was told shortly after my arrival, by a Frenchwoman who has been in the area for nearly a decade. She and her husband actually live on a farm about thirty miles away, in the countryside near Vence, but they like to spend occasional sybaritic weekends at the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo. "It is so amusing," she said. "It is like living in a fantasy."

The Principality of Monaco, as it is officially known, does convey at first glance the impression of a fairy-tale realm. It seems to be a tiny haven of civilization, governed by a long-established hereditary ruler whose family, the Grimaldis, came originally from Genoa and have been around, off and on, for nearly eight hundred years. This prince lives in a pink palace perched on top of a rock that thrusts out into a peaceful blue sea. His subjects are usually portrayed as harmless jolly folk who live in harmony with their neighbors, attend church faithfully on Sundays and religious holidays, revere a patron saint who can make white doves fly out of her mouth, and go through their lives free from want and safe from crime. The prince derives his power from God, appoints the government, and proposes all the laws, which are duly approved by a national council of enthusiastic supporters. These laws are always beneficial to the people, who pay no direct taxes, do not serve in the armed forces, and enjoy the benefits of a perfectly administered welfare state. From time to time, wicked outsiders, motivated by greed, try to intervene and disrupt this tranquil scene, but they are invariably beaten off and defeated by the forces of good, led by the prince.

This rosy picture, which would have delighted Walt Disney, is not so much a fake one as an unfinished one. The facts about the place do not really contradict this popular view, but only correct it, transforming it from an idealized illustration in a children's book into a realistic rendition of an actual landscape, flawed but fascinating. Monaco and its royal family are unique.

Even the basic statistics about Monaco are astonishing. The principality is a sliver of land lying on the Mediterranean twelve miles from the Italian frontier and bounded by several districts of the French Maritime Alps. The total population is about twenty-eight thousand, of whom fewer than five thousand are native Monégasques; roughly half are French, about forty-five hundred are Italian, and the remainder are of various nationalities. The surface area comprises four hundred and eight acres, ninety-nine of which have been claimed from the sea during the past two decades. The coastline is two and a half miles long, and the maximum width of the principality is three thousand four hundred and forty-five feet—an area that would fit comfortably inside New York City's Central Park.

Monaco is the name of the state as a whole, which is divided into four districts. Monaco-Ville sits on what is known as the Rock and consists of the ancient town that grew up on the site of the original fortification, with its palace, ramparts, gardens, cathedral, and world-famous museum of oceanography. La Condamine is the bustling port area, while Monte Carlo, which was founded in 1866, includes the celebrated gambling casino, most of the best hotels and night clubs, and a bristling façade of luxury apartment towers and office buildings. The acreage recently reclaimed from the sea is called Fontvieille, and includes

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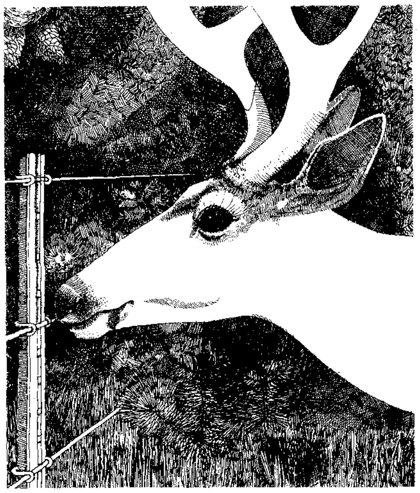

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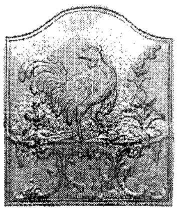

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French is the official language and Roman Catholicism the state religion, but Italian and English are widely spoken and freedom of worship is guaranteed by the national constitution. The Monégasques—at least, the older ones—speak their own language, which is related more closely to Italian than to French, and they tend to be conservative both politically and temperamentally. Being in such a numerical minority, they consistently form a united front against the outside world, and resist any efforts to bring about social changes. The only serious opposition during the rule of Prince Rainier III, who acceded to the throne in 1949, at the age of twenty-five, has come from a Monégasque Communist named Charles Soccal, the head of the Federation of Trade Unions. During part of the nineteen-sixties and seventies, Soccal served in the National Council, an eighteen-member legislative body that meets twice a year and has to approve the actions decided upon by the executive branch before they can be promulgated. Soccal spoke out forcefully against some of the Prince's edicts and challenged him on many of his pet projects. Soccal's voice was the only one raised in opposition, however, and in 1978 he was defeated for reëlection. He has never been favored by the voters since. The fact is that the Monégasques, who are the only people in the principality to have the vote, take their system very seriously. "We are like a family here," a treasury official named George Grinda told a reporter last February, adding, "I do not believe that Monaco would exist without the Prince."

Rainier's power is nearly absolute, but it *is* circumscribed—more by the principality's relationship with France than by any resistance from his own people. Under the terms of the original treaty between the two nations, signed in 1918, France guarantees the independence and the territorial integrity of Monaco as long as the principality acts in accordance with the interests of France. The Prince must appoint his Minister of State, who is his chief civil servant, from a list of three candidates submitted to him by the French government. According to a written stipulation from France, neither this official nor any of his Cabinet colleagues—he has three—can be dismissed by the National Council. (The

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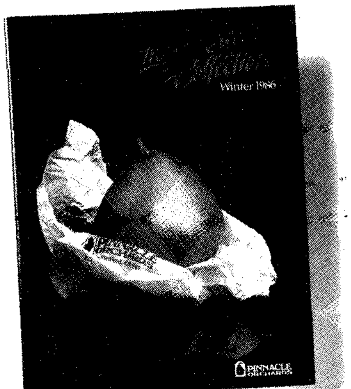

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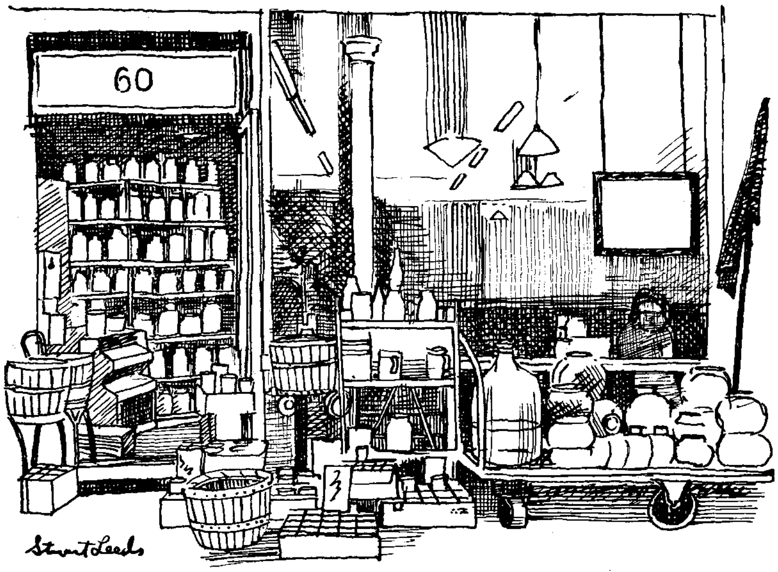
Prince can fire the Minister of State, and Rainier once did, in a clash of wills with Charles de Gaulle, then President of France. The ensuing flap, which had mainly to do with French irritation over the avoidance of taxes by French citizens living in Monaco, precipitated a crisis that imperilled the principality's independence and led to a revision of the original treaty. Under the revised terms, no French national to settle in Monaco after 1957 can avoid French income taxes.) Various other key posts, such as the offices of chief of police and chief justice of the supreme court, are also filled by the French. In effect, the Prince of Monaco is a hostage to the continued good will of France. But this is not how the Monégasques see it. For them, their ruler derives his power from above, and, within the confines of his mandate, he can do almost no wrong.

THERE are compelling economic reasons for this attitude. The Monégasques pay no income taxes and benefit from low-cost public housing, inexpensive public services, free medical care, and other perks of the ideal welfare state. Monaco has no homeless and no unemployed. Once a very poor, isolated, and backward nation, which derived the bulk of its income from citrus crops and fishing, Monaco began to flourish during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, after the construction of its famous gambling casino, then the only one of its kind in Europe. It soon became a Mecca for wealthy and titled high rollers from all over the globe. The English were especially attracted to it, as a relief from the rigidities of their climate and mores. Queen Victoria occasionally visited the Riviera, but she ordered the curtains of her train closed when it passed through Monaco, and Somerset Maugham once described the principality as “a sunny place for shady people.” In 1887, Guy de Maupassant, who was no slouch when it came to low life, described the local action as being carried on by “the scum of continents and society, mixed with princes or future kings, with women of the world, the bourgeoisie, money lenders, and exhausted girls, a mixture unique on earth.”

This mixture, which produced the bulk of the revenues administered by the ruling princes for generations, conjures up a picture that contrasts sharply with the popular image of Monaco today, and also with the quite different one being propagated by Rainier himself. I confess that it was the picture I had had of the place until I first visited it, in 1948. In the years immediately after the end of the Second World War, Monaco resembled a tatty dowager, heavily rouged and down on her luck, but gamely attired in the remnants of her finery. The palace still sat primly on its rock, and in Monte Carlo the casino and the adjacent Hôtel de Paris continued to bask, if a bit shabbily, in their Belle Époque aura. The harbor contained a few private yachts, but they were hemmed in on all sides by more modest craft, mostly fishing boats, and the hillsides above the sea were dotted with private villas, some of them boarded up, and their gardens either overgrown and neglected or showing evidence of wartime conversion into vegetable plots. There were signs of life here and there, and tourist buses had begun to arrive—filled mainly with Americans—but one had the feeling that Monaco would never fully recover. Currency restrictions on foreign travel were tight, and the British, who had once been the chief players on the Riviera, were notably absent. It seemed to me then that Monaco, if it was to survive at all, would have to become, like Virginia City, a sort of open-air museum through which would shamble guided tours of perspiring middle-class citizens gawking at the relics of a vanished age.

More than a decade passed before I went back to Monaco, but then during the early nineteen-sixties, when I used to spend part of every year visiting friends in nearby Menton, I would drop in from time to time to visit the old lady. I liked to play roulette in the old-fashioned gaming rooms, where the croupiers all seemed to be in their seventies and conducted the proceedings with the arthritic grace of retired ballet dancers. I never lingered for more than a few hours, and I only recall a couple of very pleasant winning streaks, one of which enabled me to lease a villa in Menton for an entire summer; I neglected to pay much attention to what had been happening in the principality as a whole. I was aware that there seemed to be a fever of construction, and that many of the old villas were being torn down to make way for high rises, but these things were going on all over Europe and, though I deplored them, I considered them inevitable. What I hadn't realized, despite the grumblings of a few of my local acquaintances, was the extent of the changes. The old lady had become a sort of female Sammy Glick, with her eye on the main chance and a sharp nose for a dollar.

After my friends moved from Menton in the mid-sixties, I stopped going to the Riviera, in part also because, like much of the rest of the Mediterranean seashore, it was becoming intolerably crowded. When I did return to Monaco, last fall, for the first of two visits, it was after a gap of more than twenty years, and I was stunned. I drove in from Nice along the Lower Corniche and, after an hour and a half of stop-and-go traffic, nosed my rented Renault around the corner of the Cap d'Ail to be confronted by a Manhattan skyline. Only the Rock itself and the old town seemed unchanged; beyond them, marching along and up from the water's edge, were clusters of icy glass-and-steel towers and terraced stone slabs

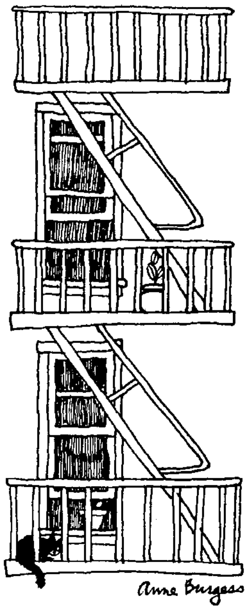


that were incongruous, to say the least, in the semi-tropical surroundings. Not since my first glimpse of Miami Beach had I seen a natural environment so contradicted by human enterprise.

Once I had driven into the principality itself, I began to recognize some landmarks—especially in La Condamine, where many older buildings on the narrow streets behind the port survived in the shadow of the high rises, and in Monte Carlo, where the Place du Casino seemed at first to be unchanged. Palm trees were being carted away from the adjacent gardens, however, where a huge underground parking garage is now under construction, and the Café de Paris, where I used to sip coffee outdoors while watching the ebb and flow of gamblers around the casino entrance, was about to be torn down, I was informed, and rebuilt primarily as a place for American slot machines. (The idea—and a good one, I subsequently decided—was to remove the one-armed bandits permanently from the casino, in which they had taken over the outer gaming rooms, and restore the gilded halls to their former elegance.) From the terrace of the casino I had my first good look at the harbor; it seemed to be about twice as large as I remembered it, and was packed with rows of monstrous yachts nestling side by side, like pachyderms basking in a mudhole. I wondered what had happened to the working fleet, and whether anyone in Monaco fished anymore—or, for that matter, whether anyone did anything except work in the construction industry.

Like anybody else who reads the newspapers, I had not entirely lost touch with Monaco over the years. When the Prince married Grace Kelly, in 1956, he consigned himself and his little country to endless exposure in the pitiless glare of the international publicity machine, especially as practiced by the popular press. People who know Rainier well feel sure that, to a very considerable extent, he courted publicity at first, not because he liked it but in order to focus the attention of the world on what he was trying to accomplish. “I would like to be remembered as the person who corrected and got rid of the bad image and bad legend of Monaco,” he recently told Paul Betts, an English journalist.

When Rainier came to the throne, gambling, which had once accounted for ninety-five per cent of the country’s income, was moribund, and Monaco depended largely on a very slowly reviving tourist industry. Furthermore, no one took the principality and its ruler seriously; they were both considered quaint historical relics, as out of date as the ornate fin-de-siècle façades of Monaco’s famous buildings. Rainier had determined to put an end to all that. “He is a very serious man, and he takes himself very seriously,” I had been informed by an acquaintance of his in Paris before my second visit, this spring. “He really does believe that he rules by divine right and that he has an important role to play in world affairs.”



The role that Rainier saw for himself was that of the architect of a new Monaco, an up-to-date, supremely efficient haven for business, light industry, and so-called leisure activities. The Monaco he envisioned would to some extent preserve its aura as an elegant playground, especially for the well-heeled, but Rainier was determined that the principality would never again have to depend solely on attracting high rollers to its gaming tables and on tourism. He was not going to put all his eggs in one basket, he repeatedly declared over the years, nor did he show much interest in cultivating the once popular perception of Monaco as a sanctuary for tax evaders. The whole thrust of his thirty-year building program has been to make his country into a corporate, banking, and convention center—a sort of cross between Geneva and Las Vegas, but without the vulgarity of the latter. He himself would never make that last comparison, because he has repeatedly maintained that Monaco has far too much inherent class to be compared with a desert playground dreamed up originally by hoods. “I certainly don’t want to see in Monaco some of the things I saw in Las Vegas,” he declared last spring after a visit there, and he likes to point out that his government pours a great deal of money into its ballet, opera, and theatre seasons and into all sorts of other cultural activities unimagined in Nevada.

Rainier seems to have done pretty much what he set out to do. Although the casino itself lost money last year, gambling as a whole, especially at the American slot machines and games, still produces income. Nowadays, however, it represents no more than about five per cent of the principality’s budget, which in 1987 amounted to three hundred and seventy-two million dollars. The economy currently depends much more on revenues derived from tourism, light industry, a flourishing international art market, corporate taxes, and state-run monopolies, such as the telephone company, the post office (Monaco produces handsome stamps for philatelists), and the tobacco authority. In just six years, between 1975 and 1981, the turnover of cash in the principality’s numerous banks nearly tripled. Nor are the Monégasques the only residents to benefit from Monaco’s liberal tax laws. Thousands of business enterprises and individuals have established their headquarters here.

With all this activity and all this growth, it is little wonder that Rainier’s subjects look upon him with the approving, protective gaze of close-knit clan members. They are keenly aware that the succession is by right of primogeniture, with priority assigned to the male descendants. (No one under twenty-one may accede to the throne, and power would pass to a regent until the heir reached his majority.) Should there be no heir, the principality would be absorbed by France and become just another *département* or region, with a consequent loss of all the benefits the citizens now derive from their tiny nation’s limited independence. It’s no wonder that the Prince and his family are regarded by the people with an awe and affection accorded no other hereditary world ruler—not even the Queen of England.

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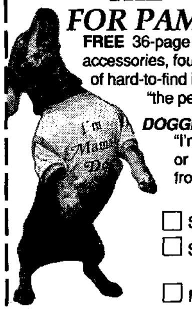

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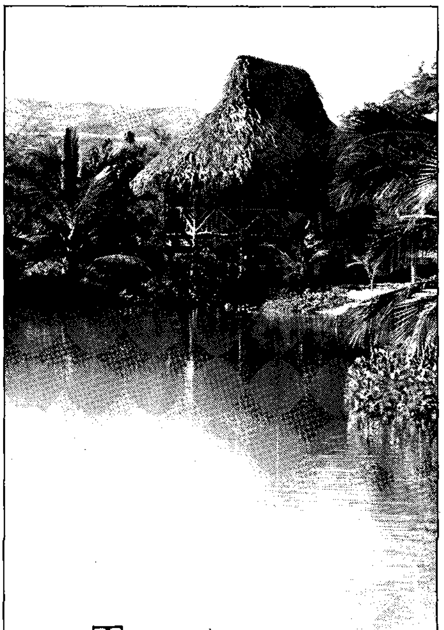
dustrialized state and corporate center, an air of unreality persists about the place. After a couple of days in the principality, ensconced in the plush cocoon of my hotel room, with a glorious view out over the Mediterranean, I began to feel I had wandered into the Emerald City. Nothing that happened in the outside world seemed to matter in the least. Turmoil and violence in the Middle East, famine in Africa, guerrilla wars in Latin America, students rioting in the streets of Seoul, the Iran-Contra hearings at home—all seemed as remote from daily life here as if they were happening in another galaxy. Every morning, I got up, strolled out of my hotel, bought the Paris *Herald Tribune* and several French and Italian newspapers, and sat down to catch up on events, but to no avail. Nothing appeared to make any sense or to have any bearing on my own life. My attention would wander and my gaze stray out to the Place du Casino, with its gleaming rows of parked Jaguars, Maseratis, and Rolls-Royces, or over the harbor to the pink palace on its rock. All I could think about was my immediate personal concerns—whether to meet my friends for lunch at the California Terrace at the Hermitage or at the Louis XV drawing room of the Hôtel de Paris, whether to play tennis later or go to the beach club, whether to take in the shows that night at the Sporting or go dancing at Jimmy'z, whether to try my hand at a little roulette or stick to the craps table. I was also sleeping a lot, I realized—getting up late and taking frequent snoozes during the day. In fact, after about a week in Monaco I arrived at the conclusion that the only real hazard anyone faces here is that of becoming catatonic from an excess of hedonism.

The tourism that Monaco seeks to promote is geared almost exclusively to the wealthy. The buses that bring in the folks in flower-print dresses and polyester slacks to wander about the Place du Casino, snap pictures of the changing of the guard at the palace, and take in such other local attractions as the Oceanographic Museum and "le Jardin Exotique" do not linger more than a few hours. Hotels and restaurants in Monaco are costly, and, except for one youth hostel, there are no campgrounds or other inexpensive facilities for people on limited budgets. The young tourists, on their bicycles and with knapsacks strapped to their backs, are in general tolerated but are



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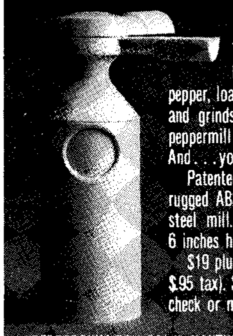

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mostly forced to move on by nightfall. The principality welcomes whatever money they can afford to squander, but it does not want these humbler travellers cluttering up the premises for very long and lowering the tone of the proceedings. Rainier has always distrusted mass tourism as a source of permanent income, mainly because of the fickleness of international monetary policies. He was proved right last year, when the slumping dollar combined with terrorism to cut deeply into the number of American visitors. (At the height of the trouble with Qaddafi, even well-to-do Americans stopped coming, and Monaco's luxury hotels suffered a ten-per-cent slump in business.) Rainier maintains that Monaco will never be able to compete with such areas as the Caribbean, the South Pacific, and Mexico for bargain-hunting tourists, nor does he wish it to. What he wants, and has set about creating, is an atmosphere of Lucullan splendor, in which both the upwardly mobile and the entrenched rich will feel entirely at home.

The main instrument for accomplishing this is the Société des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Étrangers à Monaco, better known locally as the S.B.M. Founded in 1863 by François Blanc, a French promoter and gambler entrusted by Monaco's Prince Charles III with building the casino, "the Sea-Bathing Society" was originally an independent monopoly designed to lure gamblers to Monte Carlo from all over the world, presumably to take a bath at the tables as well as in the sea. Today, about seventy per cent of its shares, which are traded on the Paris stock exchange, are controlled by the government. The S.B.M. is the principality's largest employer, and administers a multitude of enterprises, including the casino, the Hôtel de Paris, the Hermitage, the sporting clubs, the Monte Carlo Beach Club, all the major sports facilities, other hotels, restaurants and night clubs, and even the opera house, with its resident ballet company.

Not every one of these enterprises shows a profit, but they all contribute to what the company calls, in one of its slick brochures, "the exclusive world of the Société des Bains de Mer." It provides "tourists of distinction" with a special gold card that admits them to all the S.B.M. facilities, either free or at a reduced rate, and its announced goal is to create a "timeless universe" in which well-paying guests, whom it defines as "gastronomes, collectors,

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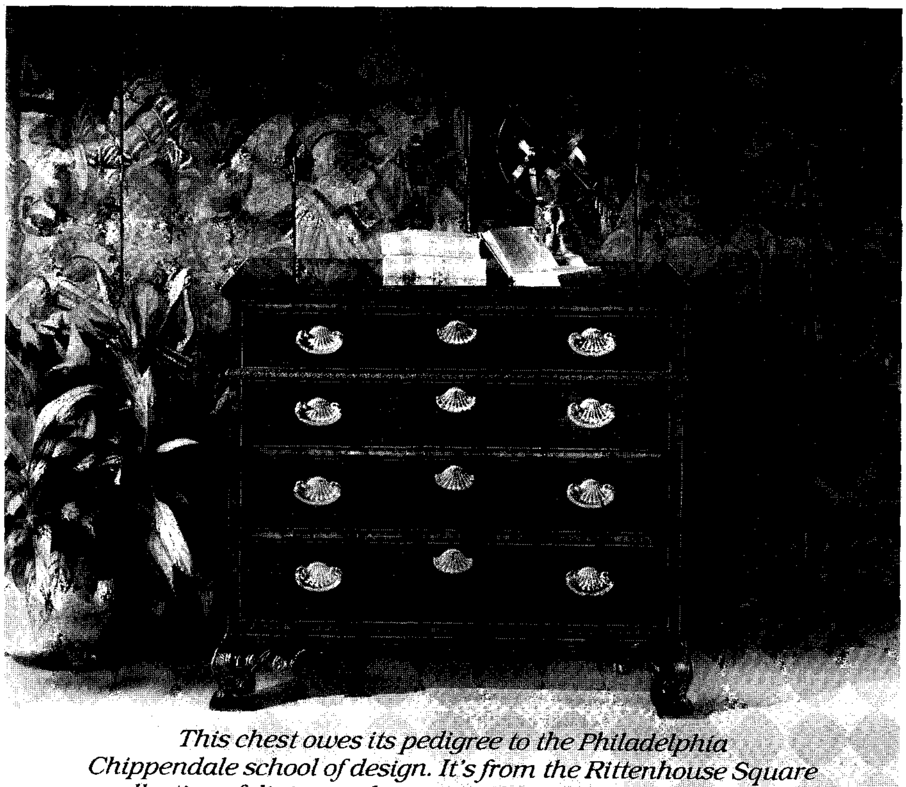

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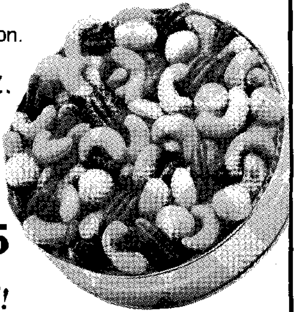

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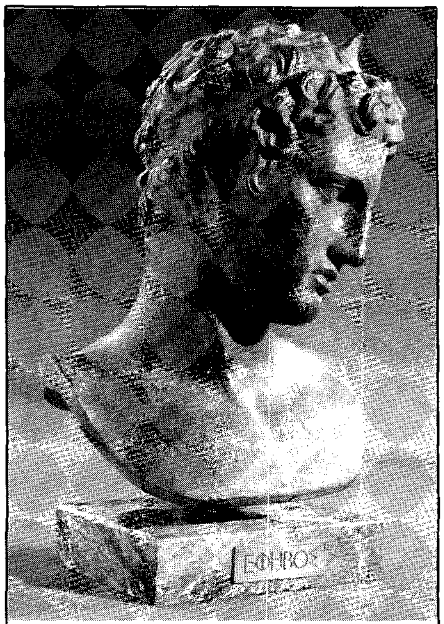
gamblers, sportsmen, and businessmen from all over the world," can share a cozy existence without being unduly distracted by harsh realities elsewhere.

To make sure that these favored citizens are not subjected to the perils that afflict daily life in most modern industrialized urban centers, the principality maintains one of the least obtrusive but most efficient security forces in the world. I first became really conscious of it on the first day of my second visit, when I encountered a roadblock on one of the main avenues into town from Nice. A police van was parked at the border and had apparently just stopped an automobile containing four rather scruffily dressed, bearded youths, who clearly did not fit into the category of visitors the S.B.M. would prefer to welcome into its timeless universe. Several officers checked the identity cards of the young men, who were evidently all French citizens; questioned them regarding their ultimate destination, which one of them said was Menton; and politely but very firmly instructed them not to linger in Monaco. All four youths seemed a bit nonplussed by this reception, but they did not protest or raise any issue of individual rights. Bearded youths, flashily dressed working girls, street peddlers, motorcyclists, and gangs of teen-agers, with or without electric guitars, amplifiers, and ghetto blasters, are not made to feel at home in Monaco.

The principality has one of the lowest crime rates in the world. There are three hundred and sixty police officers here—one for roughly every seventy residents, or about five times the ratio in France. They are very well paid, receiving salaries that are some twenty-seven per cent above salaries for equivalent positions in France, and are equipped with excellent weapons and all the latest electronic gadgetry. From their headquarters they can keep track of everything going on by simply glancing up at sixty television screens, which transmit views from cameras strategically placed throughout Monaco. The cameras are outfitted with microphones to record conversations, and are remote controlled, so that they follow people from place to place. (The cops reportedly sometimes decide where to eat by focussing their lenses on the menus posted outside various favorite bistros.) I was warned before my arrival early last summer not to be indiscreet in elevators or on the phone about the royal family, lest I



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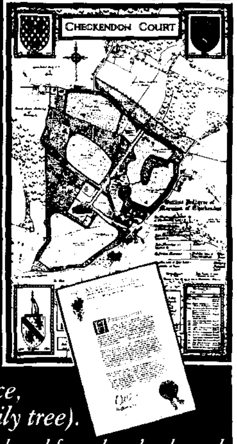
somehow arouse the ire of the authorities, who are notoriously sensitive to criticism of anything having to do with the palace.

I found that warning puzzling, because all over the principality I overheard and sometimes participated in the latest gossip about the Prince and his children, who, inevitably, are frequent subjects of rumor and speculation. Nor did I find the police presence in general to be intrusive, mainly because many of the officers on duty are in plainclothes and, unlike American cops, are well enough dressed to blend easily into the background. Every public function or important social event is heavily guarded, but one is never aware of the guards. The result of all this protection is that Monaco is almost entirely free of felonies. There has been only one holdup in the past decade, and it was attempted by a would-be bank robber who mistook the entrance to an adjacent store for his objective. He was quickly apprehended. A newspaper account of the incident surmised that the man must have been suffering from sunstroke even to think of attempting such an act. "This is the only place left in the world where you can wear your diamonds to the opera and walk back to your hotel after the performance in perfect safety," I was told by an American woman, and she added bitterly that a week earlier in Nice her purse had been snatched and she had been knocked to the ground while she was walking along the esplanade in broad daylight.

"For us, the concept of security is essential," Rainier has declared on a number of occasions. If this policy means that the principality has, in essence, become a police state, in which private citizens have only limited rights under the law, that is considered a small price to pay. "Freedom also means the freedom to be able to walk home without being afraid for your life," a high-ranking police officer informed me. He also remarked, with a smile, that doing time in Monaco is not a bad way to spend one's vacation. The local jail faces on the sea at the foot of the Rock, below the Oceanographic Museum; the twenty-three cells are small but sunny; and the cuisine is said to be epicurean by penal standards. The only catch is that all sentences of more than six months have to be served elsewhere—usually in the far grimmer surroundings of a French prison. A local infraction it would be wise to avoid is kicking a police officer, I was told. The minimum penalty for that act of *lèse-sûreté* is incarceration for three years.

MOST Monégasques are reluctant to discuss with outsiders any aspect of the way their country is run, and are quick to take offense at any hint of criticism, but everyone I talked to seemed pleased to be asked about Princess Grace. Most residents clearly feel that the twenty-six years of her rule at her husband's side were among the happiest in the long history of the principality. Distrusted at first by many of the natives, mainly because she was an outsider, and didn't even speak French very well, the Princess gradually endeared herself to the locals by taking an active part in the community's affairs and by becoming in every obvious way the quintessential wife and mother the conservative Monégasques had hoped their ruler would choose. Unlike her husband, who is not the sort of man to mingle casually with his subjects, Grace not only appeared at the innumerable social and charitable events she was expected to attend throughout the year but was also a visible presence in the streets. She sometimes bought her own groceries at the central market in La Condamine, shopped in local stores, and strolled about by herself, often pausing to chat with citizens along the way. By the time of her death, on September 14, 1982—following a bizarre automobile accident, while driving with her younger daughter, Stephanie, down to the palace from the family's summer home on nearby Mont Agel—she had become a much loved figure. The principality has not entirely recovered from her absence. Everyone I asked about her spoke of her fondly and had some personal reminiscence of her kindness. On the day I went up to the Cathedral of Saint-Nicholas in Monaco-Ville to see her tomb, I stood behind a family of Monégasques who had come to pray and to place a bouquet of flowers on the marble slab. And when, on my way back to Monte Carlo by taxi, I asked the driver if he had known her, his face darkened with grief. "She was a great and good lady," he said. "It was nothing here before she came, and now it is nothing again."

While this assessment may be a little severe, there is no doubt that Grace's marriage to Rainier did suddenly bring Monaco to the attention of the world at large. The event was treated as front-page news almost ev-



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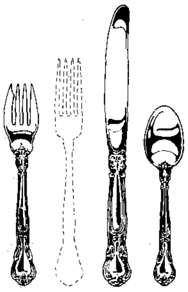

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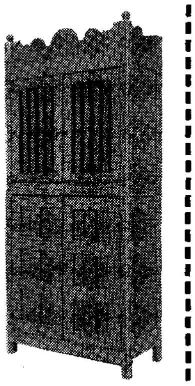

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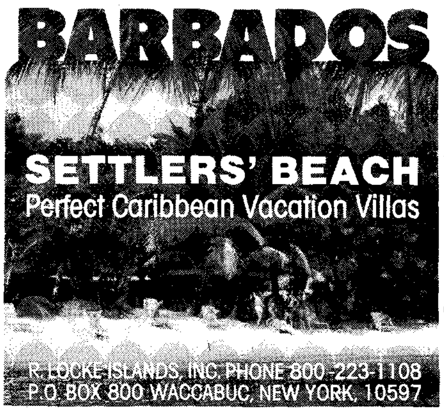

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erywhere, and the press covered it with the ruthlessness of a school of piranha. And, ever since, nothing having to do with the family has escaped the attention of the press, especially the activities of the two daughters, Caroline and Stephanie, both of whom have made frequent headlines of their own in recent years. It is likely that if Caroline and Stephanie had not been attractive, and the daughters of a movie star, little attention would have been paid to their romances, mishaps, and purported antics. But the situation has made it inevitable that they will be forever forced, like celebrities the world over, to live in the glare of flashbulbs and TV cameras. In some ways, this is a result of the scenario originally concocted by Rainier himself and openly cultivated not only by his own press office, which is headed by a pleasant, formidably efficient middle-aged woman named Nadia Lacoste, but also by the superactive public-relations departments of the S.B.M. and the Monaco Tourist Bureau, all of which have a rooting interest in keeping the principality in the public eye.

Locally, they achieve this goal by ceaselessly promoting the sort of para-news events that will make tasty headlines in *Nice-Matin*, the largest and most widely read daily on the Riviera. "SINATRA ET COLLINS, 'DYNASTIE' À MONACO?" was a recent headline over a couple of color photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sinatra and Joan Collins, a star of the popular TV series. The implication was clear that these handsome people were somehow involved with each other and might become fixtures on the local scene, whereas the caption beneath the pictures simply revealed that they happened to be visiting Monaco at the same time and had dropped in that evening at a casual soirée on the premises of the Monte Carlo Sporting Club.

Para-news is a feature of daily life in Monaco, which teems with similar "*sympathiques manifestations*," most of them dreamed up by the minions of the tourist industry. Among the events that received considerable attention during my recent visit were the Monte Carlo World Backgammon Championship and the Reebok International Monte Carlo World Pro-Celebrity Tennis Championship. Although the tennis stars on hand for the latter event were either retired greats, long past their prime, or second-string pros, the celebrities included such titans

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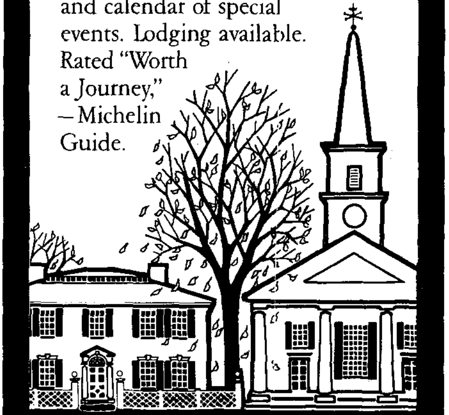

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of show business as Sean Connery, Joan Collins, John Forsythe, Jane Seymour, Roger Moore, Franco Nero, Stefanie Powers, Charlton Heston, and Bill Cosby. Prince Rainier himself put in an appearance at the awards ceremony, and a full account of the whole affair duly appeared in *Nice-Matin* the following day. The principality seems to have this particular newspaper wired, because no paranews occurrence is too insignificant to receive headlines in it. On July 2, 1987, when the attention of Southern France was focussed on a growing diplomatic crisis with Iran, a violent explosion in a large chemical plant, and a brutal murder committed by a trio of thugs in Nice, Monaco managed to make the front page with an item about the arrival in port of a luxuriously outfitted catamaran that had been featured in a recent James Bond movie.

The seal of approval on every such event is the presence of either the Prince or some member of his family. I attended a luncheon one day in the Hôtel de Paris to celebrate the awarding of the S.B.M.'s Golden Key of Gastronomy to Alain Ducasse, a young chef in charge of the kitchen of the Louis XV dining room. Prince Rainier and his daughter Caroline presided over the head table of invited guests, and his son, Prince Albert, over another, while the remaining four tables were occupied mainly by journalists. During the awarding of the key, which took place after a paralyzing three and a half hours of feasting and wining, about a dozen photographers were admitted to the dining room to snap pictures of M. Ducasse, who looked solemn but pleased in his white chef's costume, being smilingly congratulated by His Serene Highness.

AFTER a week or so in Monaco, one gets the impression that nothing could possibly happen here that the Grimaldis don't have a hand in. In fact, the principality is run very much like a family business; the idea is to sell the product, and here the main product on display is the family itself. It seems to be united in this cause—"a veritable team, American style," as one French reporter put it, whose sole aim is to succeed. And the picture of its activities which is conveyed to the outside world is an enchanting one, even though it is not quite the pristine, G-rated family portrait that appears in the local press.

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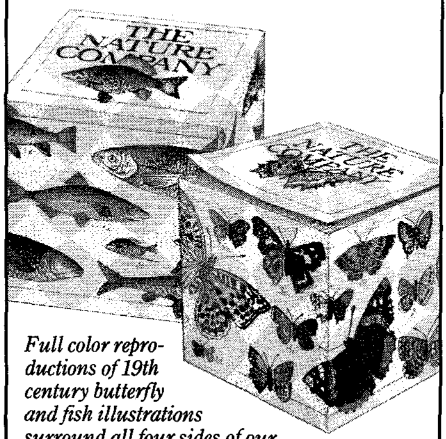

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isolated on his rock and grieving for his lost princess, a prey to rumors of all sorts, but still governing wisely and justly for the benefit of his people. By his side, an attractive, formidably eligible twenty-nine-year-old son, still unmarried, who is being groomed to succeed him and to perpetuate the policies that have enriched the domain, even though he remains a shadowy personality and the subject of endless speculation. Also present is a beautiful daughter, who is now happily married to a handsome young Italian businessman but was once linked to an international playboy, and is still the subject of malicious gossip in the popular press. And on the edges of this scene, unpredictable but lending spice and color to it, a younger, equally beautiful princess, headstrong, capricious, talented, and frequently in love or embroiled with prominent representatives of the fast, loose, heady world of pop culture. Clearly, the situation is one designed to be commercially exploited, with larger-than-life characters enmeshed in an amusing interplay of passions, ambitions, and dazzling intrigue. Who could resist such an entertainment?

The answer is no one. The royal family of Monaco is among the most photographed in history. Hardly an issue of *People* or *Paris-Match* goes to press without a picture story about some member of it, and not even the Princess of Wales seems to get as much coverage as Caroline and Stephanie. Magazines, newspapers, and agencies constantly besiege Nadia Lacoste's press office for pictures, and officially sanctioned portraits of the family are duly dispensed to publications and individuals the office approves of. The office also issues permits to photographers and reporters from *Nice-Matin* and other favored local newspapers, such as *La Gazette de Monaco*, to allow them to catch the royal family at such traditional functions as the Rose Ball, the Grand Prix, and the International Festival of the Circus. Within the boundaries of Monaco, Mme. Lacoste is able to control the behavior of the press. The photographers are granted three or four minutes to move in close and snap away, after which they are exiled to the fringes of the action and have to content themselves with whatever they can record from a distance. (At Princess Grace's obsequies, some three hundred photographers were allotted positions along the route of the funeral procession, but only a handful

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were allowed inside the royal chapel to take pictures of the body lying in state.) Interviews are harder to come by, and must be approved by the Prince himself. Any deviation from the rules can mean banishment—or, at least, a stinging rebuke from Lacoste. When a German magazine had the effrontery to alter an approved picture story—one it had picked up from *Life*—by adding a commentary of its own, it received an angry telex from Monaco stating that in the future photographs of Caroline would not be forthcoming from the press office. These threats are not taken lightly, if only because the favored few who are admitted to the principality's social functions have made a good thing out of the privilege. One local photographer is reported to average about twenty-five thousand dollars a year from international sales of his pictures.

The bane of Rainier and his family is the paparazzi—the free-lance photographers who operate outside all the rules and restrictions, and will perpetrate outrages to get a picture they can sell, sometimes for many thousands of dollars. To the enterprising paparazzi we owe the pictures of Caroline topless in Hawaii the year of her marriage to Stefano Casiraghi, Stephanie in the arms of Anthony Delon in 1984, Albert cavorting naked out at sea with an unidentified female companion, and a paunchy Prince Rainier attired only in baggy drawers in what he thought was the privacy of a hotel room.

The paparazzi will go to any lengths to get such shots, and will even provoke their subjects to react appropriately for the lens. Some years ago, one lone wolf waited for hours outside Caroline's Paris apartment, and when, at last, she emerged he walked up to her and slapped her. Her outraged tears brought a pretty price, as have other such photographs of the Grimaldis in distress or at play. Those of Stephanie and Delon were sold to a French magazine publisher for six hundred thousand francs (about a hundred thousand dollars at the time). The rewards are too great for the royal family to be able to escape such harassment, especially outside Monaco, where the press office cannot control events as ruthlessly as it does at home.

Even within the borders of the principality, the photographers can get away with shootings that will bring inflated prices. Much depends on their ingenuity and on how their potential customers choose to interpret the

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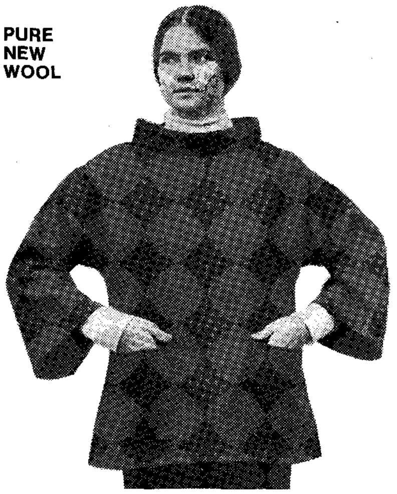

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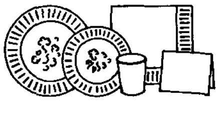

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scene. A couple of years ago, a local photographer acceptable to the press office was invited to take pictures of Rainier visiting an exhibition and sale of antiques in Monaco. The Prince paused to chat at the show with one of the exhibitors, a decorative old family friend named Ira von Furstenberg. The black-and-white print was sold to *France-Dimanche*, a French weekly, for a mere twenty-four hundred francs. On the rest of the Continent, however, the picture caused much more of a sensation. According to an Italian magazine, it was taken "in the Prince's private apartments," and the accompanying text intimated strongly that His Serene Highness was in love with the lady and was about to remarry. The same picture that had brought a pittance in France was sold in Italy for six thousand dollars. A subsequent series of photographs of Rainier and Ira, marketed by an agency, proved equally lucrative.

It is not likely that this market will dry up in the near future. In France alone, four weekly magazines devote an average of fifteen cover stories a year to the royal family, and each of these issues sells well above the norm. An issue of *Paris-Match* in 1985 on the purported romance between Rainier and Ira von Furstenberg sold nine hundred and fifty-six thousand copies, about fifty thousand more than usual; on the occasion of Grace's death, the magazine sold a record million two hundred thousand.

Nor is it only in France that the family arouses such interest. After all, the basic point about Monaco is that it enables all of us to participate vicariously in the day-to-day drama of a glamorous, wealthy dynasty presided over by a ruler not strong enough to banish us from intruding into his domain. We're right there at his side for every major and minor event of his rule. We are present at every misstep, every transgression, each of his humiliations and rages. We rejoice in his triumphs and his failures, we envy him his power and his money, and we censure the behavior of his children, even as we lap up every episode involving them. And we can do this with impunity, because this absolute monarch is powerless to punish us. We have seen him weep, we have seen him rant, we have seen him in his grief, and we have seen him in his underwear. Monaco has become the world's longest-running, most entertaining soap opera.

—William Murray

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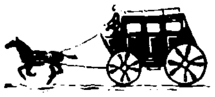

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THE THEATRE

Bright Beginnings

THE annual Young Playwrights Festival is always an occasion for rejoicing, and this, the sixth, is especially so, since the two entries chosen for full production, at Playwrights Horizons, are comedies, and quite accomplished ones at that. Juliet Garson, the author of "Tiny Mommy," and Noble Mason Smith, the author of "Sparks in the Park," were both eighteen at time of submission and are not yet experienced enough to have their papers marked, so criticism will be kept to a minimum here.

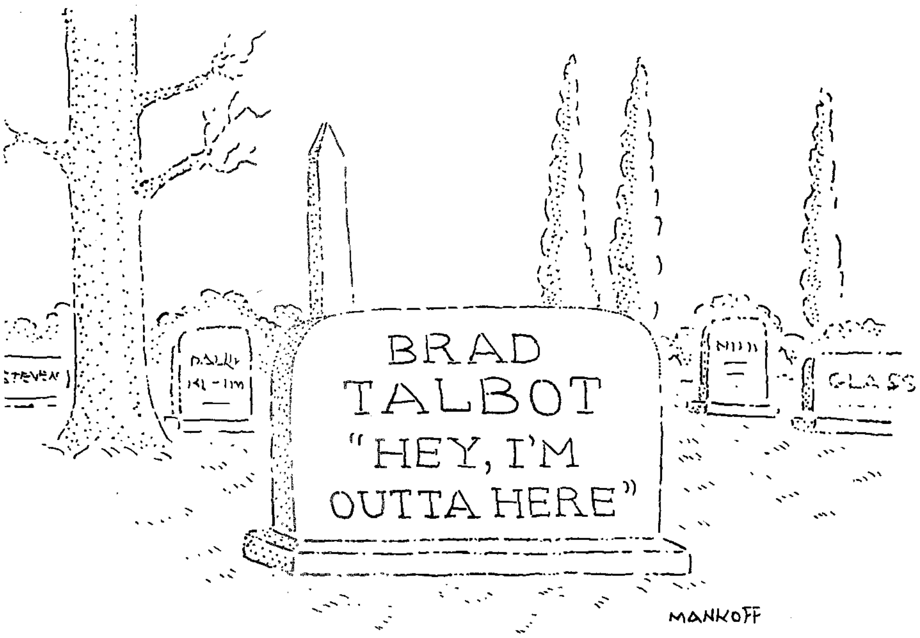
"Tiny Mommy" opens on a subway platform, with a religious nut screaming above the blaring noise. The heroine is a goody-goody fifteen-year-old Jewish virgin, Marilyn Zuckerman, who finds herself pregnant, and the story is concerned with the reaction to this miraculous event on the part of relatives and classmates and neighbors, whom we meet as one brief scene follows another. (The effect is at times more like a television sitcom than like a dramatic play.) She has a comical old Jewish mother right out of vaudeville, a tough cousin in a mink coat (a doctor's wife, of course), both of them highly skeptical, and friends who accept her condition without question. At the end, we are back on the subway platform, and it is Marilyn who has gone mad and is screaming, which leads us to conclude that Miss Garson had satire in mind, but of what I cannot tell you. I don't know what she was driving at, but that did not impair my enjoyment. A lively though mystifying work, "Tiny Mommy" has been very well mounted, under the direction of Amy Saltz. Jill Tasker, here making her New York début, is exactly right in the leading role, and I also admired Susan Greenhill as three characters, among them "Dr. Ruth;" Mary Testa as both mink-coated cousin and gossipy old neighbor; Michael Patrick Boatman as the heroine's devoted boyfriend; and José Soto, Sally Prager, and Ming-Na Wen in other parts.

In "Sparks in the Park" Mr. Smith commits the cardinal sin of writing a play about having to write a play, and, what is worse, he gets away with it. The result is a delight from beginning to end. The opening scene takes place somewhere in the tropics, with, among others, a spy in dark glasses and an Indian waiter; mystery is hinted at. Then suddenly the scene is struck. We are in Barry Daniels' room, and Barry is at the typewriter in a great state of agitation, agonizing over his assignment to write a play for the Young Playwrights Festival, as his mother shouts, telling him to cut it out, stop dramatizing, calm down. He is visited by his girl and his best friend, but after some conversation his imagination again takes over, and he's off to Vienna, and again his mother's voice brings him to earth. What is impressive about this play, among other things, is that between the scenes, when Barry is gleaning his teeming brain, a coherent, romantic story of Barry and his girl is being told. It ends with their quietly sitting on a park bench, with every indication that they will live happily ever after.

The performance, under Gary Pearle's direction, is in every way a match for the script. Todd Merrill, also making his New York début, does very well as Barry; Cynthia Nixon is charming as his girl; Doug Hutchison is very funny as Barry's bopping, jazzy best friend; and so is Oliver Platt as a couple of double-talking waiters. John Vennema and Stephen Mellor are good in assorted roles. The estimable settings for both plays were designed by Derek McLane and are lighted by Nancy Schertler; the estimable costumes were designed by Michael Krass.

"BOUNCERS," a hateful British import by John Godber, at the Minetta, is set in a disco in the North of England. The four actors—Dan Gerrity, Gerrit Graham, Anthony M. LaPaglia, and Adrian Paul—who constitute its cast impersonate any number of members of the working class, male and female, on the loose on a Saturday night. We first see the actors looking menacing in dinner jackets; they are bouncers at the disco, and bouncees, and the dancers as well. At the beginning, everyone is getting ready for the evening, the women at beauty shops, the men primping and then, standing side by side in stalls, urinating. Obscenity of every kind abounds, sometimes described but more often displayed, and at the end all of them, having had too much to drink, are vomiting (unlike, say, Oxford undergraduates or Members of the House of Lords). This is very much a play about Them. That the dramatist is slumming is, I guess, the most repulsive aspect of this repulsive show. To be fair, there is one truly funny scene—sexual charades of porno videotapes—but why bother to be fair? According to an article in the *Times* a couple of Sundays ago, Mr. Godber had some sociological message in mind when he wrote "Bouncers," something to do with the plight of the working class in Margaret Thatcher's England, but that, I think, can be ignored, along with everything else on the stage of the Minetta. The split-second impersonations by the actors, under Ron Link's direction, are clever, but there are no real characters to impersonate.

—EDITH OLIVER


STEVEN
BRAD TALBOT "HEY, I'M OUTTA HERE"
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Rossinian Tragedy

IN the first half of our century, Rossini, whose operas were once the mainstay of companies the world over, survived as the composer of little more than three comedies: “Il Barbiere di Siviglia,” “L’Italiana in Algeri,” and “La Cenerentola.” Of his twenty-odd serious operas, only the last two, “Moïse” and “Guillaume Tell,” were played, but seldom. Beethoven’s advice to Rossini—“Stick to opera buffa!”—colored the standard view of the earlier tragedies. They were deemed not truly serious but fluent, facile contraptions, composed too swiftly and largely to formula, beneath consideration in a post-Wagner age. Rossini, Edward J. Dent declared in his little handbook “Opera” (1940), “had among his many gifts a genius for triviality.” The late, French works—nobler, simpler, grander in conception and execution—were allowed some merit, but appreciation of them was often tempered by regret that earnestness had been achieved at the cost of liveliness. These judgments were arrived at without much knowledge of the works concerned. Piano-vocal scores survived in libraries, but, in Dent’s words, “to strum through half a dozen of Rossini’s forgotten operas is wearisome and monotonous.” They needed to be heard and seen. The chance came at the mid-century.

In 1949, Renata Tebaldi sang Pamira, the heroine of “Le Siège de Corinthe,” in Florence, and soon thereafter in Rome and Naples. In 1952, Maria Callas sang Armida in Florence. “Tancredi,” “Elisabetta, Regina d’Inghilterra,” “Otello” (in New York, with Eileen Farrell as Desdemona), and “La Donna del Lago” were other revivals of the fifties. The sixties brought eight more productions of “Otello;” between 1962 and 1971 Joan Sutherland sang Semiramide in ten different cities. By 1980, “Adelaide di Borgogna,” “Aureliano in Palmira,” “Demetrio e Polibio,” “Ermione,” “Mosè in Egitto,” and “Zelmira” had also been revived. Rossini, it became plain, needed reassessment. The first discovery was that in the nine operas that he composed for the San Carlo during his Naples engagement (1815-22) he had indeed been serious. (The important comedies and semiserious operas of the period were composed for Rome or Milan.) In 1964, apropos of “Elisabetta,” I wrote of my belief that Leicester’s prison scene, in which flute and English-horn solos voice the tenor’s uneasy, half-comprehended dreaming, could be contemplated alongside the prison scenes of Beethoven’s Florestan, Verdi’s Jacopo Foscari, and Smetana’s Dalibor. The following year, after examining scores of “Mosè” (Naples, 1818) and its revision as “Moïse” (Paris, 1827), I suggested that merits we admire in the French operas were already present, a decade earlier, in Naples—though it needed Paris, with its financial security, stable company, and ample rehearsal time, to enable Rossini to carry out consistently “reforms” but intermittent or implicit in the earlier operas.

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"GOOD EVENING, EDWARD. I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE THE BEEF WELLINGTON...

“Good evening, Edward. I believe I’ll have the beef Wellington . . .”

That was twenty and more years ago. The continuing Rossini revivals have suggested a new, different formulation. When the Sacred Music Society of America gave a performance of “Mosè,” in 1978—the first since 1836—it became apparent that the French revision was not all gain; a Philips recording of “Mosè” in 1982 and a Pesaro staging the following year confirmed it. In 1983, Philips recorded, and two years later Pesaro staged, “Maometto II;” it became equally apparent that the score has an integrity compromised in its Paris revision as “Le Siège.” A great composer’s revisions are often difficult to assess. In Gluck’s revised “Orfeo” and “Alceste,” Mozart’s revised “Don Giovanni,” Beethoven’s revised “Fidelio,” Verdi’s revised “Macbeth,” “Forza,” and “Don Carlos,” Puccini’s revised “Butterfly,” there are losses as well as gains. As Philip Gossett put it in a 1983 essay on “Mosè” and “Moïse,” “the final versions have superb new music, to be sure, but important qualities of the earlier versions are lost in the revision.” This year, in an essay on “Ermione,” Mr. Gossett goes farther—so far as to suggest that the composer’s early retirement was prompted in part by the Neapolitan public’s “rejection of the best Rossini could offer.” By that reading, “certain aspects of ‘Le Siège de Corinthe’ seem to represent a cry of defeat, a trivialization of the art of ‘Maometto II,’ ” and the stupendous “Se-

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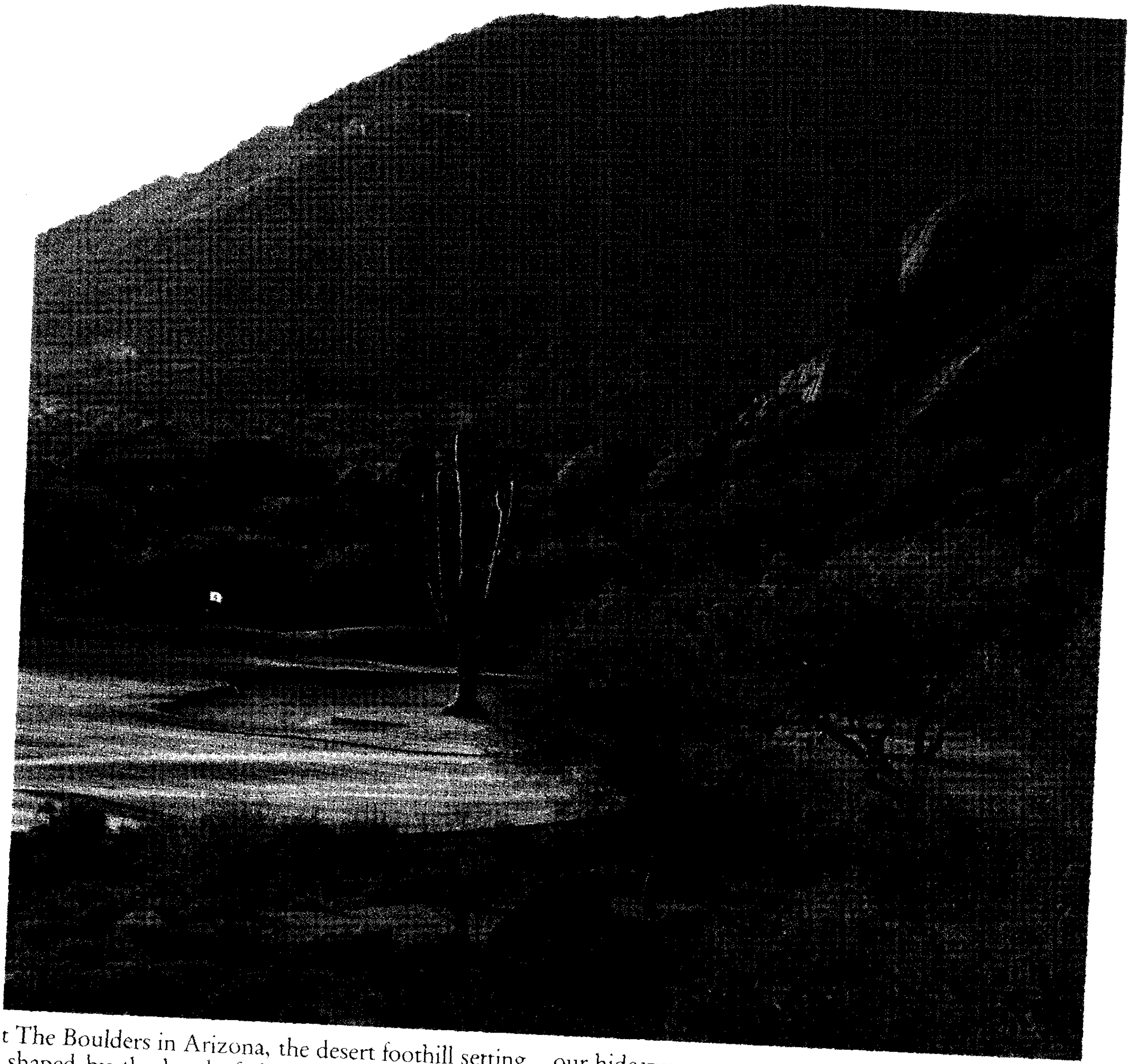

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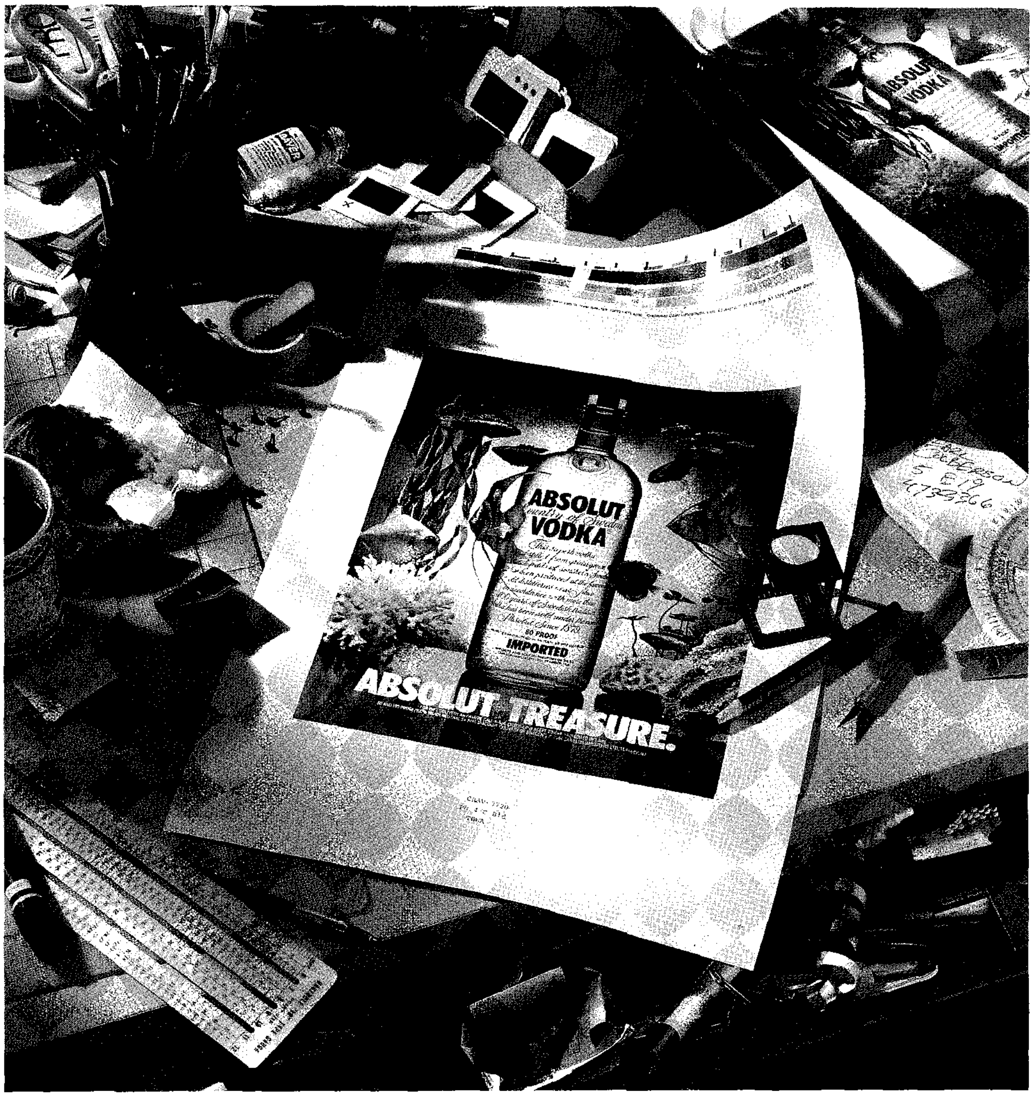

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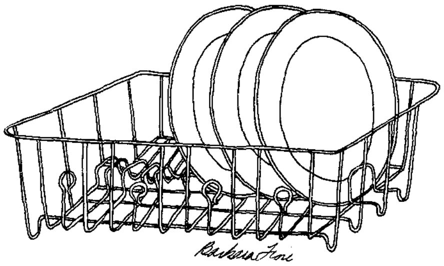
miramide," composed for Venice, "becomes not the pinnacle of Rossini's career as a composer of Italian opera seria but rather a measured retreat from the ambitions of his Neapolitan works."

We once gave too much credence to Rossini's remarks to Wagner—that 1860 conversation reported in detail by Edmond Michotte, in which Rossini told of embarking on operas before he knew their plots, of writing three, four operas a year, of going from town to town like a nomad, in the struggle to support his father, his mother, his grandmother. In his early days, maybe. (In 1812, when Rossini was twenty, six of his operas appeared; three were one-acters, and another, "Demetrio," had been composed earlier.) When he reached Naples, at the age of twenty-three, he had fame, security, and a company to work with as stable as that of Paris. The soprano Isabella Colbran and the tenor Andrea Nozzari starred in all nine San Carlo operas; Michele Benedetti was the bass in seven. There is abundant evidence that these operas were carefully planned, and they explore many veins. "Elisabetta," the first of them, is forceful and brilliant—an initial demonstration of high mastery. The last act of "Otello" is poignant romantic tragedy. "Armida" is a charged study of eroticism and majesty. (Has any soprano inspired a greater series of roles than those Rossini composed for Colbran?) "Mosè" is a love story against a noble, epic background. "La Donna del Lago" for the first time captured Walter Scott romanticism for the operatic stage. Two of the most ambitious San Carlo operas are "Ermione" and "Maometto II." Neither was a success with the public.

"Ermione" appeared in 1819, and then disappeared. It was the only San Carlo opera that no other company performed. According to an anecdote in the Escudiers' 1854 life of Rossini, the composer, asked if he would permit a translation for the French stage, replied, "No. . . . It will not see the light of day until after my death." A piano-vocal score was published in 1858. The opera remained unheard until it received a concert performance in Siena ten years ago, and another in Padua last year. The first staging since 1819 was given at this year's Rossini Opera Festival, in Pesaro, on August 22nd, with a "celebrity" cast: Montserrat Caballé, Marilyn Horne, Chris Merritt, and Rockwell Blake.

"Ermione," its libretto by Andrea Leone Tottola, is a neoclassical tragedy, an operatic version of Racine's "Andromaque." Orestes loves his cousin Hermione, who loves Pyrrhus, who loves Andromache, Hector's widow, who loves her infant son Astyanax, the last of the Trojan royal line. The one-way emotional series precludes love duets. Stendhal remarked of "Ermione," not unfairly, that "the dramatis personae spent every instant they were given on the stage in losing their tempers with each other, with the result that the entire opera was fixed in one obstinate mood of anger, which in the end proved very monotonous." The action is set at Pyrrhus' court. Pyrrhus blackmails Andromache into marrying him, the son of her husband's slayer, by threatening the life of Astyanax. In an aside anticipating that of the "Trovatore" Leonora, Andromache declares, "Thou shalt have me, but a cold corse." Orestes has arrived as an emissary of Greek princes infuriated by Pyrrhus' intention of elevating the enemy princess. The jealous Hermione induces Orestes, for love of her, to compass Pyrrhus' death at the altar but, when he has done so, spurns and upbraids him for having slain the man she loved. They're not likable people. Tottola's text blunts the high, saving rhetoric and simplifies the keenly limned emotions of Racine's play. Rossini's music, however, restores the majesty. The long opera—something over three hours of music—has just eight big numbers: an aria apiece for the four principals; duets for Hermione and Pyrrhus and for Andromache and Pyrrhus; and two duets for Hermione and Orestes, which expand into the first-act and second-act finales. (Besides these, there are the overture, a women's chorus, a march, and a duettino for two subaltern characters.) "Numbers" is a misleading word. Rossini devised extended counterparts of Racine's long, balanced periods. Andromache's aria is set into the choral introduzione, which itself takes up material from the powerful overture, punctuated by cries (from behind the curtain) of the Trojan captives. Pyrrhus' aria is one of the longest in the tenor repertory, incorporating—as all the set pieces of "Ermione" do—episodes from other characters or from the chorus. Act II, once the Andromache-Pyrrhus duet is sung, is in effect an enormous scene of linked movements for Hermione, with just the duettino to give her breathing space. Her music here fills a hundred and forty pages of the autograph. Colbran—a famous Iphigenia (in various settings), Medea (in Mayr's opera), and Vestal (in Spontini's opera)—received her grandest, most challenging classical role.

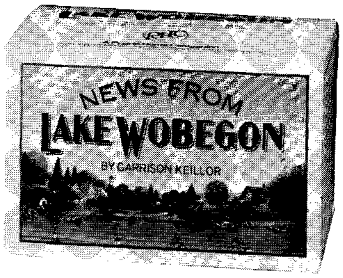

Barbara Fini

In Pesaro, Mme. Caballé attacked her task with high seriousness and was very impressive. True, her voice no longer runs as fluently as once it did. (A few days later, I listened on Italian Radio, score in hand, to the Semiramide she sang at the San Carlo earlier this year, and noted her skill in simplifying difficult passages with minimum distortion to the vocal characterization.) She had the measure of the great role. She felt and expressed the force of Hermione's passions. Miss Horne was a fine and moving Andromache. There are moments in most of her performances when a temptation to wow the audience with personal vocal virtuosity seems to struggle against—sometimes to triumph over—accurate dramatic expression; but in her best performances her artistic instincts prevail and she remains in character. She did so here.

The men were less pleasing. Mme. Caballé and Miss Horne cannot be praised as actresses in the ways that their nineteenth-century predecessors were praised, but they at least give a semblance of impersonating their roles; more important, they sing with a commitment that enables the ear to transfigure what meets the eye. Mr. Merritt, the Pyrrhus, and Mr. Blake, the Orestes, think it enough to stand and sing—in Mr. Merritt's case, to yell—at the audience. Gilbert Duprez, in 1837, was the first tenor to hurl high C's from the chest into a theatre, and Rossini likened the result to "the squawk of a capon having its throat cut." Mr. Merritt planted his feet, adjusted his ample frame and features, and screamed out full-voiced high C's, D's, even an E, at a volume suggesting no mere capon but a stuck pig. Hideous sound! One that contradicts all that we read of Rossini's favored tenors. Mr. Blake in his young days promised to be an answer to Rossini's florid tenor demands but has hardly fulfilled the promise. He still has rapidity, and his phrasing is sometimes quite classy, but the timbre has become drier, not sweeter, and he has renounced attempts at acting. Where Mr. Merritt portrayed an amiable, loud-voiced country butcher, Mr. Blake was a dramatic cipher. Giuseppe Morino, in the second-tenor role of Pylades, was allowed to end the duettino with a ludicrous display: a sustained high E bellowed into the final cadence. Gustav Kuhn conducted the Italian Youth Orchestra. The score moved surely, and there was some admirable solo work.

This "Ermione," given with four highly paid singers in a nine-hundred-seat house, raised many questions. Those who had to buy tickets paid about two hundred dollars for them. At the door, students pressed a questionnaire on the first-night audience, the gist of the questions being whether such a manifestation served any social purpose. Television carried the show to a wider audience in the Pesaro piazza; television and radio carried it to millions of home listeners. On the whole, I answer the loaded questions in favor of the enterprise: "Ermione" is not just entertainment; it is worth doing, and can hardly be done cheaply. But the manner of the performance was disturbing. Anyone who despises "opera"—who regards it as a gang of large, overpaid singers firing off roulades and prolonged high notes at an uncritical, adulatory audience—would have his prejudices confirmed. This "Ermione" was at another pole from, say, the City Opera's "Street Scene," the Chicago Lyric's "Mikado," the Purchase "Don Giovanni" earlier this year, which linked into their listeners' lives at every point.

Pesaro has become fashionable. Its musical texts, emanating from the Fondazione Rossini, are impeccable—edited by scholars sensitive to Rossini's great achievements. ("Ermione" was edited by Patricia Brauner and Mr. Gossett.) But too many of its performances have been contaminated by commerce and by fashion. "Il Viaggio a Reims," in 1984—the first performance since 1825—was ridiculously staged, in a frivolous, modish production where the characters, clad in national flags, arose from bathtubs. (The 1986 St. Louis staging and, by all accounts, a London production earlier this year showed a keener, more stylish appreciation of the piece.) The "Ermione" was not exactly offensive, but it was ineffective. Enrico Job's



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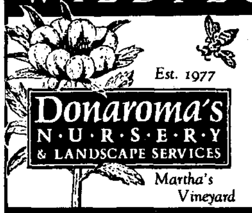
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décor was a set of receding circles opening from a pine-board front drop. His mannered costumes clad the principals with screens of corded loops and tassels; the chorus wore clothes of Rossini's day. Mme. Caballé, most eloquent when she is stillest, was given many steps to go up and down. Otherwise, Roberto De Simone's staging was for the most part stand-and-deliver, with some silly added touches. Orestes remained onstage, a mute dummy, during Hermione's cabaletta. Hermione in her grand recitative suffered competition from an upstage pantomime of Pyrrhus' murder—a stab-in-the-back enactment, quite different from the event that Orestes later relates.

I am not, heaven knows, urging updated, modern-dress productions or, on the other hand, asking for painstaking historical reconstructions of nineteenth-century staging practice but am suggesting hard, serious thought about matters of vocal and scenic style. Neither a complacent parade of sacred monsters nor—in comedy—a set of puppets twitched by a clever modern director provides the surest means of bringing Rossini's musical dramas to life.

THE mid-century also saw the rediscovery of Rossini's neglected comedies. In 1950, "Il Turco in Italia," with Maria Callas the heroine, was given in Rome—its first Italian production, Kobbé says, since 1855. In 1952, Vittorio Gui conducted "Le Comte Ory" in Florence. In 1959, La Scala revived "La Pietra del Paragone," composed for it in 1812. Smaller troupes—and the record companies—turned to comedies of Rossini's youth which until then had been remembered mainly by their overtures. In 1810-13, he composed five one-act comedies, or *farse*, for the Teatro San Moisè, in Venice: "La Cambiale di Matrimonio," "L'Inganno Felice," "La Scala di Seta," "L'Occasione Fa il Ladro," and "Il Signor Bruschino." This year, Pesaro presented "L'Occasione" in a critical edition edited by Giovanni Carli Ballola.

The *farse* are delightful pieces. Rossini told Wagner that he had had "facility and plenty of instinct." And he was steeped from youth in Mozart and Haydn. In these early comedies, the notes are set down, the accompaniments and countersubjects traced, the harmonies handled with a grace and felicity aptly called Mozartian. (To the many musical links discerned be-

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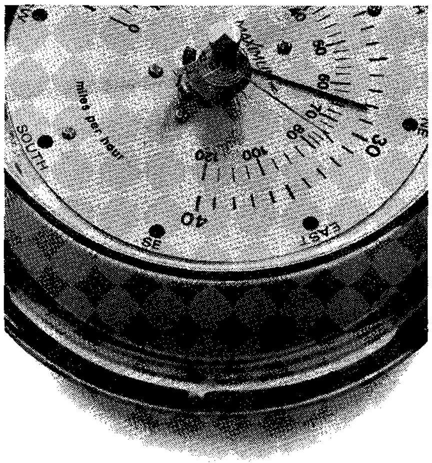

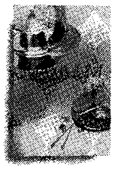

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tween Mozart and Rossini it is pleasant to add a biographical one: Rossini's first opera, "Demetrio," was commissioned and sung by Domenico Mombelli, who had been a leading tenor in the Burgtheater company of Mozart's day; Mombelli's wife Luisa was Mozart's first Countess and first Vienna Zerlina.) There's not the extended command of form or the intricacy of texture and invention that we find in the later comedies. The *farse* fall into a standard format: a six-character plot (soprano and tenor in love; seconda donna; three more men, typically another suitor, the soprano's father or guardian, and a servant astute or bumbly) and a nine-number sequence (usually overture, introduzione, duet, aria, ensemble, aria, duet, aria, finale). Bruno Cagli tabled the form—and departures from it—in the Pesaro program book. Rossini's invention within the form was unfailing. No musical person can not surrender to the wit, charm, skill, and vivacity of these pieces—when they are sweetly and accurately sung, simply and sensitively staged.

The Pesaro "Occasione" was horribly fussed up. Martino, the comic servant, became a Prospero figure, determining the action, drawing up the other characters—during the overture—from the depths of a large valise. The subtitle is "Il Cambio della Valigia": a simple confusion of look-alike bags sets the action going. In Pesaro, the bags were switched with portentous significance. Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, the director and designer, added to the cast of six a busy crew of choreographed scene shifters. There was a good deal of arch eavesdropping. It was an ingenious and well-drilled show, but the simple fun, bubbly high spirits, and tender, melting lyricism of the piece evaporated in a sophisticated display. The singers didn't have a chance; they were arty marionettes, not entertaining characters. Their singing fell harshly on ears that—not long ago—admired Lina Pagliughi, Cesare Valletti, Sesto Bruscantini in Rossini. It was not light, limpid, or gentle. Luciana Serra was a happy, rather acid soprano. Raul Gimenez, a new tenor, was passable. J. Patrick Raftery rasped and blustered through the other-suitor role. But Claudio Desderi, the Martino, suggested that in a proper production he would be an engaging buffo, and Salvatore Accardo and the Italian Youth Orchestra provided neat, polished accompaniment.

—ANDREW PORTER

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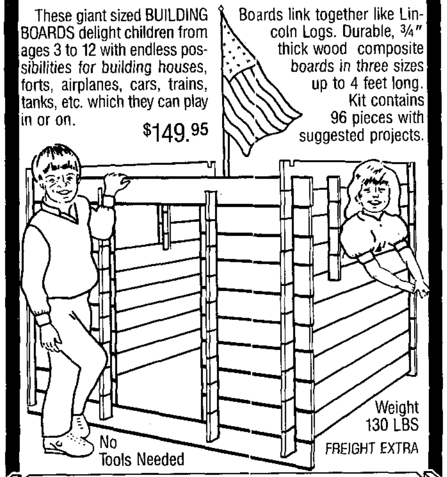

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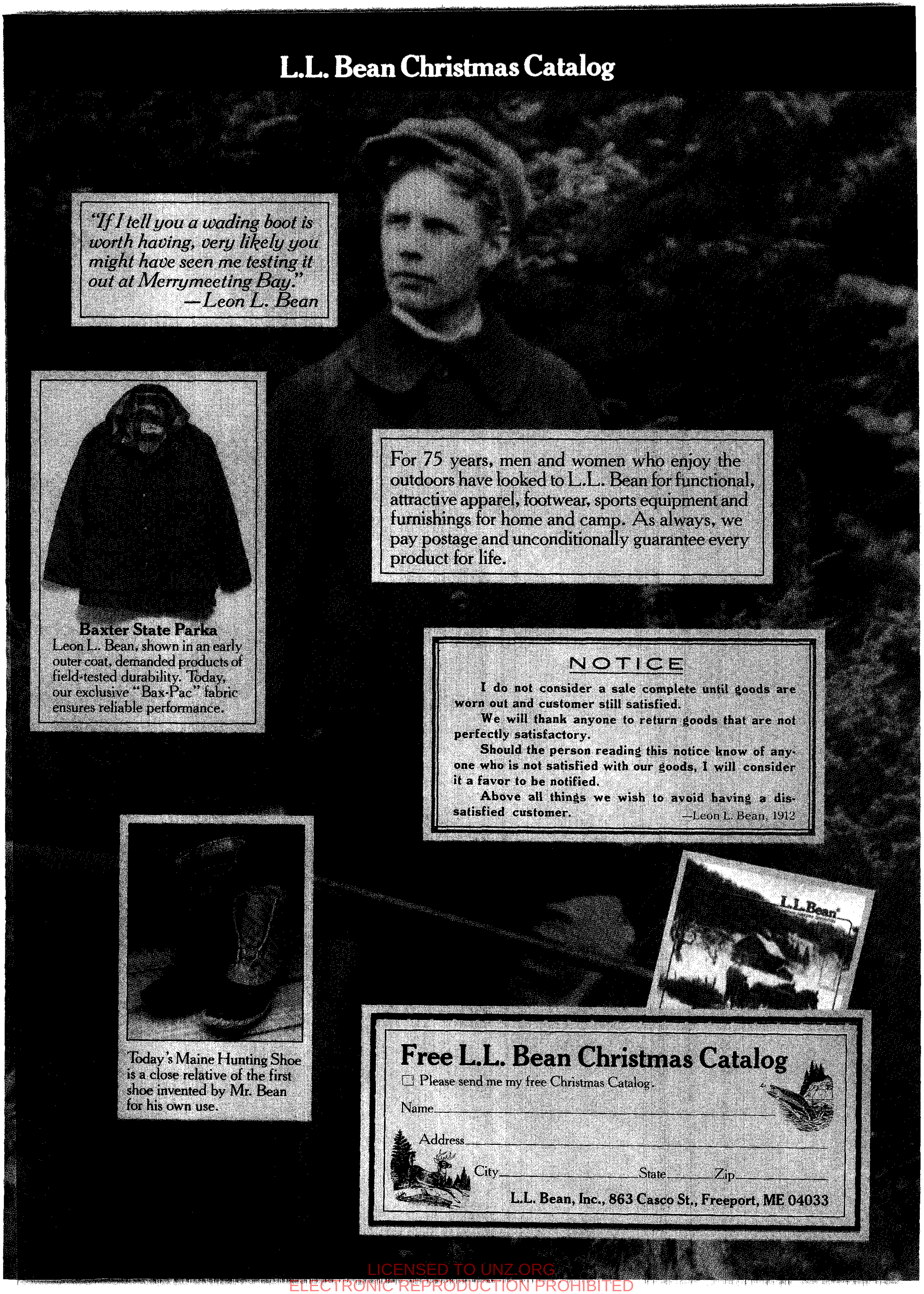

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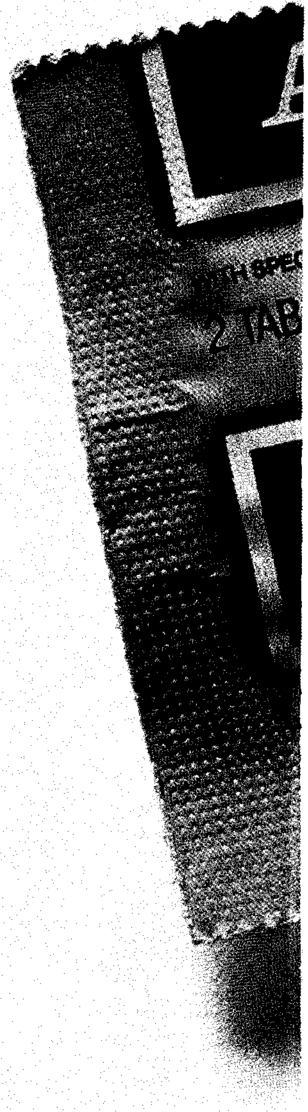

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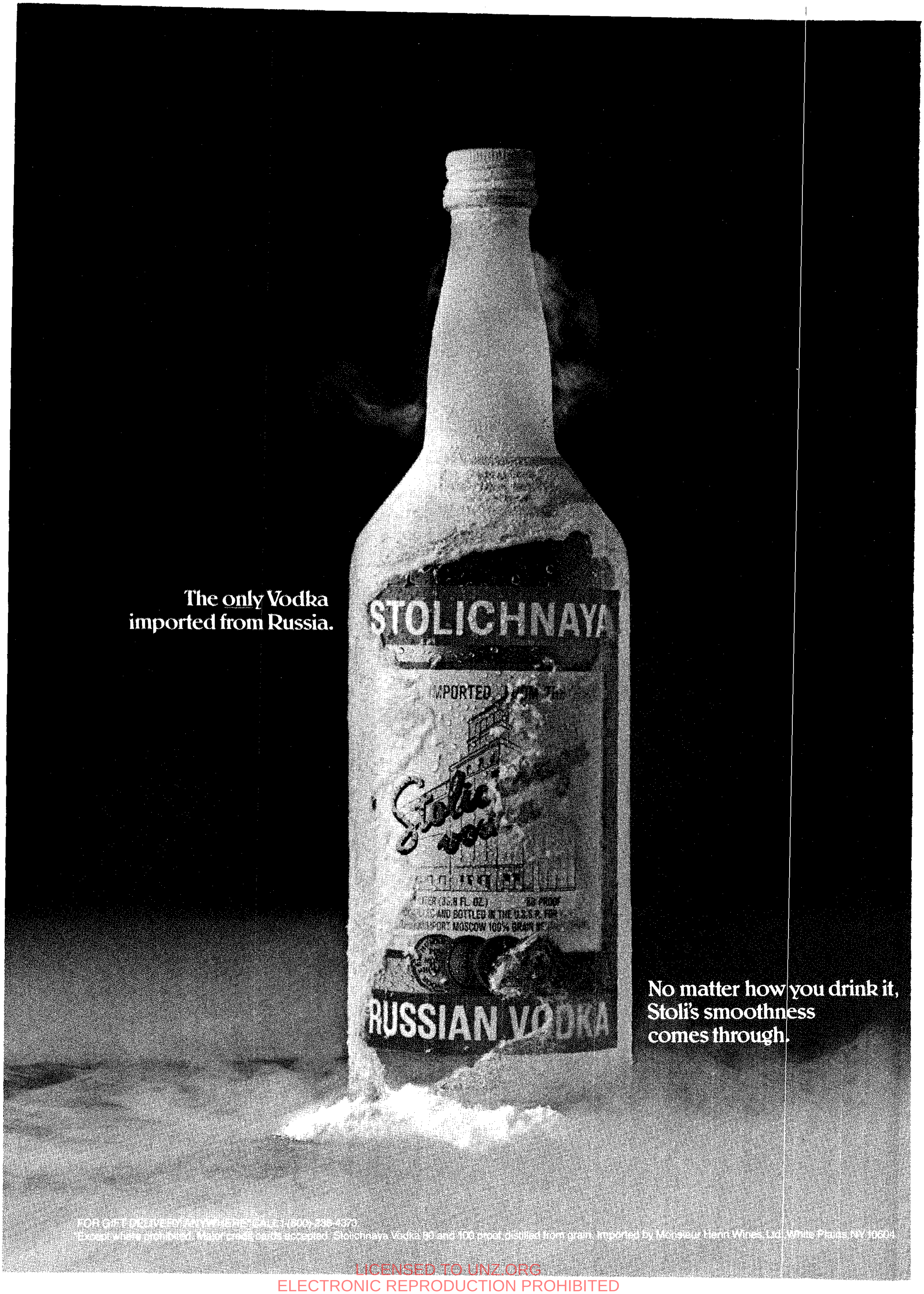
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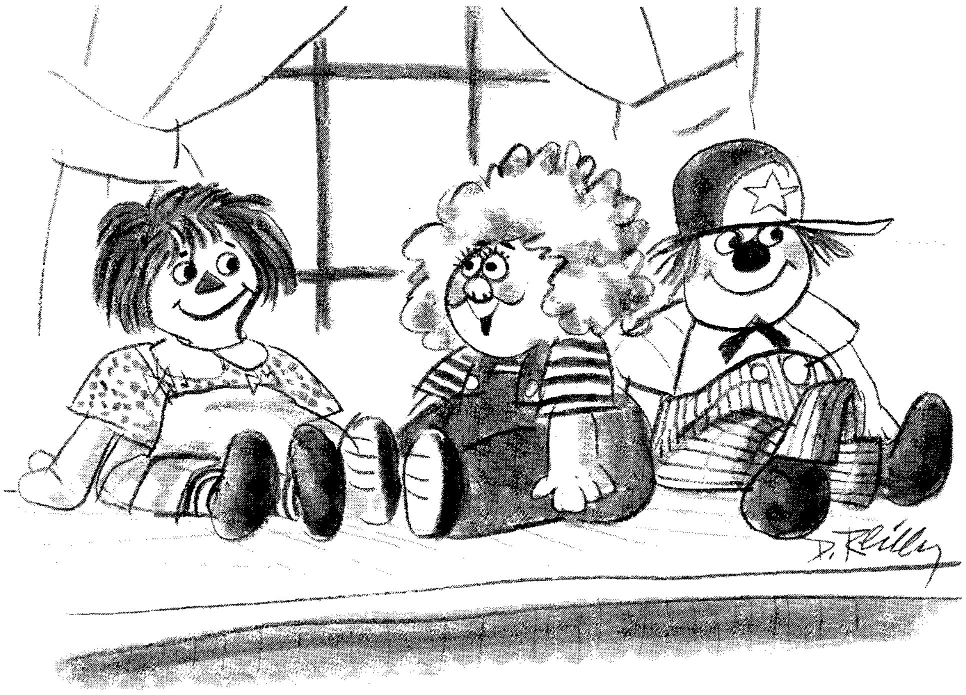
BOOKS

The Purloined Clinic

Michael Fried's "Realism, Writing, Disfiguration: On Thomas Eakins and Stephen Crane" (Chicago; $29.95) opens with quiet allurement, like a nineteenth-century novel that establishes in its first paragraph that a carriage bearing a veiled lady and an elderly companion has arrived in the town of N—. Fried writes, "When Thomas Eakins in March or early April 1875 began work on 'The Gross Clinic' he was thirty years old and had reached a stage in his early career when for the first time he was prepared to attempt a painting of major artistic and intellectual scope," and then chronicles the trouble that the painting—today considered one of the masterpieces of American realist art—ran into among contemporary exhibition juries and critics because of its disturbing subject matter: an operation on a man's thighbone, depicted at a moment of maximum goriness. Next, Fried cites the art-historical writings—notably those of Lloyd Goodrich and Elizabeth Johns—that have shown the influence on "The Gross Clinic" of Eakins' own experience of dissecting and operating rooms when he was an art student, as well as that of earlier art, such as Rembrandt's "The Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Nicolas Tulp" and F. N. A. Feyen-Perrin's "The Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Velpeau." Suddenly, a shot rings out. A dashing stranger on horseback gallops up to the carriage, and as his armed accomplices hold pistols to the heads of the coachman and the elderly companion he drags the (not very seriously protesting) veiled lady from the carriage and rides off with her slung across his saddle. In some such fashion does Fried arrive on the scene of his own book, and proceeds to wrest "The Gross Clinic" from its previous stodgy commentators, whose "blandly normalizing" discourse, as he disdainfully calls it, has simply failed "to come to grips with [the painting] with anything like the energy of imagination and complexity of purpose that it displays towards us." Fried's own energy of imagination and complexity of purpose are of such vast, some might even say monstrous, proportions that Eakins' work positively shrinks before the onslaught of so many almost menacingly fanciful and intricate ideas. Fried's strange thesis is that Eakins' art is an especially acute and conspicuous example of the struggle between two modes of representation—the "pictorial" and the "graphic"—by which the enterprise of painting is ineluctably riven, and that "The Gross Clinic" is an (unconscious) allegory of that struggle, and as Fried develops it one begins to wonder whether his book is not itself a (conscious) allegory of the enterprise of criticism. When one reaches the second part of the book, devoted to Stephen Crane, in which Fried ascribes the peculiarities of Crane's "impressionist" prose style to Crane's preternatural sensitivity to the materiality of writing—to the sight of actual ink letters on the page—and reads Crane's recurrent images of disfigured upturned faces of dead or unconscious men as (again unwitting) allegorizations of the "excruciating" act of inscription, the suspicion becomes a certainty.

"The Gross Clinic" is a huge, dramatically horrific work, set in a nineteenth-century operating amphitheatre, which shows the surgeon Samuel D. Gross, scalpel in hand, pausing to stare meditatively into the middle distance as surgical assistants work on a deep, bleeding incision, from which Gross's right fingers are still shiningly bloody. One of the assistants probes the wound with a long, thin wooden implement and two others hold the wound open with metal retractors; a fourth assistant holds down the patient's legs, while a fifth applies a chloroform-soaked cloth to the patient's face. Gross is wearing a dark business suit and vest and cravat—as are the assistants and also the students who form a shadowy audience in the background of steeply raked rows of seats—whose sombre propriety brings into shocking relief the brightly blood-smeared hand holding the bloody scalpel. Behind Gross, another assistant sits at a table recording the proceedings, and to Gross's right is the figure of a woman dressed in black, who is cringing in horror, holding her hands in front of her eyes, in a kind of anticipatory mimesis of the feelings the painting will arouse in the viewer.

Traditional criticism has attributed the painting's power to its "uncompromising realism"—to Eakins' willingness to paint things as they are, however brutal and unpleasant, and at whatever sacrifice of compositional harmony and lucidity. (On one's first view of the work, for example, it is hard to make out the position of the patient's body on the operating table, or to account for a pair of hands holding retractors, which turn out to belong to an assistant seated behind Gross and almost completely obscured



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by him.) Fried challenges the presupposition that lies behind this criticism—the assumption of an original scene of which the painting is a doggedly faithful transcription. He argues that the only evidence for the existence of such a scene is the painting itself, which gives the *illusion* of being a rendering of actuality that was forced upon the painter but in fact is something that the painter chose to paint in a particular way. Moreover, he writes, "the features of 'The Gross Clinic' we have been discussing [the odd disposition of the patient's body, the eclipsing of the assistant holding the retractors, and other of the painting's "affronts to seeing"] are all in different ways manifestly so excessive and provocative that the traditional argument from reality seems particularly inappropriate to their case." Fried's bearing down on this point, his insistence that the painting is the exclusive responsibility of the painter and is in no way beholden to anything outside the painter's imagination, is crucially relevant to his own enterprise (one that he has been carrying forward since the mid-sixties, both as a writer about contemporary art and as an art historian) of criticism practiced as a form of imaginative writing and as an exercise in excess and provocation.

In his previous book, "Absorption and Theatricality: Painting and Beholder in the Age of Diderot" (1980), Fried wrote of a desideratum of eighteenth-century French art criticism (as articulated largely by Diderot): that paintings should erect a kind of wall between themselves and their beholders, as actors in a play erect a wall between themselves and their audience in order to appear to be completely oblivious of it. Fried held up example upon example of historical and genre paintings whose characters are so intensely absorbed in each other and in what they are doing as to maintain "the supreme fiction" that the beholder does not exist. The issue of the relationship of art to beholder was already present for Fried in the criticism of contemporary art he wrote in the sixties, notably in his essay "Art and Objecthood," in which (as he sums it up in his introduction to "Absorption and Theatricality") "I argued that much seemingly difficult and advanced but actually ingratiating and mediocre work sought to establish what I called a theatrical relation to the beholder, whereas the very best recent work—the paintings of Louis, Noland, Olitski, and Stella, and the sculptures of Smith and Caro—were, in essence, *anti*-theatrical, which is to say that they treated the beholder as if he were not there." The value of anti-theatricality which Fried extolls (note the yoking of "ingratiating" with "mediocre," as if the one inevitably followed the other) is, of course, a fundamental human value. We cherish the idea of doing things for themselves rather than for the purpose of showing off; the ideals of sincerity, authenticity, spontaneity—all derive from the bias against the theatrical. The paradigmatic image of the theatrical is the crying child peeping through the fingers he holds in front of his presumably tear-filled eyes, to see if he is being observed and what effect he is producing on the beholder. Or, rather, this is the paradigmatic image of the insufficiently artful: as clever children gain confidence in their powers of manipulation and perfect their performances, so do artists work out the strategies needed to obscure the fundamental hypocrisy that lies at the heart of their enterprise, and to strengthen the illusion that art is as natural and involuntary as breathing rather than as wrought and as willed as cheating at cards.

In "Realism, Writing, Disfiguration," just below the surface of the narrative proper, which concerns the conflictive character of the painting of Eakins and the writing of Crane, lies another, related narrative, which concerns the relationship of the critic to the reader. On the face of it, it would seem impossible for a critic to establish the sort of distance between himself and the reader that novelists and poets establish simply by following the conventions of their genres. (The novelistic convention of dialogue, for example, puts the reader in the position of someone overhearing a conversation.) Since the function of the critic is to persuade, how can he pretend that there isn't someone there *to* persuade? Isn't criticism inherently and inescapably theatrical? Isn't the critic like the actor standing at the front of the stage after the play is over, reminding the audience—in the most blatantly theatrical gesture of all—that it's only a play? Fried's extraordinary achievement in "Realism, Writing, Disfiguration" is to show how the best criticism, like the best painting, sculpture, and literature, transcends its theatricality and creates (as Fried writes in "Absorption and Theatricality" of a painting by Joseph-Marie Vien) "a lucid and hermetic structure of absorptive relations . . . a closed system which, in effect, seals off [its] space or world." In the work of certain quirky painters, like Eakins, and quirky writers, like Crane, and quirky critics, like Fried, the contours of the struggle to maintain the supreme fiction are more visible than in that of others—they form part of the signature of the work—and thus provide the instructive abnormal case from which the structure of the normal may be adduced. Sigmund Freud, in writing of the light that psychosis sheds on normal mental processes, offers the analogy of a broken crystal that has fractured along fault lines revealing the basic structure of crystal. Fried, similarly, uses what appear to be faults of his own character to elucidate the character of the critical enterprise. He presents himself as a person of unbounded conceit and arrogance; there may be more "I"s in this book than in any work of criticism hitherto published. At every turn, Fried brings himself into the discourse:

> To strengthen my case, let me introduce in this context a painting Eakins appears to have started . . .
>
> I shall have more to say about this device further on. . . .
>
> So far I have said nothing about the precise articulation of writing and painting in "The Gross Clinic," but rather than confront that issue directly I want to approach it in stages . . .
>
> I shall have a lot more to say about the relationship between horizontality and verticality in Eakins's art before I am through. . . .
>
> This isn't crucial to my present argument but worth mentioning. . . .
>
> At this juncture I want to take up several cruxes barely touched upon earlier. . . .
>
> I shall soon claim that her refusal may not be as unequivocal as this implies. . . .
>
> Later in this essay I shall argue that the images of serpents and fire that turn up frequently in Crane's texts belong essentially to a metaphorics of writing. . . .
>
> But I hope that enough has been said to allow me to take the next step in my argument. . . .
>
> And this leads me, reading backward as it were, to find another emblem of disinterestedness . . .

There is so much of this in the book that one quickly realizes it is hardly a matter of naïve self-betrayal. It is, rather, deliberate strategy: by creating a larger-than-life, even somewhat grotesque, persona for himself, Fried brings into relief a characteristic of criticism that is not so easy to see in more "normal" examples of the genre but is the key to its potential for anti-

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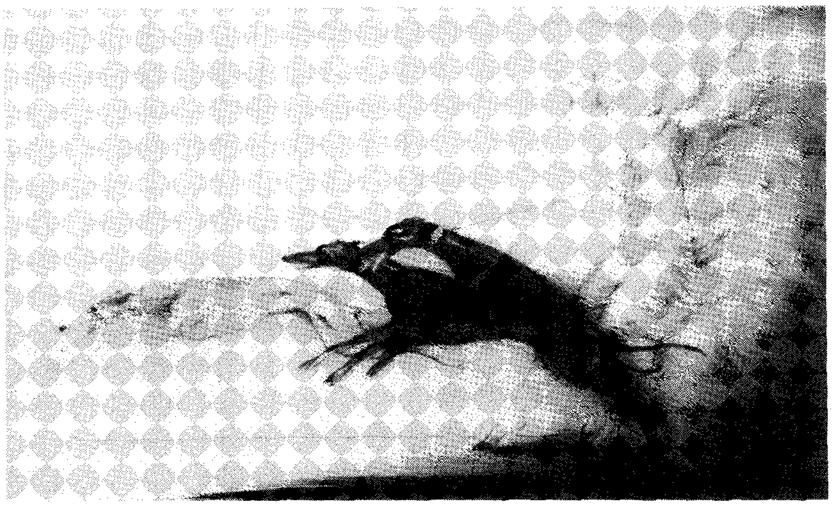

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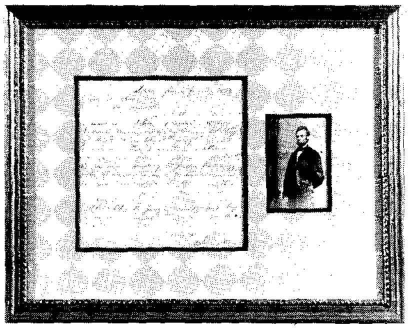

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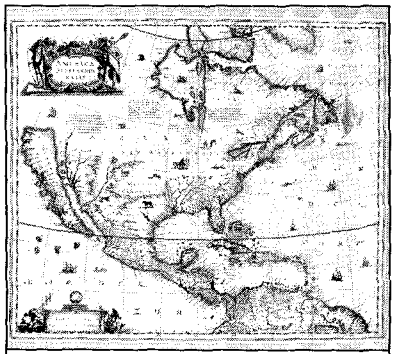

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theatricality. This is the absorptive, dialogistic character of the form. The Platonic dialogue remains the model for critical writing. If actual dialogue has been abandoned, there remains an implicit dialogue between a Socratic teacher-hero and a cast of colleagues and students who form the hermetic world of the text that the reader holds in his hand but is not himself a part of. The ontological situation of criticism, indeed, resembles that of "The Gross Clinic," with its heroic master-teacher addressing an imaginary audience painted within its own frame, rather than the flesh-and-blood audience standing outside. And the sense of urgency and seriousness conveyed by the Eakins work—its atmosphere of tense risk: who knows whether the patient will live or die?—is paralleled (you could almost say parodied) by Fried's intensity and gravity as he performs, step by step, *his* critical operation, drawing the colleagues and students of *his* imagined universe into a spell of tense attentiveness. Occasionally (notably in the latter pages of the Crane essay), Fried more resembles the Ancient Mariner clutching at the coat of the reluctant guest as he tells him a mad story than the august master-teacher in dignified command of his audience—but this, too, is part of Fried's allegory of criticism, taking us to the edge that criticism skirts and inviting us to look into the abyss of delusion it has gamely pitched its tent right next to.

Perhaps the most conspicuous feature of the critical persona (as Fried invites us to regard it)—even more conspicuous than its magisterial egotism—is its hyperactivity. The critic of "Realism, Writing, Disfiguration" is never still; he is like a waiter rushing from table to table, with so much to do, so many orders to fill, that he is barely able to restrain himself from simply dumping food down on the table, instead of abiding by the proper waiter's stately protocol. But the critic must—and does—restrain himself, because that's the whole point, that's what criticism is: a process, a progress over time, not a mere blurting out of conclusions. Note, in Fried's prodigal use of the personal pronoun, how he is always involved with time:

> I shall soon claim . . .
> Later in this essay I shall argue . . .
> At this juncture I want to take up . . .
> So far I have said nothing about . . .

On almost every page of Fried's book there is a sense of how much

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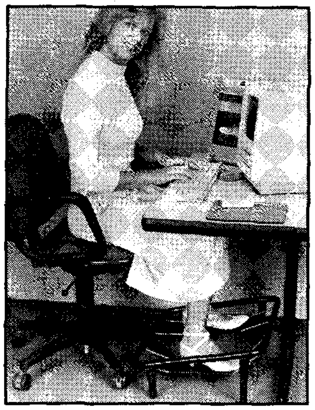

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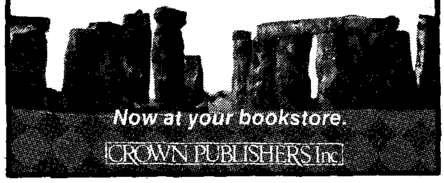

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of the energy of criticism goes into holding back what the critic knows but what the interlocutor is not yet ready to grasp. But even as Fried speaks of what he is not yet doing he darkly alludes to the countervailing forces that are impelling him toward the inexorable conclusions that he can only so long hold out against. For example (italics mine):

> . . . he seems to me largely to escape the play of forces that eventually *we shall have to trace* . . .
>
> The figures of Eakins and of the patient being operated on . . . *make it inevitable* that "The Gross Clinic" be construed, sooner or later, in Freudian terms. . . .
>
> . . . before this essay is done, *we shall have to consider* the implications . . .
>
> Coming to Eakins from that prior involvement has had the virtue of *forcing me* to register important differences . . .

It is here that Fried's allegory assumes its most complex and paradoxical guise. For, of course—as Fried knows better than anyone—there are no actual "forces," "inevitabilities," or "necessities" impinging on his freedom of action. Fried doesn't *have* to do any of the things he says he must do. These imperatives are fictions as bald as the fiction of the nonexistent beholder. Fried is no more obliged to speak of "The Gross Clinic" in Freudian terms than Emma Bovary was obliged to sleep with Rodolphe. In each instance, a choice was made, though made in such a way and in such a context as to seem to be the only choice possible. As Flaubert's realism creates the illusion that his characters behave as people in real life must, so does Fried ground his critical inventions in a sort of magnetic field of positivist factuality, thus creating *his* illusion of the unarguably self-evident. (Along with dozens of black-and-white and color reproductions in the Eakins essay and massive quotation in the Crane one, there are over forty pages of notes, in which Fried carries on a kind of sotto-voce conversation with colleagues and the most advanced of his students, on whose shoulders his crushingly heavy erudition will conceivably rest more lightly than on those of the regular students to whom the more coarse-grained main text is addressed.) Conversely, as a novel's structure of necessity can crumble at the prodding of one of its vulnerable nodes (of, say, coincidence or improbability), so can the structure of a work of criticism collapse under the strain of an acutely skeptical reading. That Fried's structure does and doesn't collapse—that his wild and farfetched arguments stand as wobbly, crumbling, but still bravely upright monuments to the autonomous imagination—is what gives his book its high tension. Although he never uses the term "deconstruction," it hovers over his work like a halo over a saint's head. References to Jacques Derrida, Paul de Man, Harold Bloom, Neil Hertz, and Walter Benn Michaels (among other deconstructionists), and to such staple subjects—"topoi"—of deconstructive writing as the sublime and "the scene of writing" signal Fried's involvement with this French intellectual import, which has improbably flourished in our heavy native clay as if it were goldenrod. Or not so improbably. Another major topos of deconstruction (one that Fried doesn't happen to mention) is Edgar Allan Poe's "The Purloined Letter," which since Jacques Lacan's resurrection of it in the sixties has steadily glowed in the post-structuralist firmament like a kind of lodestar. Fifty-four years before Freud wrote "The Interpretation of Dreams" (and a hundred and thirty years before Derrida arrived at Yale), Poe had composed what must be the quintessential allegory of both psychoanalytic therapy and deconstructive critical theory. As the detective Dupin went straight for the most negligently obvious place that the government minister could have selected for the "concealment" of the compromising letter, so do the analyst and the deconstructionist know that the secrets of human nature and of works of art lie on the surface and in the margins, and that the metaphors of depth, delving, unearthing, plumbing, penetrating are irrelevant to their work. Fried's dismissal of the "normalizing" commentators on "The Gross Clinic"—his disdainful exclamation that "we shall find the usual techniques of art-historical inquiry to be of little use" in getting at the painting's secret—is like Dupin's contemptuous dismissal of the "usual" methods of the Paris police, who have twice searched the minister's house with insane thoroughness, removing every floorboard, peering into every hollow table leg, and finding nothing. Fried, with Dupin-like cool perversity, begins his analysis of "The Gross Clinic" by tearing his gaze away from the lurid center of the painting and letting it alight on the marginal figure of a man in the audience who sits hunched over a pad and pencil; this is Eakins himself, sketching and/or taking notes on the scene he will eventually paint. Fried con-

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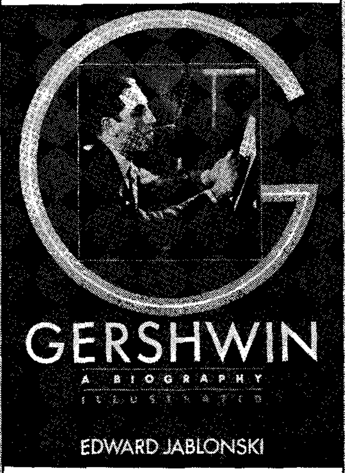

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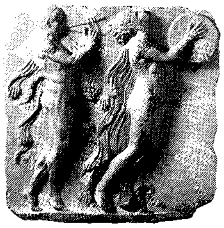

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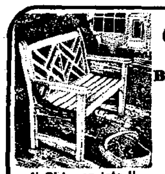

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nects this shadowy figure with the three more prominent figures in the painting who wield pencil-like implements: the doctor recording the proceedings, the surgical assistant probing the wound, and Gross himself, holding the scalpel. Fried goes on to speak of other works by Eakins in which a "thematics of writing" is overtly or covertly present; he reminds us that Eakins was a teacher of penmanship and drawing before he became a painter, and that his father was a writing master and an engrosser of documents. From all these and other clues that no one has hitherto noticed he builds up a case for his bizarre notion that the secret energy of Eakins' art lies in Eakins' unconscious conflict over whether to write and draw or to paint—a case that it may take years for Fried's fellow art historians, using their clumsy "usual" techniques, to break down. In the second essay, Fried similarly distances himself from all previous commentary on Crane as he unfolds his remarkable narrative of a writer for whom the act of writing was so threatening that he wrote about wars and disfiguring deaths in order to express his horror at what he was doing when he wielded a pen. Criticism as radical as this is rare, but only when criticism is radical does it stand a chance of being something more than a pale reflection of the work of art that is its subject. By disfiguring the work of art almost beyond recognition Fried forces us to imagine it anew—not a bad achievement for a critic. —JANET MALCOLM

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BROTHEL IN ROSENSTRASSE, by Michael Moorcock (Carroll & Graf; $15.95). Rosenstrasse is "near the river across from the Moravian Precinct, on the very fringe of the respectable Jewish Quarter near the Botanical Gardens, and only a couple of streets up from the Niersteiner Quay with its trees and awnings and little cafés." Mr. Moorcock has thus imagined the particular setting of his novel about a German roué named Rickhardt von Bek and a sixteen-year-old girl, whom he introduced to a life of feverish sensual satisfaction in a fictitious Central European city, called Mirenburg, in 1897. Ricky, dying in Italy in the nineteen-thirties, remembers that year and that conquest as the bittersweet peak of his life. This is a vivid period piece. Mr. Moorcock is best known as a writer of science fiction, but he can never have been more elegantly imaginative than he is here.

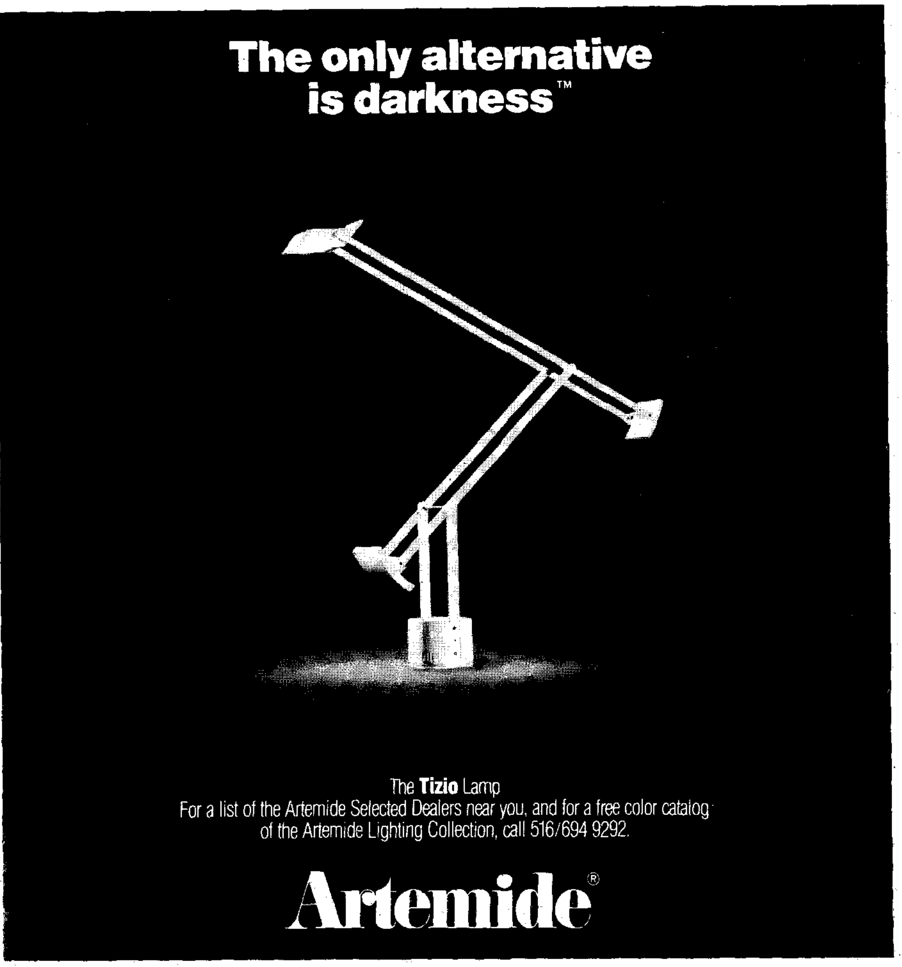
FROM ROCKAWAY, by Jill Eisenstadt (Knopf; $15.95). There are no expensive drugs in this slangy, episodic novel about a group of teenagers from Rockaway, New York—just a lot of beer and marijuana, and a feeling that the future doesn't hold much promise. Of the four main characters—who are, for a change, not preppy or artsy or punk but regular confused nineteen-year-olds—only Alex has made it to college. Her ex-boyfriend Timmy, who didn't finish high school and wants to be a fireman, spends much of the year back home as a lifeguard, along with Chowderhead and Peg. When a swimmer is "lost," we witness a bizarre tradition of the lifeguards' occupation: the lifeguard responsible is buried up to his neck in sand while his peers drink his "Death Keg" and dance naked in crude reverse celebration. The narrative's tough, fragmented language can be tiresome, but at times there's a pathos to it, and the sensitivity of the characters persists in the face of their aimlessness. Without meaning to, they come up with apt metaphors for the way they see themselves: Chowderhead describes Rockaway as "just a tiny strip that hangs off Queens as if it isn't sure whether it wants to break away and become an island or hang on tighter, desperate not to be abandoned." This is Ms. Eisenstadt's first novel.

GENERAL

AMERICAN JOURNALS, by Albert Camus, translated from the French by Hugh Levick (Paragon; $15.95). Two scrappy diaries, the first (March-May, 1946) kept during a lecture tour to the northeastern United States and Canada, the second (June-August, 1949) on a similar jaunt to Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile. An introduction by Roger Quilliot, the French editor of Camus's works, points out that both journals served as raw material or rough notes for extended work: Camus was writing memorandums to himself. M. Quilliot also mentions that Camus travelled very little after he became famous; in these pages he often feels beleaguered by the miscellaneous company his celebrity attracts. In other respects, too, he seems to have lacked the talent for travel. In North America, he hurries to generalize; in South America, he is always homesick. Both places disagree with his health, and there are never enough people who speak French, or speak it well.

MARY SHELLEY, by Muriel Spark (Dutton; $19.95). Mrs. Spark's first book, published in England in 1951 as "Child of Light: A Reassessment of Mary Shelley," is now at last, retitled and thoroughly revised, published here. Mary Shelley, not quite seventeen when she eloped with the twenty-one-year-old poet (who had eloped with his first wife, Harriet, when she was sixteen and he three years older), was the daughter of intellectually eminent parents—the political philosopher William Godwin and the pioneer feminist Mary Wollstonecraft—and herself proved to be a considerable author, writing "Frankenstein" before she turned twenty and a good deal of fiction and nonfiction afterward. Her biographer sees her as a fundamentally intellectual, eighteenth-century, "classical" personality in conflict with the Romantic turmoil of teenage romance, illegitimate children, ménages à trois, fantastic idealism, Alps, sailboats, scandal, blackmail, and premature dying. Muriel Spark picks her way through the tangle of domestic and literary history with her usual fine, wry firmness. Part of the book's pleasure lies in its shrewd and sympathetic reëvaluation of a shadowy reputation; another part lies in the stern bliss of such epigrammatic Sparkian judgments as "Her [Mary's] infatuation, her jealousy, her panic, her remorse, and her childish pleasure at the happy issue of the affair—all might resound the experience of any woman at any time; no social accent of Godwin's, no spiritual effluvium of Shelley's, no choice literary dish, adulterates, as it were, the purity of the situation" and "*Lodore* (successful in its time) represents . . . an effort to fit the unorthodox facts into an orthodox moral system; and as a creative work it has no health."

THE TWILIGHT STRUGGLE: TALES OF THE COLD WAR, by William Attwood (Harper & Row; $20). The recollections of a journalist and sometime diplomat offer a thoughtful retrospect of the years since 1946. Mr. Attwood started his ca-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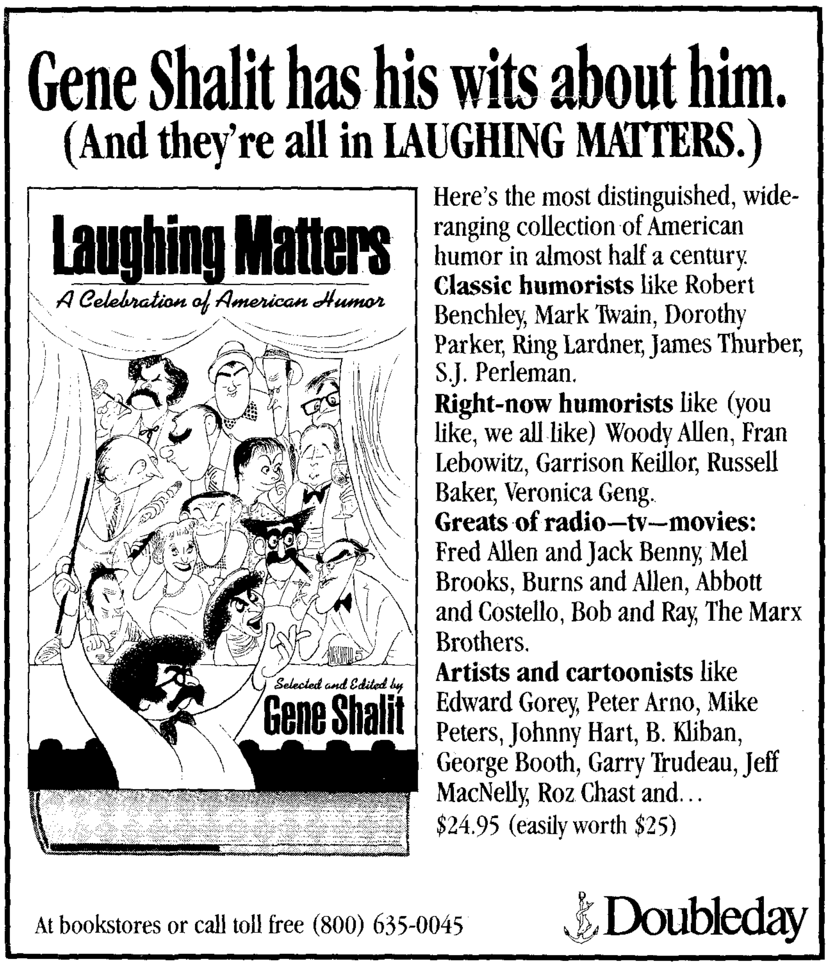
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reer on the New York *Herald Tribune*, which sent him to Paris; before he retired, as chairman of *Newsday*, in 1979, he had reported from all over the globe, served as Ambassador to Guinea and Kenya, and found himself a confidant of such diverse personages as Fidel Castro, Prince Sihanouk, and Adlai Stevenson. Mr. Attwood is remarkably readable, and his gift for telling the plain truth—for example, his report on his travels in a miserably oppressed Eastern Europe in 1958—clarifies for a younger generation the reasons for foreign policies that got us where we are today.

HOWARD MOSS

HOWARD MOSS joined the editorial staff of *The New Yorker* in 1948, and served as its poetry editor from 1950 until he died, last month. Not long ago, he said that, according to his rough calculations, he had spent the equivalent of three months of his life in the elevators of this building. Offices being a continuum of a kind, it will be a long while before we lose the happy expectation of meeting him momentarily in the corridors.

Few poets in our time have been able to concentrate their whole lives on poetry. Howard Moss did just that. Poetry implied for him a startling precision of phrase and feeling, a created surprise: qualities that he was always on the lookout for in his scrutinous reading of the poems submitted to this magazine, that he relished in the writers he loved and about whom he wrote so affectingly, that sparkle in his plays, and that are everywhere manifest in the collections—twelve in all—of his own poems which appeared every few years throughout his writing life.

Inevitably, he met and corresponded with poets, and many became his close friends; in that he counted himself lucky—to be able to talk about poetry at all he considered something of a luxury. He was much prized among his friends for his wit, his insights, and his unflagging humor. As an editor, he was meticulous. One poet said, "So much is compressed into the compass of a poem that one always wondered if the reader would catch it all, take it all in. Howard always did, for he was a superb reader of other people's work—the perfect reader. He took poems in, one at a time. Good poems were for him small miracles. Any observations or suggestions he offered were so perceptive that he made me make my poems better. Few are in such a position. Nobody could have filled it more responsibly." He would teach from time to time, for short spells—a natural extension of his extreme articulateness, his impulse to clarify. In all he did, he made many of us—colleagues, friends, students, readers, other poets—aware of what it meant to be a poet. It was to say things well.

The best of his critical writings were in the mode of appreciation. The writers he loved, like Chekhov and Proust, became to him close friends, and he brought them brilliantly to us. His short study "The Magic Lantern of Marcel Proust" is a masterpiece of jewelled concentration, an appendage to Proust that embellishes the original. It is in his poems, however, that he is most present. He had an exceptional ear for the language, and each of his poems is singularly made, singularly said.

In one of his essays, he wrote, "I would say that the distinction between fiction writers and poets is becoming obsolete, that it might be more useful to think of authors as mirror-writers or window-writers. . . . In America the two schools stem from two major figures, both poets, who may be viewed as their source: Emily Dickinson, the mirror, and Walt Whitman, the window." Howard's reflective glass was both mirror and window, as was Proust's. In all his writing, inner and outer meld. Many of his poems are meditations—on painting, on dance, on landscapes, on gardens—that move from wit to wisdom, in a manner entirely his: quirky, ironic, beautifully cadenced.

In public, he read his poems quietly; and the voice in the poems is a quiet one, though warm with compassion and shared pain:

> Fisherman, though I must remain
> Merely a tourist in this town,
> Consider me for what I am,
> A stranger in a lean time.
> Your landscape feeds our loneliness.
> The sea belongs to both of us.

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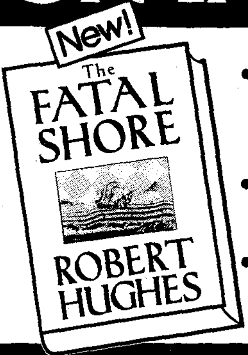

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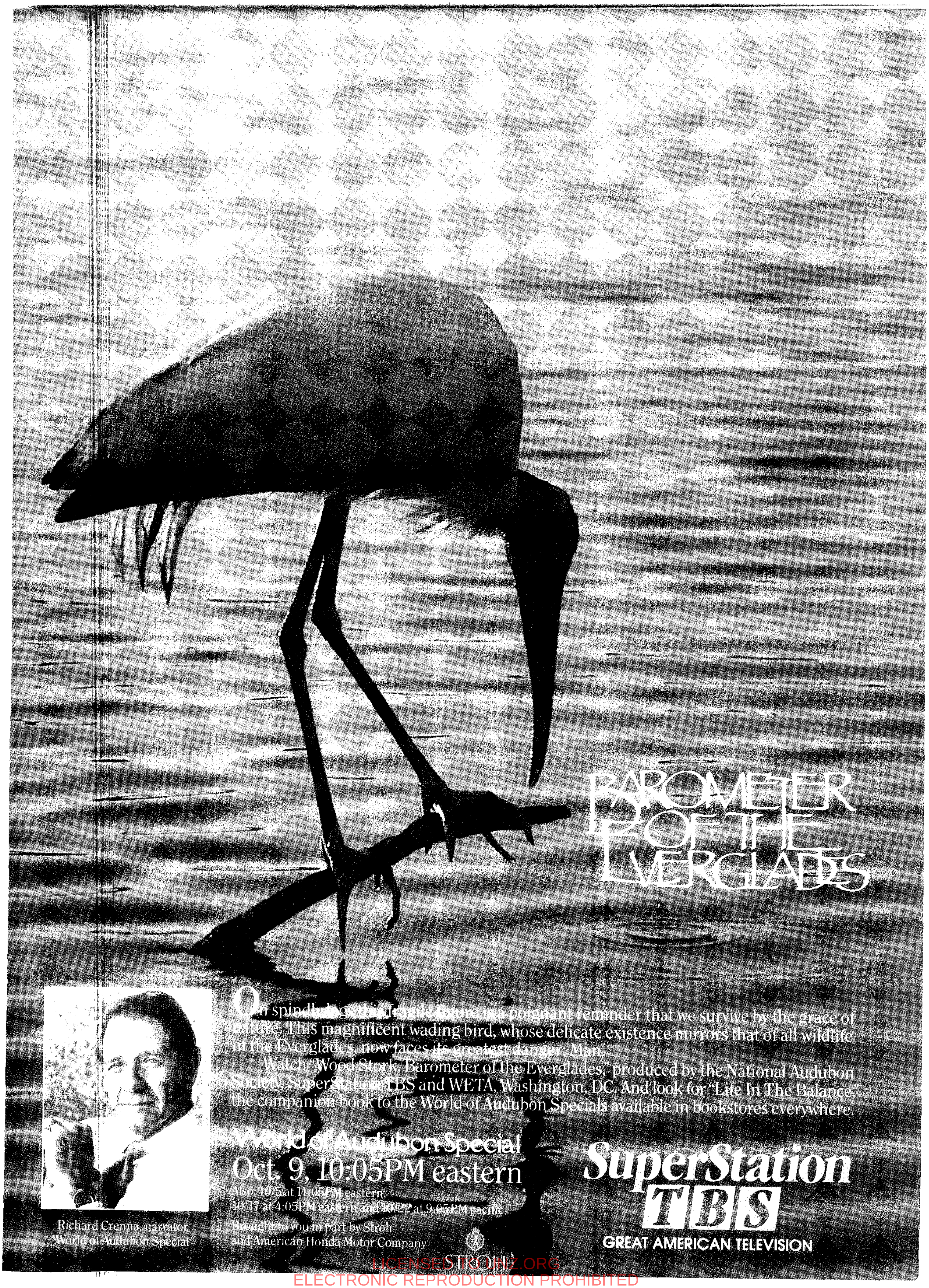

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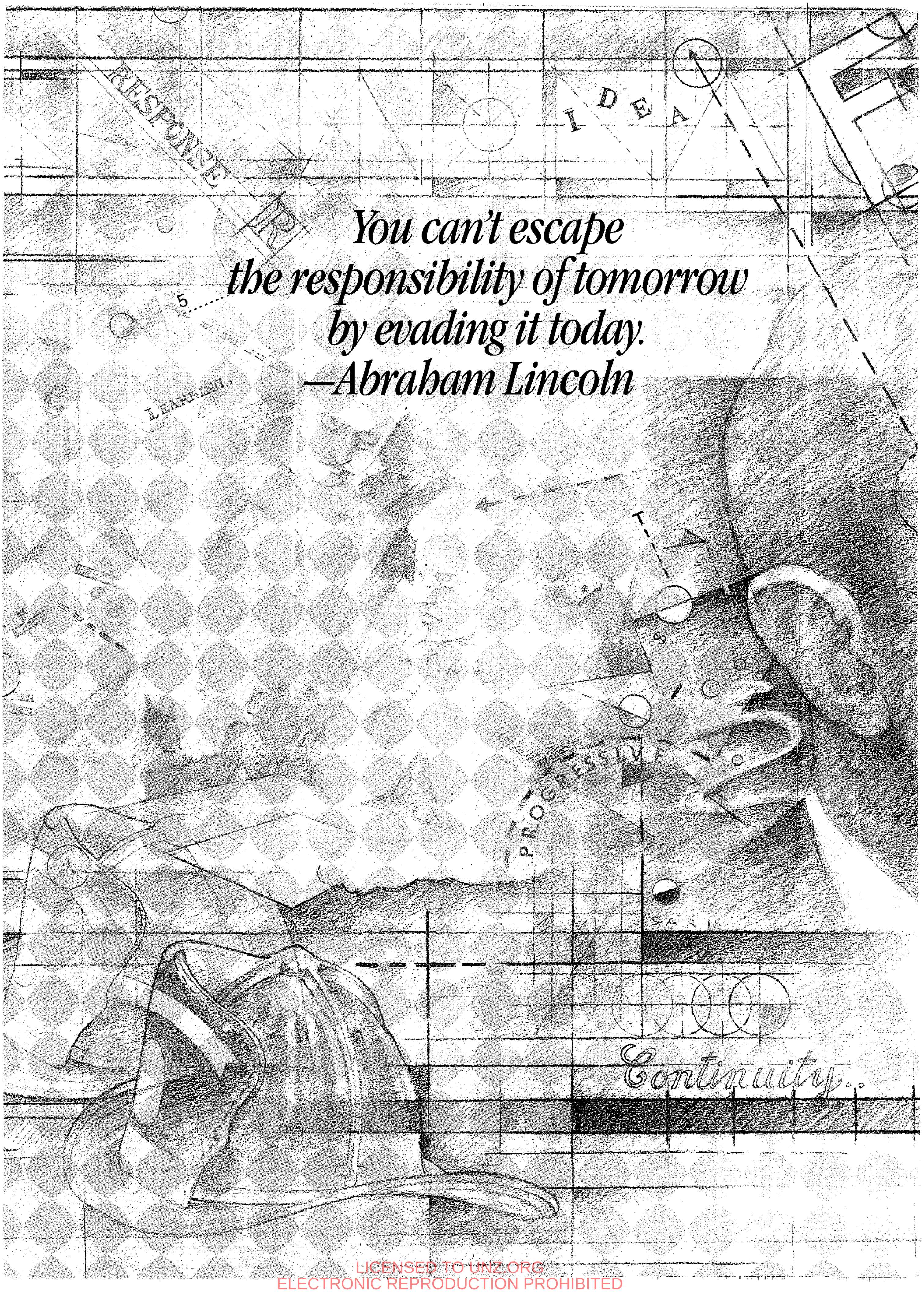
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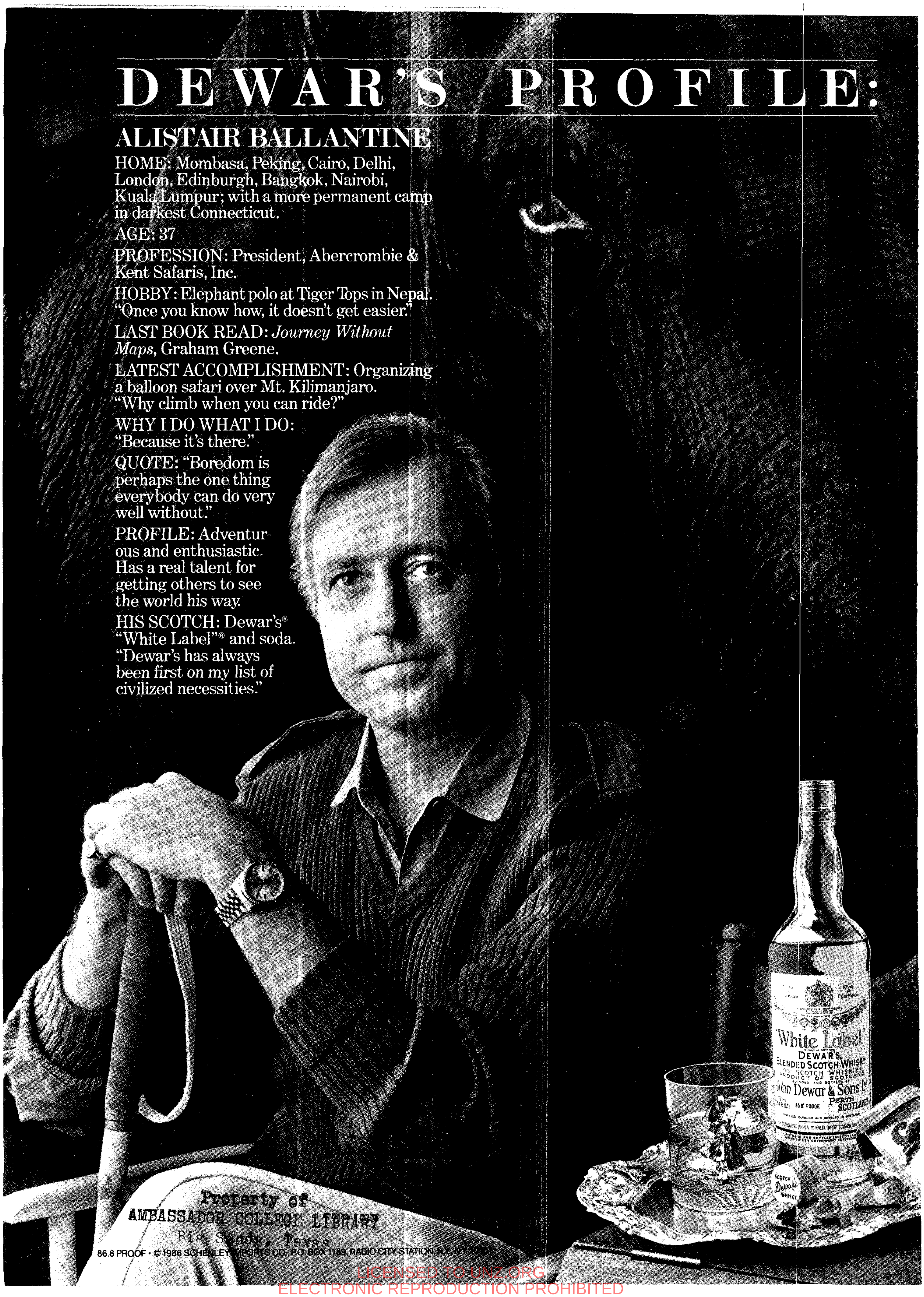

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

ALISTAIR BALLANTINE

HOME: Mombasa, Peking, Cairo, Delhi, London, Edinburgh, Bangkok, Nairobi, Kuala Lumpur; with a more permanent camp in darkest Connecticut.

AGE: 37

PROFESSION: President, Abercrombie & Kent Safaris, Inc.

HOBBY: Elephant polo at Tiger Tops in Nepal. "Once you know how, it doesn't get easier."

LAST BOOK READ: *Journey Without Maps*, Graham Greene.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Organizing a balloon safari over Mt. Kilimanjaro. "Why climb when you can ride?"

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "Because it's there."

QUOTE: "Boredom is perhaps the one thing everybody can do very well without."

PROFILE: Adventurous and enthusiastic. Has a real talent for getting others to see the world his way.

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